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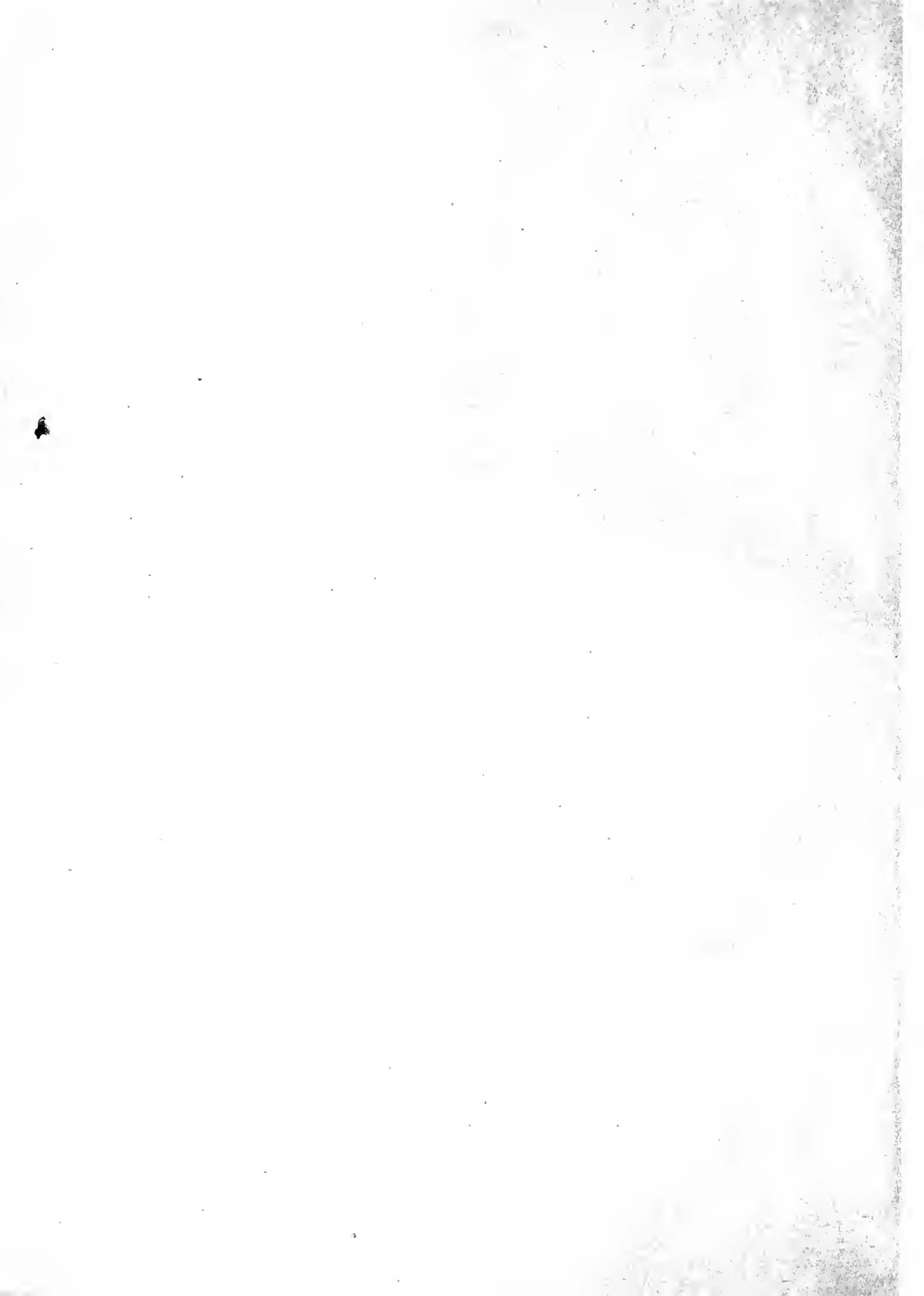
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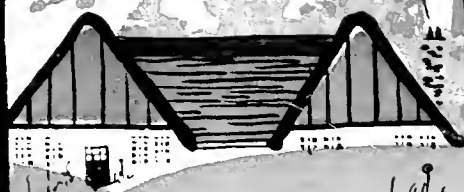
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IN THIS NUMBER

T.A. CLARK · SAMPSON · RAPHAELSON · DIX · HEARWOOD

PAID - 10c
22

THE
APOLLO
Confectionery

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OF HEALTH

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MEATS

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Bostons an agreeable sur-
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tion, and our candies of
uniform excellence.



Wright street on the way to the Gym



PRESIDENT DAVID KINLEY, PH.D., LL.D.
(1920)

On Remembering Names

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

I HAVE for many years been known as one who remembers names easily, so much so in fact that my reputation not infrequently proves a source of embarrassment to me. I must live up to it or lose standing. No one who passes me in a reception line, if he has met me before even in the most casual way, ever thinks it necessary to tell me his name.

"You know me," he will say. "I know your reputation for remembering names." The men who come into my office, even though I may not have seen them for twenty years, always expect me to recall them instantly, and I try to be on the alert not to disappoint them.

Usually, it is true, by some happy combination of circumstances and associations or chance I am able to remember either the first or the last name of the individual, and I greet him familiarly in my office, or I pass him on to Nancy who ordinarily stands beside me, if we are at a reception, with a distinct utterance of his name. But at other times all associations fail me; struggle as I will during the interval between the moment when I see him coming down the line or up the front walk until I grasp his hand, the name of the man sticks in my throat, and I am forced to "stall" as my erudite students in composition would say.

If I forget his name I may recall some other association like his business or his home town, so I ask him how the people are in Sidney or if the hardware business is thriving, camouflage my failure absolutely to locate him at first, and "spar for time" as it were, directing the conversation along such skilful lines as, if possible, to bring out the name for which I am groping.

"You remember Mrs. Clark," I murmur, as I turn to my wife. And Nancy, who is herself no tyro in recalling names, very often helps me out of my difficulty by calling the man by name, or if she cannot do so covers up my lapse of memory by a show of social finesse such as women find it easy to make. I have learned that it is not the best policy often to admit that I do not remember a man's name.

I do not know whether this ability of putting together without too many misfits the names and the faces of the people one has met is a matter largely of training or

of inborn talents, or of both. In my own case I think it came first from an interest in people. It has always annoyed me to meet a face from day to day and not be able to attach the proper name to it, just as I do not like in my reading repeatedly to meet a word with whose meaning and whose pronunciation I am unfamiliar. I generally keep a dictionary at hand. From childhood I have had the habit of running down lost names until I could get hold of them, or of ferreting out those that eluded me and took refuge in the remote or unfrequented interstices of my brain. If I started in pursuit of a name I never gave it up until I had caught it, so that now, if I come upon a familiar face and have forgotten the name of the person who bears it, I have no peace of mind night or day until I have recalled the name. I gather up every stray association and scan it carefully, I ask questions and use all sorts of devices, I goad my memory, until finally the name pops into my mind.

What joy it is after one has wrestled with a stubborn recalcitrant name that will not yield, suddenly to have it come to you as quietly and submissively as an obedient child! It is like getting the answer to a hard problem in mathematics that seemed insoluble or finding a lost collar button that has been hidden among the debris in the closet.

Necessity also has driven me to the task of remembering names. It is my official duty to do business with thousands of undergraduate men. If I should learn all the names during the year, each recurring September would bring me a thousand or two new freshmen whose identity must be established, whom I must come to know, and who expect me soon to know them.

I could do business with them, it is true, without remembering their names as many officials in college and out of it do, but with much lessened effect, I feel; though many people think the trouble of learning names in excess of the benefit which accrues to them after the task is accomplished. I know a college professor, a very learned and talented man too, who had a young fellow in his classes for four years and yet who could not call him by name on his commencement day. I know another who can not recall the names of the instructors in his own de-

partment most of them have been his associates for years, and I was acquainted once with the father of a family—who must be admitted that it was no ordinary-sized family—who not infrequently became confused in recalling the names of his own children.

But it seems to me a great asset to be able to call by name the man who comes into your office to do business with you whether he be the workman who is to tinker with the plumbing or the president of the traction system whose road runs through your town. You pay him a compliment when you remember his name. The slightest contact necessary for the accomplishment of this feat, and the more humble the individual, the greater the effect on him.

If Browkowski's father, visiting the University in August, brings his son in to see me and I am able when I run into the boy on the campus in October to call him by name, I rise in his estimation at once, I am looked upon as something of a real wonder, the boy himself feels flattered and of some real importance, and he is not slow in telling the story. It gives me a hold on him and his friends which I could with difficulty otherwise obtain.

If I go to a fraternity house and am able to call all the fellows by name after meeting them once, I am given credit for knowing much more about them than their mere names, and discipline, for which I am responsible, is thereby much more easily maintained.

No salesman, no business man, no politician needs to be told the value to him of the ability to recall names. I have saved my life or the college honor more than once by being able to pick a chance face out of a crowd and to attach the proper name to it, and my ability to do this has often furnished a subject for much discussion when conversation lagged.

The business of remembering names the psychologists tell us is largely a matter of association. Things that are related are more easily recalled than are isolated things. Often, I am sure, these associations are unconsciously made; they gather in my mind without my appreciation of the fact or without my conscious knowledge of having made them; but since I remember men very much more successfully than I do women (my regular business is carried on almost exclusively with men) I suppose I seldom meet a man without making some definite association to help me recall him and his name should I meet him the second time, though I have learned to do this almost automatically.

For instance, a young fellow by the name of Metzgar has just been in to see me since I began writing these paragraphs. I recall now that quite unconsciously I asked

him how his name was spelled, that I got his home town, I found out that he is a friend of a young man who once worked for me, that he is registered in engineering, and that he drives a Buick car. The name also suggested Metzler to me, and through frequent interviews, I know Metz easily the boy whom I have met but once, in fact will make it almost impossible for me to forget him.

I know Collins because he lives at the Alpha Delt house; I remember Joe Crandell from the fact that he was born in my native town; Lockwood and Thomas have red hair. It is the association that fixes the name. I have not found that an unusual name is remembered either more easily or with more difficulty than a common ordinary one; I am as likely to remember or to forget Smith as Salzenstein. George Fitzhugh I could never call by name until it occurred to me to associate him with Fitzhugh Delaney whose name never confused me. For years I had difficulty in speaking Will Hepburn's name, though I knew him intimately. It was only when I made a definite and quite silly association with his name, the "hep, hep" of the soldier marching, that I was able without hesitation to speak it whenever I met him. I had such difficulty in recalling Pittman that I attached to his name the association of a hole in the ground; then I frequently confused for a few minutes in determining whether this hole in the ground which instantly came to my mind when I met him was "well" or "cave" or "pit". My association seemed a good one, but it did not always work smoothly.

Once get an effective association and, as they say in the advertisements, "it will last a lifetime". Nothing else is so good as a nickname of a physical idiosyncrasy to help in recalling a name. There was Buell. I had known him only slightly when he was a sophomore and I a freshman in college, and I never saw him again after his second year in college until twenty-five years later when a stranger ambled into my office. Buell had been slender, his cheek as smooth and rosy as a ripe apple, his hair black and curling. This stranger was tall, it is true, but he was heavy at girth, there was no color in his cheeks, and the fringes of iron gray hair outlined a head that was as bald as a summer squash; but there was the same old trick in his voice and the unmistakable squint in his eye that gave him away and recalled his name to me instantly.

"You haven't any idea who I am, now, have you?" he asked with a sort of challenge.

"Possibly not", I admitted, "but even with all that expanse of vest you ought to be Charlie Buell."

"Well, how do you do it?" he gasped in surprise. But

(Continued on page 38)

The Way of All Flash

By SAMUEL RAPHAELOSON

THERE were intermittent occasions in Billy Windsor's existence when money "burned a hole in his pocket." Billy never would admit this at the time, but long after the event he would review the failing with a tender and rather admiring indulgence. In the heat of the act of spending, however, Billy always clothed his performance with an atmosphere of high righteousness, of almost sacred purpose. So now, when Apparel became his charmer, he succeeded in discovering the great and holy truth that Good Clothes Are a Business Investment.

The present impassioned zeal for elegant attire brought in its wake complications which Billy had not expected. They came because Billy was engaged to be married and because his fiancée was Rosalie. From the day of their betrothal Rosalie had managed, somehow, to render Billy's life more complex, and in the present instance she did not fail of her function.

At the core of it all was the fact that Billy, as a copy writer for the Armstrong Advertising Agency, was writing the advertising for New York's most exclusive men's store. The Big Boss had called Billy into his private office one morning early in the Fall.

"Young O'Hara, son of Timothy O'Hara of the Cohen-O'Hara Boiler Company, was kicked out of college last month, and his father is setting him up in business. Men's wear. Full-dress suits, imported sporting things, hand-made shirts. You know—the simple stuff that costs like blazes. The old man wants us to put on an advertising campaign in New York papers that'll make all the millionaires flock to his son's place. You know what the Cohen-O'Hara national advertising means to us. Well, we must put this little local thing over to keep that national half-million safe in the house. It's a ticklish job, too. Got to prove that we can actually sell things from a store. Young O'Hara is taking a practical clothing man in with him—the firm's name will be O'Hara & Wolff. They opened yesterday. They start advertising in two weeks. Remember, it must be sheer class—the kind of stuff that'll make all the Vanderbilts and Astors mob the place with fountain pens in one hand and check books in the other."

Now, until the day when Billy entered the richly

simple environs of O'Hara & Wolff's "Exclusive Store for Exclusive Men", he had more or less taken it for granted that he was well-dressed. But it required scarcely fifteen minutes of reconnoitering among the Irish tweed "suitings", French silk scarfs, London-made gloves, Scotch woven wool hose and Paris-designed waistcoats, followed by a disconcerting but instructive ten minutes with the eloquent Mr. Wolff, to prove that Billy was, so far as attire was concerned, very, very "ordinary". "Ordinary" was a favorite word with Mr. Wolff.

"Now, *here's* a suit," Mr. Wolff said, bringing forth a soft, fuzzy affair in pepper-and-salt design. "Here's a *suit!* Genuine Irish tweeds, London-tailored. Young Farralome, son of the president of the U. R. & G., bought one only yesterday. Compare this with the suit you have on, for instance. Just take off your coat."

"I—" Billy began. "I hardly think I can afford—"

"Don't talk about *money*," Mr. Wolff reproved him. "You're going to write our advertising, aren't you? Well you ought to learn something about the goods . . . There! See the difference? Nothing *ordinary* about *this* coat. Turn just a bit—just the least little bit—to the left. See the way that shoulder *hugs!* Observe the *drape* of that coat!"

At this point a customer drew Mr. Wolff's attention, and Billy was left alone before the mirror with the coat of Irish tweeds. Slowly he took it off and put on his own coat. For a few depressing moments he viewed himself. His face was wry with faint distaste. Ordinary—just ordinary! The way his trousers hung, for example, and the cut of his coat—just like the trousers and coats of thousands of common folk you meet on the street every day. Simply—well, ordinary.

He could no longer bear to gaze upon his image, so he drifted about the store, examining here an immaculately white, rarely wrought dress shirt, there a richly rugged overcoat, richly brown in color, quarter-lined with vivid orange silk. And soon he drifted back to where he had tossed the Irish tweed coat on a polished mahogany table. . . .

"Why, Billy?" said Rosalie that evening, when he had drawn off his topcoat and stood before her resplend-

ent in the pepper-and-salt creation from Ireland's mills, "is that a new suit?"

"Eh?" Billy paused absently. "New suit? Oh, yes. Got it at O'Hara & Wolff's on Fifth Avenue the other day." Then, carelessly: "Like it?"

Rosalie stepped back for a more comprehensive view.

"I don't know, Billy." Her brow crinkled. "You look like—you look like—well, it isn't like anything I've ever seen on you before."

Billy stiffened.

"I don't understand."

"Well,"—she studied him, her head tilted—"isn't the color—rather loud?"

"Continue. The color is—ah—rather loud. Good. What else is wrong with it?"

"Don't get sarcastic, Billy. I'm simply trying to give you my honest impression—for your own sake."

"Sarcastic? How you misjudge me! Why, I'm sure I'm most anxious to know what else, in your profound judgment, is wrong with it. You have revealed such excellent understanding already. Go on. Tell me Knowing that you're an authority on men's correct wear, I'll mention that this is a London-tailored suit, made of imported Irish tweeds, and that young Farralone, son of *the* Farralone, president of the U. R. & G., bought exactly the same suit last week. But probably Farralone has rotten taste, too. Probably they don't know how to tailor a suit in London. Probably Irish weaves are very, very ordinary."

"I think it would be an excellent idea," said Rosalie without showing a smile, "if we changed the subject."

.....

Let it be admitted baldly that Billy's purchase of this suit of clothes was a clear case of yielding to temptation. The fuzzy tweeds fascinated him, as did the "drape" of the coat. At exactly the right moment, Mr. Wolff had mentioned that of course Billy could open a charge account. Billy fell. Morally, there was no excuse.

Consider his second purchase, however, and a difference may be perceived. He was discussing the advertising plans with the two proprietors of the store.

"We want the last word in *tone*," young O'Hara was saying. "*Tone* is our biggest asset. None of this bargain sale talk."

"That tone stuff is O. K. in its way," Wolff interposed, "but we mustn't forget that we're selling merchandise. If we can make people realize that good clothes are a business investment, that's —"

"Now, here's the whole idea in a nutshell," stated Billy. "It's simply a question of giving a rich and haughty impression. Now, take the shirt you're wearing, Mr.

Wolff." Billy paused to regard the shirt, a thick, soft silk shirt, white with a thin green horizontal stripe. "Now, that shirt, at first glance, simply gives the effect of *class*. I don't stop to say, 'It is silk. It is green-striped. It fits perfectly.' No. I merely get a *feeling*—"

A customer entered and called in greeting to O'Hara.

"Wait till I get through with this chap," said O'Hara. "Friend of mine. Back in five minutes."

"While we're waiting, I want to show you this very self-same identical shirt in your size," Wolff began . . .

It was a beautiful shirt, but Billy gazed upon it with a critical air, an air of aloofness, of almost Olympian indifference. In spite of its seductive appeal, you are requested not to doubt that Billy would have refrained from purchasing that shirt.

"Only twenty dollars," Wolff was saying. "French silk. Look at the *seams*. Look at the seams."

The mere temptation was negligible, as has been stated. But as Billy gazed upon the shirt, a picture of himself wearing it, of himself standing before Rosalie, clothed in it, came into his mind. "I suppose," he thought in a flash of bitterness, "she'd find some criticism to make of this beautiful piece of shirting, too." And, as he gazed further upon the beautiful piece of shirting, Billy shut his teeth, took a deep breath, and made an iron resolve. In spite of his natural inclination, he would buy the shirt—simply to teach Rosalie that he was master of his own actions and that he had the courage of his tastes.

Surely it is obvious that this, Billy's second purchase, was animated by a legitimate he-man's purpose, not by merely vain love of finery!

Arrayed in the beautiful green-striped shirt and in the arresting suit of Irish tweeds, Billy presented himself at Rosalie's home the following afternoon, which was Sunday. It is to be presumed that anything but the subject of shirts was in his mind. To Rosalie's credit he it recorded that she omitted to initiate comment on shirts in general or on *The Shirt*. They were strolling in Central Park. The sky bore down sternly, urging tree and shrub and grass rigorously into fluttering action, so that many golden leaves dropped wistfully and the weaker blades of grass stiffened and died.

"What a wonderful autumn day!" said Rosalie. Her slender body leaned gracefully, eagerly into the sweep of the wind. The color was whipped high in her flower-like face, and her violet eyes glowed.

Billy, staring straight ahead, said nothing, and they walked on in silence.

"How's the clothing advertising coming along?"

"Pretty good."

More silence.

"Has the Big Boss approved the keynote idea you mentioned to me—the idea of having an elegant border design worked up and run big space in the papers with very sedate advertising copy?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's fine, Billy! Did he approve the idea of not talking price at all?"

"Uh-huh."

Silence.

"The sun's beginning to go down, down. Isn't it beautiful, Billy?"

"Uh-huh."

A great, profound and vast silence.

"Talking about shirts, Rosalie, I'm—"

"Talking about *shirts*?"

"Yes, shirts!"

"But I wasn't talking about shirts."

"I am! . . . As I was saying before you interrupted me, talking about shirts, I'm going to—as I was saying—" Billy gulped several times to control his indignation. "I'm—I'm going to get three more of the same kind of silk as this one—"

"Which one, Billy?"

"The one I'm wearing. The one you—er—didn't happen to notice. They're twenty dollars each." What a gleam of malice in his eyes! "And I'm—"

"You won't have very much money left, will you, if you keep on spending your savings like this?"

"Money?" There was acid in his tone. "What do I need money for?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Besides, clothes are an investment—business asset."

"I know, but—"

"If you please,"—triumphantly—"let's not discuss the subject any further."

Billy got three shirts next day. He also got the rugged and racy brown overcoat. "*She* may ignore my apparel," he said to himself, "but the business men with whom I come in contact won't."

Strange to say, they didn't. Young O'Hara stayed downtown to dinner with Billy three or four times and finally asked him out to his home for an evening. The O'Hara mansion on Sixty-Ninth Street impressed Billy so that he dropped into the Exclusive Store For Exclusive Men next day and purchased a new dinner coat, simply for the "rope shoulders" effect.

"I'm *glad* to see you getting one of these O. & W. coats," Mr. Wolff said. "It does me *good* to see it. That

shoulder effect is exclusive with us. You'll feel the difference when you're with Real People." He inclined confidentially toward Billy. "I don't know how you did it, but you're in strong with kid O'Hara. In a social manner of speaking, I mean. He—well, you know, they—his father, that is—just got into the Patrooms Club. Now, I wouldn't be in the least surprised—not in the very least—if you were invited out to the Patrooms for dinner and the evening. I'm telling you this for your own sake. You know, the best people in New York are the Patrooms—the Farralones, the Vandergrafts, the Uptons. Oldest families stuff. You got to be right up to the minute with that crowd. Hats, for instance, and hose, and gloves . . ."

At the Patrooms, yielding to the wardrobe boy his Italian-made pea-green felt hat and his Scotch-woven brown overcoat with saffron gloves peeping coyly from its voluminous pockets, Billy strolled about the lounging room, a picture of fashion, while Mr. O'Hara was being paged in the Turkish bath. His hands, thrust into his trousers pockets, gave a jaunty effect to the back-flung coat and to the crisply jutting corners of his vest. His dun-colored silk shirt with soft collar to match, blended sublimely with the blue-gray of his knitted scarf. Below the natty prow of trouser-edge and above the highly polished undulation of his tan, brogued oxfords, a half-inch of shaggy, heather-colored Scotch-woven wool sock revealed itself.

As he sank into a huge leather-covered divan, crossing his legs, his eyes dropped in perfect and patrician symmetry with the droop of his mouth and the Egyptian cigarette which hung therefrom. His attitude seemed to say: "I wonder who these rather *ordinary* persons can be?"

A tall, raw-boned individual, dressed in a somewhat ordinary-looking blue serge suit, wearing the *passee* stiff linen collar and an ineptly knotted tie, paused near him to light a disreputable looking pipe. Billy glanced idly at him, noting his face last—a heavy, big-featured face. A short, dapper man was passing, and the tall, raw-boned fellow hailed him.

"Ah, there, Jim!"

"Lo, Fred."

The tall man beckoned, and the short man came over. Both stood close to Billy.

"Jim, got a tenner?"

"Sure . . . Need more?"

"Oh, yes; but ten'll have to do. Thanks, I don't want to owe more than I can pay by the first of the month."

Contemptuously Billy surveyed them and complacently considered the forty dollars folded in the leather case in his breast pocket. "Probably a poor relative of

one of the members—probably just a guest,” he reflected.

How different was young O'Hara, clothed as irreproachably as Billy himself, fastidiously avoiding the subject of money, although one could see with half an eye, as he drew out his bill-folder, that it was crammed with fifty and hundred dollar notes.

.....

It was a perfect evening. The repast had been served in a room graced with palms and a fountain. Young O'Hara had confided fully three love affairs to Billy. A smoke-hazed two hours had been spent in a green-and-black, low-ceilinged, brick-floored lounging room, during which Billy had casually mentioned his advertising key-note idea for the Exclusive Store, had tossed the first advertisement across a green-stained table to O'Hara for O. K., had negligently shoved the okayed sheet into his pocket, and drifted into an amusing anecdote.

It was a perfect evening. “Irreproachable,” Billy said to himself as he stepped out into the night and headed for the cross-town corner that reflected Broadway's blaze. Later he would take a taxi home. For the present, he wished to stroll down the Great White Way, at ease, and, with the fragrance of a special Patrooms cigar in his nostrils, re-live the plutocratic nuances of the evening. As he swung along in the keen night air, he vaguely felt that something was missing. . . .

He awoke the next morning with the same feeling and puzzled about it in the subway on his way down to the office. He sat, brow furrowed, for a while at his desk. The door of his office was open, and when Jimpson, the general manager, passed, waved a greeting with his cane, Billy suddenly knew.

By three in the afternoon he had cleared his desk of the day's work and he departed for O'Hara & Wolff's establishment, where he discussed with Mr. Wolff the subject of canes.

“A walking stick?” Mr. Wolff said tactfully.

“Yes,”—quickly thus adding to his education—“a walking stick. . . . Now, that one looks good to me. Let me see—”

“You'll want this for formal wear, of course. It's excellent value, too, believe *me*! Now, you'll also want one for day wear. Here's a nobby little article—malacca—”

There were two ways of entering from the reception room of the advertising agency to Billy's tiny private office. One was through the big open general office and past the whole suite of main offices. The other was through a side door via the shipping room. Billy was just stepping through the shipping room, usually unoccupied except by Wesley, the clerk, who could be

squelched with a look, when Tony Harris, a junior copy writer and Billy's sometime friend, came through, doing a frolicsome shuffle, directly toward Billy. He paused precipitately upon seeing Billy.

“My Gawd—a cane! Does the limousine await without, me lad?”

Billy stopped abruptly before Tony.

“Are you attempting to talk to me?” he inquired in the tone the Bourbons must have used whenever it became necessary to address in person the *cannaille*.

Tony, a genuine product of democracy, grinned and bowed deep from the waist.

“Are I? *Are I?* Your royal highness, I'll say I is!”

“Well, all I can say is mind your own business!”

And Billy, his chin high and his eyes blazing scornfully, but the stick trailing ingloriously at his feet, like the tail of a mongrel dog, marched rapidly to his office and slammed the door shut behind him.

The scar on Billy's soul was not ineradicable, however. In five minutes he was gripping the head of the stick with rough affection, feeling its smooth, irregular surface in the manner of a connoisseur, leaning on it to test its sturdiness. “Like to have somebody try to attack me in the dark,” he muttered.

The telephone rang.

“Package for you, Mr. Windsor.”

It was the other stick—ebony black, a slim, exquisite, gleaming thing with a silver knob top.

“I suppose,” Billy said, as he twirled it about within the narrow confines of his office, “I suppose Rosalie, too, will think I'm putting on airs. Even if a fellow *wants* to, he can't be a gentleman in this day and age!”

It was nearly five. The vista of a whole evening spread itself before Billy—a whole evening and the gleaming, slim, exquisite ebony stick. . . . He called a certain number on the telephone and bargained with a certain hotel clerk for tickets to a certain very popular musical comedy. Then he called Rosalie.

“I've got two box seats for ‘Oh Me Oh My’ for to-night. You'll come? I'll call for you at eight. Wear your formal things, by the way.”

“Formal? I dislike getting all flounced up, Billy.”

“Well, what are you going to do, come to a box in a waist and skirt?”

“That's exactly what I was thinking of doing. It's perfectly correct, you know, Mr. Fashion Authority!”

Billy grimaced.

“Look here, Rosalie, I haven't time to argue. I'm coming in evening things. In fact, I have a new dinner coat which I haven't worn yet,” he lied, “and I want to

(Continued on page 30)

Propheteers

By DIX HARWOOD

THERE used to live in my home town an elderly gentleman with all sorts of illusions. He could forecast the weather with a goose bone, and he did so with startling and unerring inaccuracy. He prophesied yearly that the Browns would finish the season at the head of the American league; that the world would come to an end on the Fourth of July; and that a spavined mare of his would win the thousand-dollar purse on Big Thursday at the county fair. From the heights of our superior intelligence we always laughed at his vagaries and knew that he would always be wrong, even though he maintained that he was expert in his field—a bucolic Owen Glendower or human ouija board, as it were.

While our friend was peering beyond the curtains which separate the present from the future, there was another expert of higher stamp on a certain morning paper in London. He was a military expert. London has an obsession for his kind and read him religiously. But one fine day the publisher, the editor, and the military expert were hustled into court to answer charges brought under provisions of the Defense of the Realm act. After the gentlemen on the wool-sack had listened to the arguments for and against, they fined the owner of the paper one hundred guineas.

For telling the truth, the editor said. With certain legal verbiage the justice implied that being a prophet is chasing Lilith, priestess of illusion, and the morning paper was held in bad odor for a time even in Mayfair, where it has an impeccable reputation among an impeccable clientele.

In San Francisco this summer there gathered the largest single aggregation of experts and prophets ever collected under one roof, to engage in the fine old art of telling what was going to happen next. When Homer S. Cummings, chairman of the Democratic National committee, called to order the representatives of the forty-eight sovereign democracies, as a dithyrambic orator from Texas called 'em, the experts were in their places. Clear across the rostrum of the Civics Auditorium ran row after row of desks. A prophet sat at each. Some, of course, were paid for prophesy; others were mere runners

for their respective papers, but that made very little difference really, for everybody engaged from the first tap of the gavel to the last parade of the ecstatic Ohioans in telling what was going to happen next and why.

There were journalists of all kinds there—the kind one reads about; old gentlemen in snowy Van Dykes, who had not missed a convention since the days of "rum, Romanism, and rebellion"; Washington correspondents, who called ponderous dignitaries by their first names when talking of them to humbler members of the craft; famous short-story writers, who got as much publicity as the candidates themselves; and last but not least—who knows?—certain astute gentlemen from New York and Illinois who walked in the gangway back of the speakers' platform, saying nothing.

After the tenth ballot the nice old lady who writes *Confessions of a Pile Driver* walked into our press room with a bored yawn.

"It's all over," said she. "Watch Mitchel Palmer on the next three roll calls. I'm telling you, boys. You just watch him."

After the fifteenth ballot an Illinois congressman with Delphic propensities set down the bottle of "pop" and the twenty-five-cent sandwich he was munching and addressed a remark in my direction.

"You see how things are going. There's an unbreakable deadlock. There will be a caucus tonight, and you mark my words; it will be Champ Clark."

When the convention recessed after a nine-hour struggle with the two-thirds election rule, there strolled into the office a gentleman from Oklahoma, who volunteered, in exchange for the kind of publicity beginning "it is rumored", to give expert information on what was going on in various mysterious caucuses.

"We've just persuaded Colorado, Montana, and South Dakota to come over to us on the first vote in the morning. Senator Owen will be the nominee before noon."

James W. Gerard's manager also had some pearls to fling before us.

"We just had a meeting at the St. Francis," he said, ponderously. "North Dakota is sitting tight, and Minnesota wants to know how we stand on the League of Na-

tions and soldiers' bonuses. Look out for a stampede in the morning."

Then came Virginia, and West Virginia, and a sworn enemy of Hoke Smith. I believed every one of them, until the next came along, and felt delightfully flattered at their confidences.

But the managing editor was more cautious. He has been going to conventions for a good many years.

"Pooh," he snorted, or words to that effect. "Bunk, all bunk. It won't be Palmer, and it can't be Cox. That's certain."

The balloting went on interminably. Even a roll call to suspend the rules couldn't jar the juitors into puzzling out the future. All the prophets were strangely silent, except one who didn't know anything about politics particularly and who worked on Governor Cox's paper. Hence the bias.

"It *will* be Cox. I tell you it must be. I can't go home and face 'em if it isn't."

Here was somebody with no more political knowledge than I had who was prophesying the end of the world. *She* was no expert. Her journalistic *forte* was dramatic reviews and human interest stories about lady axe murderers. For the first time during the convention, I showed my wisdom by not taking this expert opinion hook, line and sinker.

But those of whom I have been speaking were the chosen people who sat in the high places where they were expected to display Olympian omniscience.

Wandering about the corridors and in the galleries were less exalted souls—minor prophets, with more energy than finesse, with less cynicism than faith.

A broncho buster with the fascinating name of Indian Joe, who admitted modestly that he was king of the cowboys, rode before the entrance of the auditorium with chaps and lariat, urging the Democrats to correct the Chicago mistake of the Grand Old Party by nominating Hiram W. Johnson of California. When his money ran out, he left. He had no idea there was so much red tape in choosing a presidential nominee. He probably didn't realize when he suggested Johnson to a Democratic convention the profoundly fundamental difference between one party and another. People laughed at him and said he was quite ridiculous.

"Why do I want Johnson?" He repeated the question peevishly. "Because he's a good man. I tell you, he's a good man."

In the gallery above the chairman's head sat a neurotic woman who disputed with Colonel Harvey the honor of "discovering" Woodrow Wilson in 1912. She first har-

rangued the crowds in the St. Francis lobby and then transferred her activities to the spectators' gallery.

She doubled up her fists. She stood on her seat and hurled anathema at those who had fallen into Babylon's wiles. She showed numerous Belshazzars the writing on the wall.

"Crooks," she howled, "swindlers! mountebanks! I want Bryan."

She had violated prophetic etiquette. Two policemen took her outside and slammed the door.

There came a woman from Los Angeles who had the solution of world problems in her handbag. She seized William Jennings Bryan in an unguarded moment and gave him a matronly hug. She drew forth her platform and began to harangue.

With a weary smile the Commoner tried all manner of methods for escape. Now twenty-four years in politics, I fancy can teach one a whole lot, and he managed to get away.

Then she tried to convert me, which proves a lot for or against her, depending on the way you look at it.

"The trouble with the platform committee," she said, placing her hand on my arm confidentially, is that they don't know how to conciliate capital and labor. Look at this." She drew from her pocket a "platform" scribbled on the back of an envelope. She read, "Capital and labor have misunderstood each other. There is good in both of them."

She closed her handbag and noted the effect.

Poor minor prophets! They came and went for days with sublime optimism, with their planks for the independence of India and self-determination for Pango-Pango, with planks for soldiers' bonuses and planks against, with propaganda for the recognition of Latvia and Emir Feisal.

If the old gentleman in my home town were still living, complaining because his spavined mare had been distanced at the flag, and prophesying with his goose bone dry weather when we had wet, I should be inclined to smile rather than to laugh. I suppose we all know, five hundred years after, when the historic atmosphere clears, who are the real prophets and who are the manipulators of the prophetic goose bone.



HISTORIC HOUSES I

THIS old house, standing now at the corner of Clark and Wright streets, is very intimately connected with the early history of the University. It stood originally on the southeast corner of Wright and Springfield and was moved to its present location something like twenty years ago.

When the University in 1871 opened the first shop in any educational school in the country to give instruction in wood and iron work, it was in this building that

tained eight or ten small rooms, unfurnished and unheated, which were rented at about \$3.00 each a term to self-supporting students, who fitted them up as "bachelor" quarters. The building then went by the euphonious name of The Monastery. The furnishings were very simple in these rooms as anyone will remember who has visited the building when it was being occupied. The meals served were very informal and consisted largely of mush and milk, boiled potatoes, strong coffee, and bread and butter.

Some very distinguished alumni once occupied this building as a dormitory. E. M. Burr of the class of '78 lived in this dormitory throughout his four years. It was the home of Jerome Sondericker of the class of 1880, who has the highest scholastic record of any student ever registered at the University. Wensel Morava, at present President of the Morava Construction Company, still recalls many pleasant memories of his residence in this building. Many other less distinguished spent all or a part of their college life here.

The building is now used as a private residence.



the instruction was given. The building was first a one-story structure, but was afterwards remodelled and made to do service as a carpenter shop upstairs and a machine shop downstairs. A few years later a permanent shop building was constructed on the site of the present wood shop and the original building was turned over to other purposes. This second shop was burned in 1896.

Following its use as a shop building the old house was remodelled and converted into a dormitory. It con-

tained eight or ten small rooms, unfurnished and unheated, which were rented at about \$3.00 each a term to self-supporting students, who fitted them up as "bachelor" quarters. The building then went by the euphonious name of The Monastery. The furnishings were very simple in these rooms as anyone will remember who has visited the building when it was being occupied. The meals served were very informal and consisted largely of mush and milk, boiled potatoes, strong coffee, and bread and butter.

EDITOR'S NOTE: With the rapid disappearance of the old landmarks in the Uni-

versity district, an important link with the early history of the university is lost. Feeling that the preservation of the photographs of some of the old buildings which figured in the early struggles of the Illinois Industrial University would contribute toward the preservation of some of the atmosphere and tradition of the University, Dean Clark has had photographs made which are reproduced in this series.

That Sort of Thing

By HAROLD R. PINCKARD

“WHAT’CHA doin’ tonite, Mac?”

The man at the other side of the desk looked up in surprise.

“Oh—nothing in particular. Why?”

The first speaker studied his pencil for a moment.

“Where’s friend wife?”

“Let’s see, this is Tuesday . . . She goes to some darn bridge club or other I think. Never paid much attention to it—says she cleans up a bit of coin every time, so I tell her to go to it—Lord knows I can use it. What’s on your mind?”

“Why—um—just wondered if you’d care to go out on a little party. You see,” he added hurriedly, “I know you’re married, and don’t go in for that sort of thing, but another fellow and I had these dates framed up with a woman I know, and he can’t get away. Thought perhaps you’d like a little excitement—sort of break up the monotony, y’know.”

The man called Mac was silent for a moment, frowning thoughtfully as he traced unintelligible designs on his blotter. Then he smiled sheepishly.

“By Jove, Shifty, I’ll go you. Haven’t been on a real party for nearly a year. He paused. “You know how it is, when a man’s married to a real woman, he sort of hates to play her dirt. She’s rabid on that sort of thing anyway. But what she don’t know won’t hurt her. Eh—boy?” He winked at the other, who returned it and replied:

“Good! We’ll grab a bite at Morrisy’s right after work and then go out. Don’t forget—6 o’clock.”

It was a trifle past seven o’clock that night when they left Morrisy’s, after an especially good steak, fortified with large black cigars instead of the customary cigarettes, in token of the special occasion.

“Where is this place, Shifty”, asked Mac, as they stepped out to the south.

The other removed the cigar from his mouth and spat forcefully at the gutter.

“Ever been in Rainbow Alley?” he queried, with something of a smile, but more of a smirk on his face.

“I’ve heard of it”, replied Mac, laughing uncertainly, “sort of a rough place, isn’t it?”

“Naw”, said Shifty contemptuously, “it’s not rough—just full of the old pep. This woman of yours is a real queen, too. She won’t go with anybody but what’s decent—just visits now and then with my girl.”

They walked on in silence for several blocks. Mac, at intervals, muttered that he had no business doing this sort of thing but . . . pooh . . . life was short, and he would laugh in a manner intended to be reckless, but which somehow fell wide of the mark. Finally they turned into River street, and walked down within two blocks of the big bridge. Here Shifty turned into a narrow, dirty side street, and bade Mac, with a grandiose air, to take a good look at Rainbow Alley.

Dusk was just beginning to give way to darkness. Lights shone gayly from the little shops, and fruit stands and temperance bars along the way, and one could glimpse throngs of slovenly men and flashily dressed women seated or dancing around the tables inside. The soft, late summer air was rank with the smell of ill kept garbage cans, and human bodies and now and then a whiff of cheap perfumery. The great god jazz was holding forth in every cafe, the rhythmic pulsing giving the air a sort of potential magnetism, which Mac sensed though he could not describe it—and for no reason at all, he shivered.

During the walk Shifty had been dropping sundry instructions and tips, particularly as regarded the woman whom he had mentioned to Mac as, “this Jane of yours”.

They crossed Park avenue just as the clock on the Stoner building, several blocks up, struck eight. The sound, for some reason, gave Mac a sense of foreboding. That hour in the evening generally found him dividing his attention between his pipe and the weekly magazine to which he was addicted, and a slight feeling of homesickness swept over him. This passed in a second, however, and he listened with quickening pulse to what Shifty was saying.

“It’s the second house from the corner now”, and he indicated a small frame building, set so close to the walk

(Continued on page 28)

A Hovel on A Slough

By T. P. BOURLAND

IN the Peterkin Papers—who reads them now, alas?—is related how Solomon John decided to write a book. One had but to write a book, argued he, and wealth and fame would possess one fabulously. Forthwith Solomon John fetched ink and paper, and Elizabeth fetched a quill, (for what author, that is an author, writes with anything but a quill?) And when all was made ready Solomon John sat down and put pen to ink. The family held their several breaths and waited. Then . . . “But I don’t know what to say!” said Solomon John.

I was in much the same case at the end of last semester. I wanted very badly to write—something, or to draw—something, I’d be jiggered if I could decide “what to say”. So, after the fashion of the soldier who lives to fight another day, I proceeded by train to a certain Slough, which shall be nameless otherwise, and by good fortune leased a well-appointed Hovel upon the banks. There I established myself hoping to rid my mind, for a season, of the scholastic dust which had settled upon it. There, if anywhere, was beauty and peace in abundance. Gnarled and ancient trees stood in my environs; over the fence a changeful field of wheat. And the Slough slept in muddy mansuetude on either hand, losing itself in gradual curves.

Very, very early in the first morning of my Hovellian residence I arose, and straightway discovered that I had need of fresh water. Even the matutinal coffee, without which Man is Beast, demanded fresh water in the making. Now my tiny estate boasted a well, but it contained no water—rather an infinitude of toads. Therefore it was a well in name only. Rebecca would have had none of it.

There was a well in the vicinity, however, and a right sweet well it was. It was the property of one Soggins, who lived in a fantastic variety of outhouses on a lot which adjoined my Hovel to the north. He lived, together with his poor horse, his family and sundry swine, and subsisted by the collection of scorned but useful garbage—yea, slops, if you will have it so. He had a wagon with one or two trivial fissures in the bed, so that wherever he went, granting that his chariot was loaded with that for which it was intended, he could retrace his steps by a

fragrant trail, even as the fabled children of the cruel woodcutter. All this I learned from the Christian Gentleman and Thorough Baptist from whom I leased the Hovel.

So it was to Mr. Soggins that I repaired on that bright June morning. He was at home, in what he was doubtless pleased to call his barn, putting harness on a very sleepy old horse. I approached, bucket in hand, and an ingratiating smile on face. The smile was as empty as the bucket I fear; I am not one to whom joviality is natural before the morning meal. Mr. Soggins, like the rascally diplomat he was, took pains to notice me not at all. I still approached.

Not wholly unobserved, however. From a nearby edifice of unpainted clapboards came a nondescript yelping, and a fat, puffing, dirty-white cur appeared, making for me like a diseased meteor. Being a confessed coward of the neo-Shavian persuasion, I disregarded the ingratiating hollow smile I had been wearing and more-than-dog-trotted to the soiled but protective wings of Soggins.

My sanctuary justified my hopes. Turning to the oncoming Friend of Man, he directed at it a withering shaft of invective. The beast burst into flames and disappeared. I was saved.

After thanking my host and enquiring after the health of himself and of his family, and of the prosperity of his calling, I broached the subject of water. At this Mr. Soggins scratched his neck and looked troubled.

“I don’t ezac’ly mind lettin’ *you* get water here” he finally said. “*You’re* all right, far’z I know. But that blanked and verblanked (Oh, sir or madame, this man’s profanity was a work of art!) landlord of yourn—I wouldn’t *never* let him have *nothin’!*”

My landlord, be it said, was a pillar of the church—a spotless man, to all account. Therefore I expressed a mild surprise that ill feeling had cropped up between him and the worthy Scoggins. The worthy Scoggins spat, and vouchsafed no reply other than a hint that my landlord was no better a Christian than he should be. I pressed him no further, for a man’s little enmities are more sacred to him than his little loves. But the water

“Wee-e-I—I guess you can git water here if you

want. Purty blankety-blank-blank (this was gratuitous) good water it is, too. Now and then a few bugs comes up the spout, but you don't mind them. (And truly I did not and said so). If they does, jes' pour out and fill again."

I was profuse in my thanks; it is necessary for me to be either profuse or silent at that hour. I filled my bucket and went back to the hovel. Soon the divine odors of coffee, toast and bacon intermingled and rose high to the nostrils of the gods. I ate.

Filled I was, and fortified for a day of adventurous imaginings. I sat by the Slough, deep in a wicker chair, and puffed away at the Oldest Pipe. My little collection of dirty dishes called out with a silent voice, but I paid them no heed. Out in the Slough fat carp were jumping for my amusement. A lusty woodpecker broke ground in a nearby linden. Two katydids finished their discussion and went home. I refilled the Oldest Pipe and sat and sat and sat.

Gradually, like Dawn in the Cinema, a troop of assorted Thoughts straggled through my head. Little Notions in red breeches, vague Ideas in hip-boots. I day-dreamed. Came the memory of a half-forgotten dance, and a fragment of foxtrot in minor key. And a forgotten maiden . . . forgotten? Hmmm, possibly not *quite* forgotten yet. Some one with wide untroubled eyes and a voice like . . . like

. . . And a mile or so by taxi afterward, while never a word was spoken; and "goodnight" by a gleaming white gate; a light clasping of hands, speaking silently of joy in the evening, in the music, . . . understanding. Would I see her again sometime? After all would it be pleasant to see her again? Possibly not. Beautiful things do not grow old. If they may not keep their youth, they die.

Lines formed in my head: I do not scribble verses often enough to make myself obnoxious, but when there's a verse to be scribbled and thrown away I am unashamed and eager for a fray. Then and there I searched myself for the faithful inch-long pencil-stub which I am never without, by the grace of miracle. I wrote the first line,



and knew to my sorrow that I was in for an attack of vers libre. That first line wasn't so bad, though.

Your hands are little and warm and white,
called for a third stuffing of the Oldest Pipe; seasoned perique from Louisiana, mixed with whatever the local shops afforded; an out-door smoke, assuredly. The inch-long stub continued to make hen-tracks on the paper. All went well. The verse was very, very free, but it seemed to have the breath of life about it, somehow . . . but a discordant note crept in. What was the matter with me? My soul had been smiling sweetly; now it grinned. The woodpecker moved on to another tree. I wrote the last two lines with an uneasy flourish, and surveyed what I had done. Sentimental? Pooh! Here it is; judge for yourself.

Your hands are little and warm and white,
And your feet,
Do meet the ground with grace,
As in a dance.
You have a way of saying nothing,
Of crooning nothing,
Which makes my heart beat fast.
My dear, I love you utterly, but yet
I think if power and privilege were given
That I might take your soul, all shining white.

And lay it open with a surgeon's knife—
I know I'd find—
SAWDUST!

The longer I looked at it the madder I became. What would Mr. Soggins say if he read this? I shuddered. Something, quickly, to take the taste from my mouth—the taste of this abominable travesty. Ah—the dishes, of course. In ten minutes I was immersed to the elbows in fine hot soapy water, and my rare old Woolworths and Shapleighs were coming up spotless and steaming. What ho! I would rather be one of the Gold Dust Twins than wear the laurel of Homer.

The Hovel to rights, and I went fishing.
Never a fish did I catch.

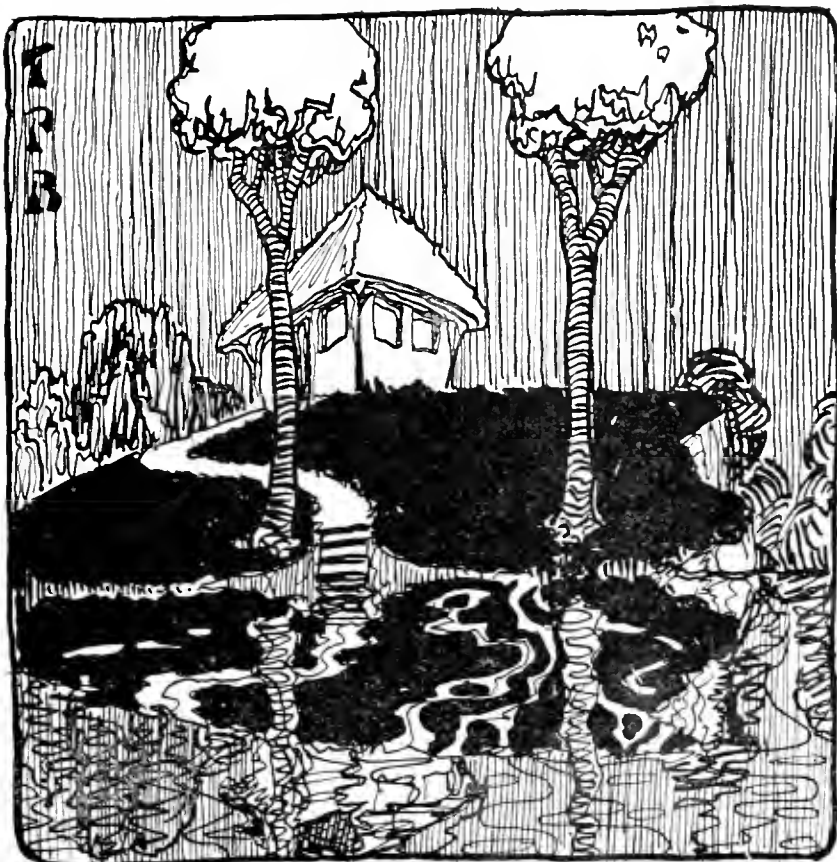
Every so often there must be food. At three in the afternoon I cooked again. There was ham, and potatoes, and onions. I combined them, with no small success. There was coffee, too. And after that, I washed the dishes like a dour and respectable lad, for I wanted no more attacks of poetry, superinduced by a full tummy and an empty noodle. Further to banish the baleful influence of my light fancies, I sat down with a liverish volume of Carlyle's. I think it was "Sartor Resartus." Anyway, in ten minutes it had me enquiring of myself "What earthly good are you? What are you doing here?

What were you doing this time Thursday-week? What under heaven have you accomplished since?" The book went hurtling into the Slough. I was utterly miserable. I almost went fishing again. And the day stalked on. Hopelessly I dug into some writing that "had to be done" and soon became absorbed by the mechanics of the work.

Would every day be like this? I prayed that it would not. With such a Hovel by such a Slough one should be happy and industrious. I was making myself industrious but a tempered misery seemed to shake me by the throat. The cheerful, idiotic clatter of my Corona seemed to fill the universe.

But at last, when all my books slept quietly in rows and candle-flame made kind portraits about the Hovel, there was some quaint sudden comment by the little screech-owls, and Lady Moon shone through the silhouetted leaves.

And between sleeping and waking it became manifest that Sir Pan had stooped to joke with me that day, and I thanked my stars that I, even I, was alive in a beautiful and amusing world.



The Gilded Sphinx

By D. P. SHERKIN

By the wan light of a new moon, little Kashmir was trudging slowly home across the dry, barren sands that flank the Nile. He was trudging because the sand was warm to his bare feet, and the night wind, pungent with sea odors, sweeping across the land was cool. The sky was jet black, except for the stars, like pin-points of light, which seemed at once infinitely far away yet close enough to touch. Kashmir pulled his meagre garments closer around him, and bent his head slightly against the wind as he walked bravely on, for your Egyptian lad learns stoicism sooner than he does his alphabet.

Barely discernable on the left loomed the ruins of the great pyramid, like a giant watchman of the desert. Ahead was the dull, white tomb of King Osiris, and further on the lead colored walls of the town where Kashmir lived. At the foot of the tomb he paused, and kicked at what seemed to be a bright bit of stone, half buried in the sand. But, as he dislodged it, he shrank back in amazement, for the whole thing glowed—glowed as though it were afire—and Kashmir, stoic though he was, was not accustomed to finding strange, glowing things, half buried in the sand.

He approached it again wearily, and turned it over cautiously with his toe. No, it was evidently not alive. After several moments he plucked up sufficient courage to pick it up, and held it gingerly in his hand. It was made of some peculiarly light metal, and curiously carved into the shape of a sphinx. He knew the figure well, for he had often seen larger ones, chiseled from stone, which crouched at the foot of the palace walls.

By means of the aura-like radiance which clung to the thing, he could make out the deep-set ruby eyes, which stared into his own regardless of the angle at which he held it, and immediately his boyish mind attributed to it all sorts of marvelous charms and strange powers. With his heart beating exultantly, and entirely heedless now of the biting wind, he hurried on, his treasure wrapped tightly in the folds of his blouse.

By the time he had reached the door of his home, Kashmir was fairly running, and he burst in upon his mother with an inarticulate harangue of speech and ges-

ture—with now and then short lapses where he might gasp for breath and then start anew—until the poor woman was completely dumfounded. So Kashmir became weary of explaining, and in offended, masculine dignity, withdrew to the solitude of his room. There he placed the sphinx on the floor beside the straw tick which was his bed, pulled over him the two aged blankets, and was soon dreaming of palaces and kingly feasts and golden carriages, drawn by birds of the air which came at his bidding.

The next morning Kashmir succeeded in explaining to his mother the finding of the sphinx, but when he led her mysteriously to a dark corner, and showed her how it glowed without being afire, she was horrified.

"It is an evil thing", she wailed, "it will bring destruction upon us all. Return it to the spirit of the dead king while there is yet time." But Kashmir was not at all willing to part with such a treasure, and after futile attempts to argue with her he left the house in disgust, bent on finding a more enthusiastic audience.

Now there chanced to live in this town an old money lender, Lamartine by name, who, though much disliked, was openly accorded respect because of his wealth. It was said that he was well versed in the ancient folk lore of the country, and that he had gleaned therefrom many bits of wisdom and knowledge which he put to good—rather, perhaps, bad—use. He was a gaunt old man, with a deeply seamed face, and black cobra-like eyes, set far back in his head. Quite by chance he was passing by at a time when Kashmir was proudly displaying his toy to a group of playmates. Now, for some unaccountable reason, he stopped short when he saw what the boy held in his hand, and his black eyes flashed greedily. Several times he walked slowly by, intent on what the boy was saying, and when the story was finished he called Kashmir to him.

"You say you found it at the foot of the king's mostaba?" he questioned in a silky voice.

"Yes, sir", answered Kashmir eagerly, elated over the prospect of telling the story again, "it was covered—

(Continued on page 27)



THE PROCESSION TOWARD 8 O'CLOCK
"THE MARCH OF TRIUMPH"

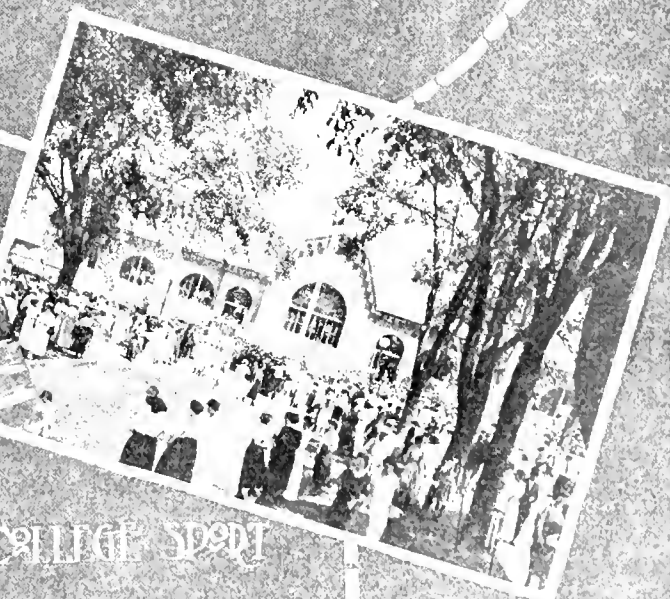
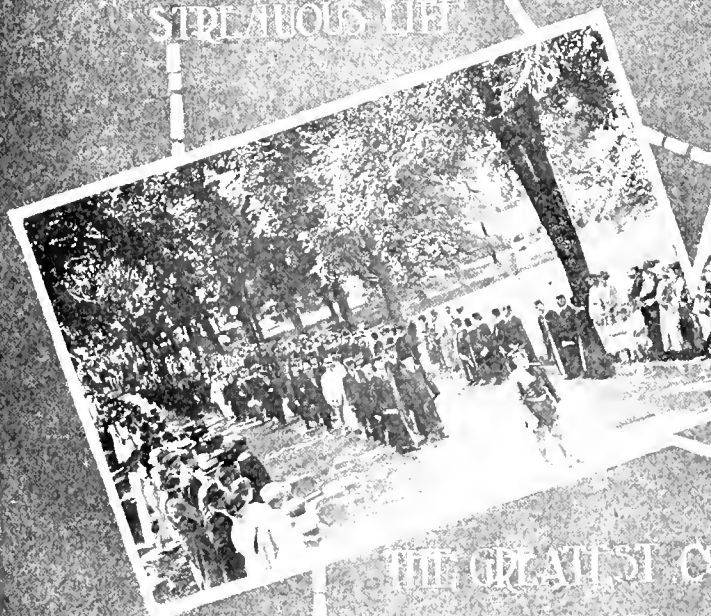


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EDITORIAL

GERALD HEWES CARSON
Editor



EDWARD F. LETHEN, JR.
Business Manager

It is good to be back again!

We heave a happy sigh as we sight the towers of Uni Hall, the Arcade—will “cokes” go up again, we wonder—and the luckless freshman who sports upon the green. We slip into the old environment with the contentment of fore-knowledge. We know, alas, that the chairs in the library are still rickety and squeak abominably, that quizzes and important athletic events always will arrive together, that we are going to look forward to eight o’clocks this winter with no more enthusiasm than we did last winter, but we do not mind. Knowing all the vexations in advance, we can only guess the full meed of happiness which the year holds for us.

And so it is good to be back again!

A WORD ON THE USE OF SUPERLATIVES

To some of us who love and revere Illinois for what it is, it appears to be a misguided enthusiasm to praise the University for what it isn’t, and one which can do infinite harm. A great enthusiasm unharnessed with balanced judgment is seldom infectious.

This sort of enthusiasm is particularly in evidence in the attitude of a considerable portion of Illinois students in referring to their alma mater. There is scarcely a department, in which we claim not merely the title of pre-eminence, but of superlative merit. We apply the quality of “greatest” to ourselves sincerely, but with entire complacency, never remembering that our own positiveness of opinion on an undebatable question is the best possible evidence of our own extreme youth, and that it constitutes a refutation of our own statement almost as damaging as the citation of data.

There is scarcely a claim that can be made by Illinois *or any other university*, which cannot be challenged by another, or many others. It is no blindness to the many excellencies of Illinois, no half-hearted loyalty that moves us to make this appeal for caution in the use of superlatives. Indeed, it is the highest loyalty which would enable us to see the favored position which our alma mater occupies among the universities of the land, but still keep a sane perspective of our own achievements by a generous admission of the equal claim which others may have to “greatness.”

REMEMBER MICHIGAN

The success of Illinois athletic teams in recent years has built up a store of confidence in Illini which has grown from year to year as our athletes have proceeded from victory to victory, which may reach a peak spelling disaster for our hopes on the field and an eventful blow to our prestige which it will take years to rebuild.

The present unpopularity of Michigan in the Western Conference proceeds from just such causes: several years of remarkable success, followed by over-confidence on the field, a bearing in the behavior of the students, and a tone in the student press which can be best described by the word “cocky.” It is not a nice word. Let us take a warning while there is yet time. It is a part of the cult of “greatness.” *Remember Michigan!*

Why Not Publicity for Our Traditions?

The little booklet “That You May Know Illinois As We Do” published by the Illinois Union comes as a welcome supplement to “Facts for Freshmen” and “Rules for the Guidance of Undergraduate Students” and contains much information useful to new students.

It could have been made of greater value in a unique way if its compilers had included a short dissertation on Illinois Traditions. We hear much of these traditions from time to time; we hear much comment on our laxness in their observation, and our general obliviousness to the value of traditions at all. So far as we know, our traditions have never been marshalled into line and all set down in print in a way to be immediately available to all the student body. Such a collection would promote the observance of those we already have and perhaps facilitate the establishment of new ones. It is unlikely that the injunctions would be so universally obeyed as to cause alarm lest a staple source of campus humor be endangered; so long as there are freshmen and a senior bench to sit on, so long as there are cigarettes and a campus on which to smoke them, so long will there be abundant material for the caustic pen of the *Illini* paragrapher and for the subtle wit of the *Siren* lampooner.

But won't somebody tell the dear things that there is no tradition at Illinois to the effect that informal sorority get-togethers are to be held in the exact middle of our elm shaded walks, and that it has never been remotely suggested that congested stairways are forums for the dissemination of the news of the feminine world.

ABOUT OURSELVES

There seems to be an unfortunate misunderstanding on the campus as to the exact nature of the literary pretensions of *The Illinois Magazine*. It tends to alienate the intellectuals because of the obvious discrepancy between a literary atmosphere and the tone of much of the material which goes into *The Illinois Magazine*, and to make shy those who fear the contamination of *belles lettres*.

The Illinois Magazine is the magazine of Illinois. It aspires to be the "mirror of university life", a pretentious and cosmopolitan role which it can only play with the support of the general student body. Its pages will contain material of interest to the university at large, as well as those groups which lend the active support of suggestion and contribution.

Editorially *The Illinois Magazine* will attempt to direct public interest toward worthwhile things, and will speak with as much force and emphasis as it can command in support or condemnation of the life it sees about it. It will be literary in that it attempts to present its material with as distinctive qualities of style as the earnest young college people who write for it can command, with dignity where dignity is appropriate, and with a scrupulous avoidance of journalese.

THAT IRRESISTIBLE RAG

It was night. Absolute quiet reigned throughout the house. That is to say, it was empty. With the prescient knowledge of many ideas incubating, and the feeling that tonight of all nights would be the time for their expression, we sat down resolutely facing the inviting keys of the willing Corona.

Time passed, but without the accompaniment of clicking type-bars, rattling spacer, or the tinkling little bell warning of the ended line. We tried this and that; became interested in re-arranging the tangled desk-top, in the *Illini*, in scratching our back, in watching a somnolent fly on the wall opposite. By some whimsical association of ideas we thought of Don Marquis's story about Archie the Cockroach, and the poor down-and-outer whom Archie saved from the grave of a suicide because he looked quite comically like the genial old proprietor of the grocery store in his distant home town.

We looked out the open window. Blackness . . . Passing automobile lights shedding a momentary illumination on the trees as they slid by through the thick shadows . . . A quaint phrase "saturated with the sounds, scents and colours of literature" from the dedication of some frayed old volume read long ago, came drifting in.

Then in a flash it came—a demoniacal paraphrase, a most happy, pat parody on the fanciful, graceful old thing! "Curses upon Cadmus, the Phoenicians, or whoever it was that invented saxophones!"

It is not many times in a college generation that a college paper finds the opportunity to give the community it serves as important assistance as the *Illini* has done in its campaign against rent profiteering. It has pressed its campaign with vigor and energy, but maintained at the same time a high degree of accuracy in its reports. The *Illini* is to be commended for seizing its opportunity at the right time, and prosecuting it to a successful end.

Shadows In The Sun

By JAMES ALDIS

THERE is no longer any trace upon the hillside of the familiar stone schoolhouse of my youth. Its great oak timbers, stouter than the years, help, indeed, to support the walls of the imperiously modern pile of brick and glass which encloses the "educational plant" that has risen in its place; but a fresh and proud generation taking scrupulous care to erase all visible signs of outworn fashions in order to make place for new, has left nothing unchanged upon the gentle slope that lies above the town to remind me of the simplicity which I loved so well. The confession that I find this sort of progress disconcerting must be regarded, I know, as an admission of a shameful weakness, aye, even a vicious defect in my nature; but I must make it nevertheless. For when I stand, as I sometimes do, and watch the children of my friends taking their daily exercises under expert supervision on the terraced, gravelled courts that sweep away, blinding white, from the hilltop to the river valley below, I wonder, musingly, whether they will ever learn the real pleasure of play, and whether they will ever give up their ordered rivalry to dance, and laugh, and frolic as children should. I have often longed to show them the exquisite excitement of kite-flying on windy April afternoons, to warm them with the exhilaration of hide-and-seek among the tall grasses that still sweep the water's edge. And sometimes, when I watch the neat ranks of boys and girls filing to the classrooms, or weaving back and forth with a kind of grim inexorable seriousness in some drill or other, I turn away angrily, with an old man's impatience with a method which I do not understand, and in which I do not believe.

Yet in spite of my prejudices, I go often to the schoolhouse (I cannot bring myself to call it by any more dignified name, although I thereby bring upon myself the hideous charge of being old fashioned), so often indeed that the new teachers look curiously at me as I tiptoe through the halls, and inquire in anxious whispers whether I am apt to appear unexpectedly in their classrooms. They are easily reassured; for I do not make my visits from any sense of duty. I have never been eminent enough—or perhaps never progressive enough—to be a trustee on the Board of Education, and experience has

taught me the folly of taking upon myself any jot of responsibility for the welfare of the nephews and nieces (my brother's children) who daily descend with a sort of conscious and effulgent composure from the sleek limousine that brings them to the gates. I once tried to interest myself in their education, but my perhaps oversensitive nature soon failed me; for although I could have withstood, I think, the tolerant cynicism which my sister-in-law directed against my well meant efforts, I could not bear the wondering undisguised scorn with which the children themselves regarded my antiquated interpretations of modern customs and ideas. There is nothing left for me, I find, but an abashed and silent admission of my unsophistication!

I cannot wholly explain, perhaps, why I am so frequently to be found loitering in the school's marble corridors. I am not sure that I am greatly interested in explaining, for I have long since given up the habit of ultimate analysis in order to enjoy what remains to me of life. I only know that it is a supreme pleasure to have the passing stream of youth swirl by me as I stand in some shadowy corner, or at the top of the great staircase, to see the fresh vigor of youthful faces, to hear the merriment of children, to observe the buoyant enthusiasm with which these young men and women set about the business of life. I am grieved sometimes at the lines of sorrow and grimness in those faces, and I often think I see there too little earnestness and far too little of the spontaneity which is youth's heritage; but I know I am far too critical, too full of fancy; and so I try to forget all else in the joy of looking upon the exultant strength of the generation which is to replace my own.

I am fond, I say, of watching this bustle which is the never-ending beginning of the youthful business of making over an unsatisfactory world, and I like to speculate, as well, upon the probable success of that undertaking. But these are not the things which bring me so often to the schoolhouse on the hill. I come, day after day, because my dearest associations are here, because through all the changes the years have spared me one good friend whose company makes life a very precious treasure.

He is my old schoolmaster, very old now, older even

than I, who have outlived my time. His step has become uncertain during these last years, his eyes are very dim, his hand trembles as he holds a pen; but there is an unquenchable flame within him, and a gentle nobility which will never fade. He always rises with a smile of welcome when I come, unannounced, into the dingy office where he spends his days, dismisses the papers on his desk with a deprecatory sweep of his arm, and motions me to a seat in a shabby leather rocker in front of the narrow window. The ceremony is always the same. He settles himself in his great oak arm-chair, fills his pipe (for he, and he alone, is permitted to smoke within the school's walls) and after we have watched for a time the notes in the sunshine we begin to talk. Sometimes we talk of the school and of the children of our friends, and sometimes we talk of the city which shines through the smoky fog in the valley below us. Sometimes we talk of books, taking down worn friendly volumes from the dusty shelves that line the walls, and reading to each other the thumbed passages which time has taught us to love and understand, for we are old men, and old books suit us best. But for the most part we talk of ourselves. We say nothing of the poor shadows and the noise of words which remains to show what we once were, but we recall from the past the days when we were young, when the hills against the eastern horizon were blue-black with hemlock trees, and when the clear brilliance of summer mornings was untarnished by the soot from the greasy factories that have replaced the green and yellow fields. And as we talk we find again the vigorous freshness of youth, and I am charmed anew by the eager enthusiasm which his presence has always lent me. As he talks I am lost in the memories of how he first transmuted for me, by means of that alchemy which only born teachers of men possess, refractory words into living ideas, and threw a golden, mellow light upon the strange shimmering web of life; I feel again the warmth of his kindness, the tenderness of his sympathy, the firm guidance of his counsel; and I reckon over and over the great store of happiness which I owe to him.

I have known, of course, the beautiful tragedy of his ambition, sacrificed because he would not leave a task which he alone could consummate. I have the letter still which came to me when I was dallying through the days of an Italian summer: "Learn for me as well as for yourself, for I can never come." And my heart goes out to my friend who has never known the joy of travel and of the leisure which he has awaited and desired so long, goes out to him particularly in these days when I see his last years shadowed with the fear that the business of education has outgrown his homely methods. I sympathize

with him, troubled and puzzled as he is by what his younger colleagues call a modern spirit, utterly insensible to the values of educational charts, and quite unable to understand why Tennyson has become, in his age, 'over-apparalled'. I understand why he feels that he has no more to teach, and yet I know why he can never leave the routine of the classroom and live. I am glad he cannot; for in spite of all his doubts, his influence remains a very rich and wholesome part of everything which he touches. I cannot forget how I once visited his classroom to hear his pupils, and how greatly I was impressed by the shining forth of the master's spirit through the impetuous modernity of those whom he had taught. I remember how well they had learned gentility, and honesty, and best of all I remember how they were fired with curiosity and how steadfastly they were fixed in the way of truth. And I knew again in that day, as I had known before that the memory of the man who could so guide and lead them would someday be for those children, as it had been for their fathers, a very rare and dear possession.

And so it is with a great exaltation of spirit that I leave my friend when our talk is done and walk through the soft afternoon shadows down the hill toward the light-gemmed valley. I am an old man, with little left to me, and there are many things in these times which I do not understand, many things which I would like to change. But so much I certainly know: So long as there remains in this changing world, men like my friend, nothing else greatly matters; for there is within him a spark of the flame which has guided mankind through the ages, and so long as that shines clear men will forever light their torches anew for the journey. And that, at least, I would not change.

Love's Season

H. L. B.

Come not when woods are green and gay
To sing of love in pastorate or lay,
Come not when summer's sun sets molten red,
Or when dead winter dulls the day in lead.
But come to me when autumn's fire and flush
Turn sumach glorious—when hangs a lush
On hill and hamlet, lane and avenue,
That turns my thoughts to life and love and you!

On Authoring

By DOUGLAS HYDE

SOMETIME ago, after much meditation, I made the solemn decision that I would write. I hadn't anything to say, but that was of minor importance anyway, for I had the precedence of a great many contemporary writers, who can say nothing quite well, if one is to judge by their publisher's receipts. So that was disposed of. After reading Daisy Ashford, I was sorry that I had not started sooner. Then too, I had three quite indispensable things for the craft of author: an illegible signature, later to be sold at fabulous prices, a recalcitrant fountain pen, suffering from too indiscriminate doses of variegated inks—a sort of indigestion, I suppose, and Temperament.

The autograph was, I felt certain, perfect; so perfect that I planned to correspond rather voluminously, for the convenience of future collectors. And just to help them out, I began the practice of sketching, with the view of illustrating my various epistles, that they might at least look at the pictures, if they couldn't read the text. Thackeray wrote very successful letters in that manner, as did Hearn, so why couldn't I? Of course this matter of chirography would be a bane to typographers, with an extra burden of proof-reading, but I consoled myself with the thought: "Oh well! That is the price of greatness."

The pen was tried, but true—that is, I couldn't lose it. It was like an aunt of mine: it spluttered, and I worked in a kind of blue, or green, or purple mist, according to my prevailing color-complex. Of course, to be correct, I should have had a typewriter, but I was never very good with one. At one time I started to learn the use of one, but got no farther than the good old hymn: "Now is the time," etc. So I used a pen.

Then there was the Temperament. After two of my friends had accused me of it within a week, I was confident: Literature was my lot. I am not sure that I know exactly what temperament is, but why worry about what it is, when you have it? I rather imagine, though, that it is the stuff that causes Youth to go into the woods in Springtime, and make rhymes filled with strange "thees" and "thous", the while reclining on grass fleas and green snakes, or what keeps others up until small

hours, writing *the* drama. But I had it—and a thesaurus.

However, anticipation is always better than realization. The road, I found, was as rough as the proverbial one to Dublin. Something seemed always to intervene to prevent the completion of a masterpiece, or to cause its destruction.

For I remember that once, flushed with a new-born passion for Maurice Hewlett, I was doing a play of the softest Hewlett type. Rashly and improperly, I had chosen Jeanne d'Arc as heroine, and built up a most heart-rending romance about her. It was quite a lovely thing, warm, oh very warm, and filled with full, round oaths, and languorous affirmations of affection and fidelity. I had my hero chanting whole pages of Sacchetti lyrics, and making prodigious mental journeys of honeymoon to many exotic lands. Rashly, again, I finally marooned them, and myself, in an hostel in Provence, and try as I would, I couldn't find any rational excuse for their leaving. My hero, a troubadour, by the way, had his mandoline, and seemed to be enjoying the stay, much more than I was. I fear, for oft o' nights I'd wake and wonder what to do with the tout ensemble. Then, one day, my troubadour affronted an adventurer with a sharp temper, and a sharper blade, tragically, yet opportunely. That cleared up the problem rather nicely, and I slept easier thereafter, although I am sometimes bothered, even yet, as to the fate of Jeanne. Poor dear! I hope she got back in time for Orleans, at least, for it is far from me to tamper with the records of the ages. History is a ticklish thing to meddle with.

And it was ever thus. Yet another time, I did a lengthy Irish romance, full of dudeens, colleens, and pigs, and was rather proud of it. One sad day, however, I gave it into the hands of a Sinn Féin acquaintance for approval. After perusal, he admitted that it was good, except for the fact that I had my Corkmen speaking a rich Ulster brogue. He added that, as a matter of safety, it would be best not to publish the work. It is this same chap who is very fond of reading my efforts, and then deprecating them as much as possible. His favorite re-

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A Descent Into The Metropolis

By WILLIAM B. MOWERY

ARISTOCRAT to the last, like the Huguenot gentleman who, though starving in exile, tipped his chauffeur with his last livre, I broke into my final quarter for a chocolate bar, and wandered aimlessly on up the street. The Bowery was especially brilliant; gay parties of Serbs were clamorously making merry on the eve of the Kassovo; bands of young Greeks collided with the merry-makers, and goodhumored fights went happily on, giving substance to the signs on barber shop windows: "Black Eyes Made Natural Here". I walked over, under, and through shrill seething masses of something swarming on the sidewalk, which I correctly estimated to be the spawn of the shoal.

The tortuous wriggling soon made me tired, and the question of a night's lodging arose, as such troublesome questions will arise to vex people with a dime as assets. I could crawl down among the piles of bricks being used for construction work on Canal St. but lean, hungry dogs slinking around me drove the notion away. I could try the benches over on Brooklyn bridge but I knew the Empire state had dire need of men to work on her hard roads, and with the lassitude of the academy still upon me, I was averse to taking the chance. Plan after plan thus went overboard. I thought of Tolstoi's "Lodgings for the Night", and bemoaned the impracticability of his suggestions. There were no flowers for me to creep into; no trees save perhaps the "L" bridges, for me to roost in; and as for the third way, one look at my garb would have made the butler at a hotel grab the fire hose and in excited New York accents yell for the "perlice". Then in my extremity, leaning on a corner lamp post I looked across the street and saw my Blucher there: ROOMS FOR THE NIGHT; 10c, 20c, 25c. Across the street and up the dark stairway I jumped, holding fast to my dime as one would cling to the hope of salvation. A prod or two awoke the old Jew who was proprietor, register clerk, chambermaid, janitor, and bellboy all in his one ample personage. He shuffled down a dim, torturous passage-way filled with snores, and snorts, and sounds of diligent sleeping. "Here id iz", and he pushed me into a dark hole in the wall.

I put my trousers under the pillow in conformance with a habit formed when my pockets had had contents worth the taking; and ate the chocolate bar philosophically sitting up in bed. Then, with the covers tucked in, I lay down with a blissful sigh of relaxation at the prospects of a night's sleep.

The curtains of Morpheus were arrested by a tickling that started at my toe and gradually becoming intenser ended in a severe twitch at my knee. A similar ticklish stream went up each arm and one shot around my neck. In a twinkling I was covered with tickling streams, twitches, and tweaks. It was several seconds before my sleepy wits could concentrate upon the matter and diagnose the case; but the verdict came with all the force of the proverbial bucket of cold water, and made me jump out of bed with a yell. Bedbugs! The shuddering word made me sick. This was a first acquaintance. At home a bedbug was regarded with clamorous horror and the occasional discovery of one that had strayed in was the signal for the mobilization of disinfectants, rugbeaters, varnishings, oil-cans, and all allied implements of household warfare short of the fire extinguisher. So it was with genuine horror that I approached the bed. The somnic compelling of three sleepless nights was inducement that stayed not with bed bugs even. I shook the bed thoroughly, laid the sheet out on top, and gingerly lay down on the sheet, sleepily hoping that in their attempts to crawl up over the slick shiny sheet, the bugs would fall off and fracture their limbs or even break their necks. It was impossible to say whether they did crawl up over the sheet or came up through the many holes therein, but the fact remains that they did come up. The shaking seemed to amuse the bugs already awake for the night's frolic and to awaken those still asleep, for the attack this time was renewed in greater numbers, and with more cheerful vigor. They came in cohorts, battalions, legions and grand armies. Ridiculously enough, there flashed through my mind a thought of Caesar in the heart of Gaul shaking off the attacks of the natives. While I warded off a frontal attack on my neck, a flank attack with picked troops would be launched and vigorously ex-

ected. As I soon learned, these were not the common household variety of bed bug that creeps timorously out from the slats in the still wee hours, nibbles cautiously and frugally, and scurries to "cover" at the slightest hint of hostility on the part of the sleeper. They were a mongrel breed whose ancestors had come from all climes and conditions, and like all mixed strains, they were warlike, diligent, and dextrous. They drilled holes rivaling an Oklahoma oil well; and remained at their posts till the hand of Death descended smitely upon them. Perhaps the room had been vacant a long while previously and they were hungry. Perhaps they found my tender skin a delicacy compared to the average cuticle that reposed there, and being imbued with communistic principles like those prevalent in that part of the metropolis, had called in their neighbors to join in the feast; perhaps they were wrathful at and unaccustomed to my efforts at defense. However be it, their numbers and industry increased until sleep was out of the question unless something were done.

I got up and looked around. A wild thought of making a hammock of the sheet and sleeping high and dry was dispelled by the evident untrustworthiness of the cloth which had probably done some duty since Peter planted the pear tree. Sleeping on the floor would merely shift the scene of battle. Standing up in the corner was possible but intolerable in my cogent need of relaxed sleep. There seemed no way out; I was about to give in and leave the field to the foe. I grew angry at the thought of being vanquished. I remembered that bugs hate kerosine, and wished I had gallons to pour on them. Then in a way explicable only to such savants as James or Stout, two distinct ideas entered my head and blended into one joyful idea: bed-bugs hate kerosine; there were kerosine lamps in the hall—resultant—I could rub myself with oil and be blissfully odious to the assailants.

The contents of two lamps were sufficient to thoroughly anoint me and sprinkle the bed. I lay down in serenity, and anointed with oil, like the heroes of old slept a just, a righteous, and a well earned sleep.

How I Have Loved To Live

H. L. B.

How I have loved to live and laugh, carefree!

To meet each challenge life delights to throw,

Hard work and satisfying friendships know;

To master fate that thought to master me,

Just as I gaily, blithely, happily,

Met all things young adventure would bestow,

So still I find as through my world I go,

There's naught to fear and naught from which to flee,

And count me not as beast nor yet as fool,

That earth holds not, amidst her varied store,

A note of joy or fine success more fit

Than blending self with wind; or, in the cool

Of pulsing water, finding stroke off shore;

Or, homeward bound, giving my horse his bit



The Gilded Sphinx

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so—in the sand, and it shines when the sun does not, yet it does not burn, and its shape is like those which guard the palace walls, and—”

Lamartine held up his hand for silence and displayed in his open palm three gold pieces, more than Kashmir had ever before seen.

“These will I give you for the bauble, child”—and his voice was soft and wheedling—“the thing is worthless, but I wish to use the metal it is made of. Come, is it a bargain?” He smiled a greedy, covetous smile and reached out the other hand for the sphinx.

But in bargaining, Kashmir was wise beyond his years. Surely, he thought, if it is worth so much to this man it was indeed a charm, and not to be parted with for mere money.

“I cannot”, he answered fearfully. “The Ka and all the spirits will be angry if I sell it and not use it as they wish.” Then, fearful lest the old man should take it from him, he turned and ran toward his home, with the sphinx clutched tightly in his hand.

Lamartine returned the gold to his pocket and frowned savagely upon the retreating figure of the boy. Then, with his head bent, and his beady eyes half closed he walked meditatively away.

That night, when Kashmir lay down upon his rude bed, he gazed long and earnestly into the red eyes of the sphinx, and some strange power seemed to reach out from the glowing bit of metal and clutch at his very heart. It roused in him an indescribable feeling of mingled fear and curiosity, and sent thrills coursing up and down his spine. Who has made this wonderful thing, and what was it which made it shine so brightly in the dark room? What was the hidden secret behind that snake-like hair, which the red eyes seemed forever trying to tell? He sighed, and thought drowsily that he had done well in refusing to sell it to Lamartine. That night he dreamed he was traveling in a golden chariot to visit the moon.

But though the boy slept on unheeding, the red eyes of the sphinx saw a shadowy figure crawl silently through the low window, across the sleeping boy and pluck up the unresisting trinket from beside the bed. The figure was that of a man, whose black, beady eyes watched furtively on all sides as he crept away from the house and down toward the gates of the town. Not until he had reached the king's mostaba did he stop and venture a chuckle of relief as he peered about him in the darkness for a possible intruder. To think that he was the only one who

knew that the great jewel of the Rameses had been hidden by a cunning craftsman in a golden sphinx. Of course the fable also hinted that a horrible fate would befall anyone but a Rameses if he attempted to pry into the secrets of the hidden jewel, but Lamartine credited the fable, as he did most things, only so long as it benefited him, and he scoffed at the vague warnings of a fate.

With eager, shaking hands he examined the figure of the sphinx. A half moon seemed to be poised on the peak of the great pyramid, looking serenely down on the sands, yellowed by its rays, which the night wind was constantly shifting. The portcullis of the tomb responded like the taut strings of a harp to the breeze which swept through it, and back across the desert the mud-colored walls of the city stood cold and naked. The man bent closer to his task, striving to twist the glowing head from the base of the image, and he interspersed his mutterings with grunts of effort. Ye — it must work—it was so written. Did it move? His heart was pounding madly. Surely it gave a trifle then. One last wrench should do it. With the head bent over, almost touching the phosphorescent sphinx, he summoned all his strength for a final attempt. Ah—it turned—a slight creak—a muffled report, and then a tiny cloud of dark vapor puffed squarely into the evil face of the man bending above.

Lamartine coughed as he breathed the gas deep into his lungs, and slowly his eyes took on a puzzled, frozen expression. A feeling of drowsiness crept over him, and his body ached horribly. With a curse he flung the sphinx down by the side of the king's mostaba, and tore at the collar of his blouse in an agony of terror. It was over in a moment, and the body of the money lender sank stiffly down on the warm sands, his face close to the glowing head of the sphinx. Soon the shifting sands had made it a dark mound by the dull white walls of the tomb. The moon, as though her period of watchfulness were over, left her post on the crumbled peak of the great pyramid, and began her majestic descent in the west. The age-old stars winked knowingly at each other as they gazed down on the sand covered thing by the king's mostaba; and through the limitless space they could see that the eyes of the gilded sphinx were red—but not weeping.



A Gentle Cynic

By O. B.

He called himself a cynic, though he was but twenty.

He loved, as all young men should love, Monet, Debussy, Max Beerbohm, and Lachryma Christi, when he could get it. And he said he loved a "faire Maide" So, you see, he was a bit old-fashioned, as a cynic.

But he went on, loving unrequitedly, for some time, for the summer moon was soft and the air embracing Then, one clear evening, she smiled upon him, but rather too condescendingly, and he was hurt. Suddenly there came to him a clearer vision and he saw his fair one twenty years on, old and porcine, habited in slovenly, loose dresses, baggy of eye and pendulous of chin, and more fond of rich foods and her poodle, than of him, her lover.

.....

He turned quietly away, humming a bit of "Vesti la giubba," and fled, and later went a long journey therefore, "to forget" as he said

But the moon was never as soft, of summers, nor the air as clear, nor laughter as true, for many, many years, while the youth communed with his patron satyr

On Authoring

(Continued from page 24)

mark is that Voltaire said this three centuries ago, or that Marcus Aurelius embodied the same idea long ago, or that a line is cribbed bodily from Shelley. My only retort is:

"Well if it was good enough for them to use, why shouldn't I use it too? I am not proud."

Another fond criticism of his is that of my punctuation. Of course it is not perfect, I must admit, but at that is not as bad as that of some of the older, more established writers, as Vergil, for instance. Nevertheless, it irked my pride no little whit to have the children of my brain so heckled, and I adopted the plan of Mark Twain, or someone, of placing an assortment of commas, quotation marks, and whatnot at the bottom of the page, to be used at the discretion of the reader. Thus it is that one's style is perfected.

But there is a more serious side to the calling than that of mere mechanical detail. It is the ruthless handling of human souls and destinies, the taking of beings, turning them about and about, knowing all their inmost secrets, and leading them into anguish and suffering, as well as exaltation. It is no light task to allow a mother

and seven, or eleven—no matter, children to starve, or to have a weak-willed drunkard clubbed to insensibility. Then too, one must pry into all the intimacies of his characters, in following his Art, but I try as much as possible to avoid that. For instance, I can never write a boudoir scene, although it is quite the thing at present. Somehow, my strong sense of delicacy always restrains me. And I always feel uncomfortable during a family quarrel, which is also quite the thing. Still I compensate myself by a reconciliation, quite often; although the subsequent excess expression of affection is equally disturbing to one of my sensitive nature. Murders and suicides are also taboo, for the sight of blood always gives me a still, sick fear, yet that is all in the day's work.

Now, having passed many of the more serious obstacles in my chosen path, I am engaged upon my *magnum opus*. It starts out quite well, but I am experiencing a little difficulty in deciding whether it shall be a short story, an essay, or a novel. At any event, I shall model it after the great authors, and, like Cervantes, I shall include all Latin and Greek quotations I happen upon, whether I understand them or not. For that matter, though, I find that as I write, I often wonder just what I mean. While a very wise friend once told me that it would be time to quit when I got to writing stuff I could not myself comprehend, nevertheless, I have my friends explain it to me, and I can go on, writing my masterpiece for the eager editor of the *Arctic Monthly*.

That Sort Of Thing

(Continued from page 14)

that one could look directly into the window on the first floor; "remember what I told you now, don't act like you were gilded with money, because she's sure to make a touch, and you might as well get off as light as possible. All set now? Here we are."

He stopped in front of the house, laid a detaining hand on Mac's arm, and peered into the window.

"There—see?—by the piano?—that's my girl—nifty, what? There comes your Jane, the one in blue—what the hell, man", he said stopping short at the other's half smothered exclamation, "what's the matter with you, you're white as a sheet. You don't know her, do you?"

"Know her?", rasped Mac in a voice not unlike the hoarse whistle of the tugboats on the River just below them, "yes, I—I know her".

His body tensed for the moment, relaxed suddenly, and he laughed. It was a queer sort of laugh—not at all what one would expect to hear on Rainbow Alley.

"You see, I happen to live with her—she's my wife."

The Editor's Holiday

THIS page is, as the caption indicates, the editor's page. It is a frank adventure in contentment, a votive offering to the editorial penates, an escape from the rigours of editing magazine damned by the appellation of "literary".

It is a monthly holiday, snatched from the inexorable routine of university life, written for our own pleasure and profit in those occasional odd moments when the night is not made hideous with adjacent barbarous travesties on barbaric music, when our outlook on life is not altogether oblivious to silver linings, and not all college seems to be a meaningless grotesque procession of petty scholastic drill in the outpouring of information but half absorbed, of quizzes, lectures, illegible notes, young women marcelled and sans eyebrows.

New voices are now uplifted in the land; new causes find eloquent spokesmen. Hauptmann's weavers have disappeared. The picture of this planet as a huge smoky world populated by grimy, watery-eyed characters out of a Dickens novel is neither faithful nor picturesque, except to fiction writers and magazine essayists whose thoughts are all cast in the epic mould, with illustrations after Leyendecker or W. T. Benda.

The emancipation by propaganda has been achieved slowly, but has added immeasurably to the worthwhileness of life to those who have attained voice. But, to return to our theme, what of the poor editor who lives by the convolutions of his cerebrum and the travail of his spirit? Who has listened with sympathetic ear, or perhaps, incredulous, to the tale of his little woes, his innocent joys, his tiny triumphs? Who but editors, in fact, knows anything at all about editing?

Believing, however, that editors should be endowed with the rights of speech not only *ex cathedra*, but also by virtue of their essential humanity, I am initiating in this page a department of the magazine dedicated to all editors, a page of editorial propaganda, if you like, having as its mission the enfranchisement of editors as real honest-to-goodness human beings. To be sure the editorial page is customarily couched in terms implying an omniscient Jove-like wisdom in the editorial writer. However, that does not satisfy the editor's desire to be considered an individual. It is merely a little affectation, mutually understood, firmly rooted in tradition. It is one of the conventions of polite editorial society.

We have often remarked in the world about us, a singular indifference to the workings of the editorial mind. Whence does it proceed? It is a knotty question; perhaps from a prevalent conception that the editorial mind is invariably of a low order, and that an editor at home is far less diverting than some of his relatives at the park who have a passion for peanuts, and a whole bag of amusing little parlor tricks, such as the unrolling of a cigar stub with the solemnity of an old school clergyman about to unloose the fateful lightning of New England theology on the pernicious influence of the modern dance. These little cousins of ours are said to look at their audience, after the completion of the feat, in a manner betokening mild surprise,

as if to say, "You wouldn't have thought that I could have done that all by myself, would you?" The mannerism is quite droll, and entirely beyond the reach of imitators.

The allusions to editors and monkeys was perhaps unfortunate. They are radically different in many ways. (There is no adequate data for determining if this is true, and we withhold our own opinion because, frankly, it is hopelessly prejudiced.)

However, without going further into relative merits of the two species we are devoting this page to telling some of the difficulties of the life of an editor, to withdrawing the veil and revealing the most appalling conditions (such as overcrowding, poor ventilation, long hours), to the exploiting of certain opinions and prejudices of our own, and to the revelation, as well, of some of the compensations of the life which will predispose in our favor people with "the understanding heart." In short, we strive toward the creation of an intelligent and enlightening public sentiment which shall extend tolerance toward the occasional stupidities into which we shall assuredly fall, and sympathy for us in a lot which, if easier than that of an Irish lace maker, is far harder than that of a plumber's helper.

ONE OF SEVERAL THINGS I have never been able to understand, is the strange apathetic attitude which Illinois students entertain toward campus publications. I mean more particularly those students who, by the courses they elect, might reasonably be supposed to take an active interest in them.

Even "the only morning paper in the Twin Cities", unquestionably the largest publication on the campus, employs but a modest proportion of the students of journalism. That being the case in the courses having the most practical bearing on the writing profession, one would naturally expect to find even greater indifference among the literati. One does.

There are, how many hundreds I do not know, but many hundreds, of students of literature in the university, several scores of whom have manifested enough interest in writing to take advanced courses in rhetoric; yet for all this *The Illinois Magazine*, the only publication at the university which attempts to create a literary atmosphere received only in a small degree the active support of the students of writing.

This is, of course, the annual plea for assistance. It is not based on the need of the Magazine alone; its supply of "copy" on hand is almost uniquely adequate. For the first time as far as my knowledge of its history extends it has no burning need of contributors. But our ideal is not to possess a few loyal prolific contributors, but to extend as widely as possible the number of the Magazine's circle of contributors.

To those who try to make the staff we promise even greater reward. It means a closer touch than formerly with the tide of campus affairs, the association of others whose feet are on the path of letters, a greatly widened acquaintanceship, a practical experience in some of the mechanical details of printing, of inestimable value to anyone interested in writing.

The Way Of All Flash

(Continued from page 10)

sort of try it out. You see, O'Hara has given me an invitation for the two of us to the big Charity Ball next week, and that, of course, will be strictly formal, so I want to be sure that the coat is all right."

Rosalie's sigh of resignation was audible.

"Oh, all right! I'll wear something that will pass with your dinner coat."

.....

But what she wore, if Billy's judgment is to be accepted, did not "pass" with his dinner coat. It was what is known as a semi-evening gown—dark, with tight, lacy sleeves, "semi" in depth about the shoulders.

It was when they were settled in the box that Billy decided definitely that the gown was unsatisfactory. For on Billy's left was a young woman in complete evening regalia. Her shoulders and back presented a vast enameled expanse to the eye. Her face was a masterpiece of the beauty parlor. Her male companions were, line for line, detail for detail, from the dull black pumps on their feet to the incisive part in their sleek hair, the elegant counterparts of Billy.

However, the perfumed rustling, the low-voiced laughter and the melodious overture combined to lift Billy into a mood of high glamor, and he made no comment, audible or inaudible, on Rosalie's failure to measure up to the occasion. He succeeded, for the moment, in forgetting her imperfections. In fact, during the first act which was laid in an Italian garden, he even held Rosalie's hand in the shadow of the box.

It was in the second act that the seeds of discontent began their sprouting. For in the second act the scene was the drawing room of the Italian villa, and the time was evening. And the leading man wore immaculate clothes. And the leading woman, a slender, white, full-throated creature, wore a shimmering golden evening gown from which her ivory shoulders and neck rose, a climax to the glorious denouement of her lustrous dark hair.

In the second act, during the few minutes when these two sang that tuneful, hypnotically swaying waltz, "Sweet Little Heart of Mine", it must be confessed that Billy had an ineffable yearning to be that leading man and to have and hold that leading woman for the rest of his life.

It was an anti climax, when the lights went up after the act, to glance at Rosalie by his side, to observe the *ordinary* gown she wore, the *ordinary* way she had done her hair, the *ordinary* quality of the comments she made as she looked about the theatre, and, finally, the condition

of her nose! One would think that the first thing *any* girl learned in this day and age was to powder her nose. One would think that any *child*, even, would know how a shiny nose might *ruin* the glamor of a moment otherwise fraught with romantic possibilities.

Now, take that leading woman. She wasn't a day over twenty-five, surely. How well she understood the finer points of beauty! The man who married her—or who was married to her—would never have anything but thrill after thrill in her presence, Billy was positive. And if she weren't married

"Talking about dresses," said Billy, "have you still got that sea-green one?"

"The evening gown? Yes, I still have it."

"Er—it's still in style, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, it's very much the thing this season."

"You haven't worn it in quite a while, have you?"

"No, I haven't. What are you driving at, Billy?"

"Don't you like the gown I'm wearing?"

"Sure I like it."

There was a tiny flicker in Rosalie's eyes.

"Then why are you talking so pointedly about the other gown?"

Billy replied with heat.

"Look here, why do you say that I'm talking *pointedly* when I simply am making idle comment? Why do you select such a provoking word as *pointedly* to use, when I am just merely talking about dresses? I simply was asking you about a certain dress I happened to think about. You answered. Your answer showed very plainly you had a chip on your shoulder. You said—you asked me if I didn't like the gown you were wearing. Well, what did I say? I answered that I *did* like your gown. Now, what right have you to introduce a word like *pointedly*—"

"Oh, Billy, I didn't mean anything at all, and you know it," Rosalie said with some exasperation. "Forget about it."

"Forget about it? Of *course* I'll forget about it if you'll simply *let* me forget about it. But the way you egg me on—why—you can make the *least little* thing sometimes so darned *annoying*—"

The curtain rose on the third act, the scene of which was a desert island in the South Seas, where the leading lady appeared in a silk bathing suit of amber and crimson, with crimson silk stockings and amber shoes, carrying a toumeline-hued parasol with a fluff of ruffles frothing gold over the edges.

.....

The next day was a busy one for Billy at the office. The first six O'Hara & Wolff advertisements were due in

the hands of the Big Boss. After the Big Boss's approval, they were to be sent to a type-setting specialist, after which they were to go, with detailed instructions, to the various newspapers, after which proofs had to be read, submitted to O'Hara, okayed by that gentleman, and returned to the newspapers.

By five in the afternoon most of this was done, and Billy was leaning comfortably back in his swivel chair, explaining to Tony Harris how successful the campaign was going to be.

"No price talk, see? No worship of the dimes and nickels. Here's the first ad. Listen:

Gentlemen today realize that it is as important to look the part as it is to act it.

O'HARA & WOLFF

Exclusive Store For Exclusive Men
Fifth Avenue'

"Nothing else, see? And we use a border that cost us a hundred dollars for the art work alone. Eight hundred lines of space in every big newspaper. Sheer class, Tony, and it'll have to make good, or I lose my standing. Visible results—actual customers coming into the store—that's what they want." Billy leaned far back and stretched. "Gosh, but I worked hard today! Tony," he leaned forward solemnly, "I tell you work is the greatest blessing we have. Keeps your mind off the deeper emotional crises of life. It—say, that's a shabby tie you have on. Why don't you drop into O'Hara & Wolff's and get yourself an imported French knitted scarf?"

"Nit for mine. I buy domestic stuff, and I buy where I see a price tag first and where the salesman is the kind of a guy who doesn't shame me out of my week's salary. I don't know anything about millionaires, but the kind of ads I read out of hours are the kind with the word BARGAIN in big black letters at the top."

"And you," said Billy scornfully, "you expect to get on in business! You expect to get bids to society affairs

—like the Charity Ball—where you come in contact with all the Big Business Men! Don't you realize that it's just fellows like you and me who have to look successful to get on? Don't you realize that O. & W.'s store will draw big business from ambitious young fellows as well as from millionaires?"

.....

But neither ambitious young fellows nor eager millionaires responded "visibly" to the first six advertisements of O'Hara & Wolff. And every day the Big Boss would call up the "Exclusive Store For Exclusive Men", after which, with a worried expression, he would call up the office whose frosted glass door was labeled "Mr. Windsor, Copy", and gently request explanation.

Frantically Billy tried to analyze the situation, to devise a new plan. But no thought of definite value came to him. With the passing days, he fell into the grip of profound self-mistrust. A sudden sinking of the heart came with the poignant feeling that perhaps he was not so secure in his place as he had assumed. Perhaps—perhaps he was looked upon as merely *one of the employees!* Perhaps the Big Boss never gave him a thought except when some detail arose in which he was concerned. Perhaps the raises in salary and the pats on the back which he had been receiving had been merely the regular thing. Perhaps in the last few months he had been slumping unwittingly and even now, perhaps, the Big Boss was considering—briskly, as part of the day's work—how to get rid of him, how to transfer his work to someone else Hungrily he turned to the latest book on Will Power, but the ring of the telephone interrupted him.

It was Rosalie, to remind him of the Charity Ball.

"Good Lord—tonight? Is this Friday? I'd better go home early to dress."

"Make it very early, Billy, because you're invited here for dinner. It'll be a tete-a-tete, as father and mother are going to cousin Herbert's. I'm going to wear the sea-green gown. I hope you *approve*."

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"I don't care what you wear," stated Billy, affronted. "I'm no expert on woman's clothes. Just because I casually mentioned a pretty dress of yours once, and because you started a whole scrap about it, is no reason why you should keep bringing it up forever. You make me feel like a male salesman in a lady's store. I don't care *what* you wear! Wear an old apron if you want to, but in heaven's name don't insinuate that I'm a crank on women's clothes. I've enough troubles of my own, doggone it!"

There was a laugh in Rosalie's voice as she replied.

"I suppose the affairs of the universe are tottering on your shoulders."

"Look here, Rosalie, I'm not joking! I've got plenty of worries, and if you can't be a sweet and soothing influence in my life—"

"Oh, sweet and soothing *apple tarts*!"

Billy gripped the receiver tensely.

"I wish," he announced, "I wish I could back out of this thing tonight. I wish I didn't have to see you—ever. I guess I can live more happily without a girl who has such a wonderful sense of humor that the man she's engaged to is always a joke to her!"

There was a pause, during which Billy breathed stertorously. Then Rosalie's voice came, somewhat frigidly.

"I should be very, very glad to be excused from going tonight. Is there anything which *binds* you to go?"

"Yes!" Billy almost shouted. "Business reasons, if your frivolous mind can comprehend what that means. Otherwise I should be glad to relieve you from a disagreeable duty."

"Well," Rosalie ruminated with maddening calmness, "since it will be a rather big and miscellaneous affair, perhaps you will be relieved of the burden of my company. I fancy I shall know several people. You may devote yourself to the charming debutantes . . . Let me see . . . I guess I'll wear my black semi-evening gown—that pretty confection you admired so intensely at the theatre last week."

But when Billy appeared at Rosalie's home for dinner, she greeted him in the set-green gown. Slenderly lovely she was as she stood in the softly lighted hall, her glowing hair piled high, her violet eyes mysterious in the dim light of the hallway. Her lips never had seemed so tenderly curved as now, but the tilt of her chin never had been so forbidding.

Billy was but human. The girl who faced him, shoulders and throat gleaming white above the sea-green foam of lace at her bosom, dainty gold dancing slippers twinkling below the sea-green terraces of her skirt, was dim distances, actually and symbolically, beyond even

the concept of a shiny nose. In his harrassed state of mind, with the O'Hara & Wolff advertising unaccountably gone to smash, he needed the solace of her womanliness, the stimulation of her beauty. But more than this he needed the feeling that he was master of this delectable creature. Your real man yields only after he has conquered.

It was therefore a struggle between Desire and Self-Respect for Billy—a battle between Yearning and Honor. To attempt to caress this ravishing maid before she had admitted her complete wrongness was unthinkable. It remained for Billy consequently to make easy the path of repentance for Rosalie, to smooth the rough road of humble apology.

He began thus diplomatically.

"I'm glad to see that you changed your mind about trying to spite me by wearing that ugly and unbecoming gown."

"Are you?" said Rosalie over her shoulder as she led the way into the dining room. "I'm so glad to hear it! I didn't change my mind, however, until it was understood that you were to devote yourself to *others*." Oh, the venomous accent she placed on the word! "Since that will leave me to the mercy of the miscellaneous masculine element at the Ball, I decided to—well—"

"You decided," concluded Billy bitterly, taking his seat at the table, "to play deliberately to the men?"

It was no use, he told himself. Far better never to have arranged to go to the Ball. To be engaged to a girl who so crassly planned to torture one was, he told himself with furious calm, sheer idiocy. Well, he would wait. If she carried through her malignant design, he would—he would break off their engagement—permanently, this time, and that very night.

Music strained from a latticed bower and lifted into the heart of the scene. The cloying sweetness of the violin, the poignant wail of the cello, the leaping, whining syncopation of the saxophone, the happy beat of the banjo—these blended and shimmered their rhythm into the life of the groups.

On the balcony, across pink-shaded tables, couples "sat out", gazing down into the ornate, swishing melee.

Out in the marble-pillared, marble-floored smoking room, among men too fat, too old, or too crusty to dance, Billy paced up and down, occasionally pausing at the punch bowl, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

He had arrived an hour ago with Rosalie, and since then his cup of misery had overflowed and flooded the universe.

"Don't wait for me," she had said coolly as she departed for the women's wardrobe room. "I see several

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people I know, and they'll take care of me. You might call for me at leaving time."

"But—but the first dance—"

"Don't try to hypnotize me with etiquette! Your behavior this evening doesn't warrant you in doing anything but keeping as far from me as possible—until you are ready to apologize for *everything*."

Young O'Hara had then pounced upon Billy and, dragging him out on the floor, had left him dancing with a magnificently garbed female whose eyes seemed to be climbing toward each other and whose chin seemed to be trying to hide in her neck. While dancing, Billy had maintained a roving, pertinacious look-out for Rosalie among the couples swaying past him, and just before the dance was over he saw her in the arms of a tall individual—almost as tall as himself. A deft turn on Billy's part and he had another glimpse of the fellow—a heavy-featured person, awkwardly built, wearing a business suit. The man turned his head and Billy recognized him—the shabby hanger-on of the Patrooms lobby—the guest who had been afraid to borrow more than ten dollars!

Only once after that had Billy left the smoking room. In desperation he had dived into the perfumed, silken herd, searching for Rosalie. He had found her just as the music was striking up the beginning of a dance.

"Look here," he began. But a husky form had interposed, and Rosalie glided away—again in the arms of the heavy-featured individual.

"I'd like to get my hands on that guy," Billy muttered as he left the punch bowl for the third time. "Oh, for a chance to wallop him! Oh, for a chance to do it before Rosalie!"

He compelled himself, for a while, to dwell on the advertising disaster which was swooping down on him. A thousand suits of clothes had to be sold at \$125 that month. O'Hara had given Billy complete responsibility and power. If, even now, he could get a real selling idea, he could yet change the advertisement for the morrow by taking a taxi to the newspaper offices. If—but he couldn't think of business . . . Again he visited the punch bowl . . . That shabby hanger-on, if only—

Glancing up, he saw the object of his thoughts moving past him to the wardrobe window. A fat, bald man, reclining in the depths of a divan, hailed the fellow.

"Leaving us, Fred?"

"You bet!"

"Had enough, eh?"

"No. Had five good dances—wonderful girl. But tomorrow is a busy day . . . Here, boy, this isn't my coat!"

Billy, who had drawn closer, observed that the boy

had thrust *his* coat—his richly rugged, rascally brown overcoat, quarter-lined with vivid orange silk, and *his* Italian-made pea-green felt hat, and *his* slim, gleaming, silver-knobbed ebony walking stick—into the hands of this Fred-person.

The uniformed boy was now examining the Fred-person's check.

"481, sir—that's the number."

"You have 'em mixed, then. Why," the Fred-person confided genially, "I wouldn't wear that outfit to a dog fight. It may have been on my number, but thank God it isn't mine! Look again."

Your higher type of man, who, in the Nietzschean phrase, "says Yes to life",—a man such as Billy Windsor represents—will do but one thing in such a situation as the present one. Billy stepped close to the Fred-person.

"Those are my clothes you are insulting," he said in a low, tense voice, "and let me mention to you that you needn't show what a *boor* you are by making *public comment* on the kind of clothes *gentlemen* wear."

There was ferocity in Billy's eyes, and Billy's five-foot-eleven swayed close to the Fred-person's person.

"Your clothes? Sorry. Beg pardon."

"Beg pardon, hell! You made shurring remarks about my clothes so that half the people in this room could hear. Think I'll stand for that?"

The other looked annoyed for a moment but answered smilingly.

"My dear sir, what can I do beside beg your pardon?"

"You—you stand out in this room and apologize so that every one can hear you!"

Billy's voice was raised, and the Fred-person looked about apprehensively. Fortunately his fat friend had drifted on, and the rest of the loungers were in the opposite corner of the large room.

"My dear fellow," he said, turning back to Billy, "don't be an ass. And don't stand so uncomfortably close to me!"

"An ass? Did you call me an ass? I've a good mind to smash you right here!"

The Fred-person stepped back a pace, while the wardrobe boy watched, fascinated.

"Are you crazy?" he inquired.

"Do you thing you can call me an ass and get away with it? You have two apologies to make now, and I give you thirty seconds to make 'em."

Billy, trembling with excitement, stepped back and drew out his watch.

"And what," queried the Fred-person, his eyes narrowing, "what will happen if I fail to apologize?"

"There'll be a fight!"

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CHAMPAIGN

The Fred-person's lips thinned. "Here?" he asked. "Yes, right here! You have exactly ten seconds left."

The Fred-person moved rapidly to the doorway. "Mind stepping outside?" Billy strode after. And so a disappointed wardrobe boy watched a rugged, awkward, heavy-featured person and a tall young man in evening clothes stepping hurriedly into the night.

They paused in an alley off Sixth Avenue. On either side the moon silvered the silent brick walls of the tenements. The alley was deserted. Billy proceeded at once to take off his coat and vest. The other man made no move.

"Look here, my boy," he said finally, "do you realize that you're drunk?"

"What you trying to do—back out?"

The ferociousness of Billy's manner now was somewhat forced. The walk had cooled and sobered him a bit, and the edge of his fury had worn dull. But he had gone too far now to back down. However, to be perfectly accurate, Billy had no opportunity to back down, for at once the Fred-person was upon him with such impact that he had to sway frantically to one side to avoid being floored.

In five minutes the Fred-person rose, carefully opened Billy's collar, loosed Billy's belt, and fanned Billy's face with Billy's coat. Billy's eyes opened. The Fred-person helped him to his feet. "Had enough?"

Billy pushed away his arm. "I'll lay you cold yet," he said, swaying groggily. "If it hadn't been for these damned tight-fitting pants—"

The Fred-person insisted on helping Billy into his coat and vest. "Let's go over to the Vandergraff bar—talk it over there," he suggested. Slowly they walked back. At a table in the bar, with high-stemmed glasses before them, the Fred-person said:

"By jove, I believe I have you now! Been trying to place you. You aren't—are you the chap that was asking Miss—Miss—I don't recall her name, but she's that charming little girl in sea-green—"

"My fiancée."

The Fred-person gulped and seemed to choke for a moment. But to Billy he turned a serious face.

"Scrap?"

Billy nodded.

"Have another drink . . . So it wasn't the clothes after all!"

"Was clothes!" Billy was again fierce. "What you mean, commenting on a gentleman's clothes?"

"Oh, let's forget about it," the other smiled. "I don't really object to your clothes, except that they irritate me because I can't go in for that kind of a thing. Not built

for it. Besides, can't afford it. Now, young Farralone—"

"You friend of Farralone? Son of Farralone of U. R. & G.?"

"Boyhood chum."

"Say, what's your name?"

"Vandegraff. Fred Horton Vandegraff. What's yours?"

"Not the Vandergraff who owns this hotel?"

"My father and uncle own it—yes."

There was a deep silence while Billy stared, fascinated, at his companion. So this was a member of New York's best! Heavy, rough—

"Boy, you've got a wallop in your left," Billy said at last.

"You're not so bad yourself."

Another silence, then: "What do you mean you can't afford clothes?"

Young Vandegraff paused, looked undecided, and then, at the complete earnestness in Billy's gaze, smiled.

"Well, I figure I can afford just so much for clothes and no more. There are too many other things in life that require money. Young Farralone goes crazy on clothes. He's a mark for all the snob stores. I'm not."

Billy was deep in thought. Suddenly he looked at his watch, then turned intently on Vandegraff.

"What do you consider a fair price to pay for an Irish or English imported suit of clothes?"

"I usually pay about \$125."

"Well, what do you think Farralone pays?"

"I imagine he pays about two hundred. He buys at these Fifth Avenue shops that decorate the place in lay-ender plush and run hand-lettered ads. I'm actually afraid to step into one of those hold-up joints."

Billy leaned forward excitedly.

"Look here," he said. "If you saw an advertisement announcing in big black letters a bargain sale in imported suits—at \$125—would you go to see 'em?"

"You bet your life I would!"

"Would your friends?"

"I think even Ted Farralone would!"

Billy reached over and offered the Fred-person his hand. "Listen. Do me a favor? Go back and dance with my girl. I want to walk around until—well, I'll be back in an hour."

An hour and a half later Billy returned, after a frantic visit to four newspaper composing rooms. His slim, shining ebony stick lay in the gutter near the *Daily Trumpet* building. He had ripped the orange lining from his overcoat. He walked into the ballroom, pale and humble, to look for Rosalie.

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On Remembering Names

(Continued from page 5)

it was all quite easy, though I did not give him the satisfaction of telling him.

I had a struggle some months ago that is somewhat characteristic. I was speaking to a group of aviators—a hundred or more—all of whom I supposed to be strangers to me. Then all at once I saw a familiar face in the crowd, but the man's name eluded me playing about the outskirts of my memory. As I talked on I saw quite plainly that he remembered me. Gradually various associations began to cluster about him. I remembered that he was in college two years, that he had come from a small town in eastern Illinois, that he had lived with his mother on Springfield avenue, that he had owned a car, that I had interviewed him not infrequently, but the subject of our talks was not clearly outlined in my mind.

As I stood on my feet and continued with my discourse I had a certain subconscious feeling that his name began with "W" and that it associated itself with some historical character with which I was at the present time or had been familiar. It was not Washington I was sure, nor Kaiser Wilhelm. It was not Wilherforce nor old Governor Winthrop, but as the name of Winthrop went

through my mind I seemed to be "getting warmer" as we used to say in the old game of "hide and seek", and the picture of some old patriarch with long gray whiskers suggested itself to me.

I sat down when I was through with my remarks, puzzling still over the man's name. He could have no chance to speak to me unless I got the consent of the commanding officer, yet I should be humiliated not to know his name.

The officer called the cadet, and as he started toward me, my associations rearranged themselves in my mind.

I saw a little country school house and myself a boy of twelve sitting within on one of the hard benches with a school history of the United States in my hand. I had just read the Declaration of Independence, and was gazing at the facsimile of the long list of names that had originally been appended to that document. Instantly the name of my aviator friend came to my mind.

"How do you do, Witherspoon," I said to him as he extended his hand to me. "I recognized you as soon as I came into the room. I'm truly glad to see you."

It was the signature of old John Witherspoon, sturdy Scotchman, of Colonial days which I had in some previous moment, consciously or unconsciously, associated with the boy's name.

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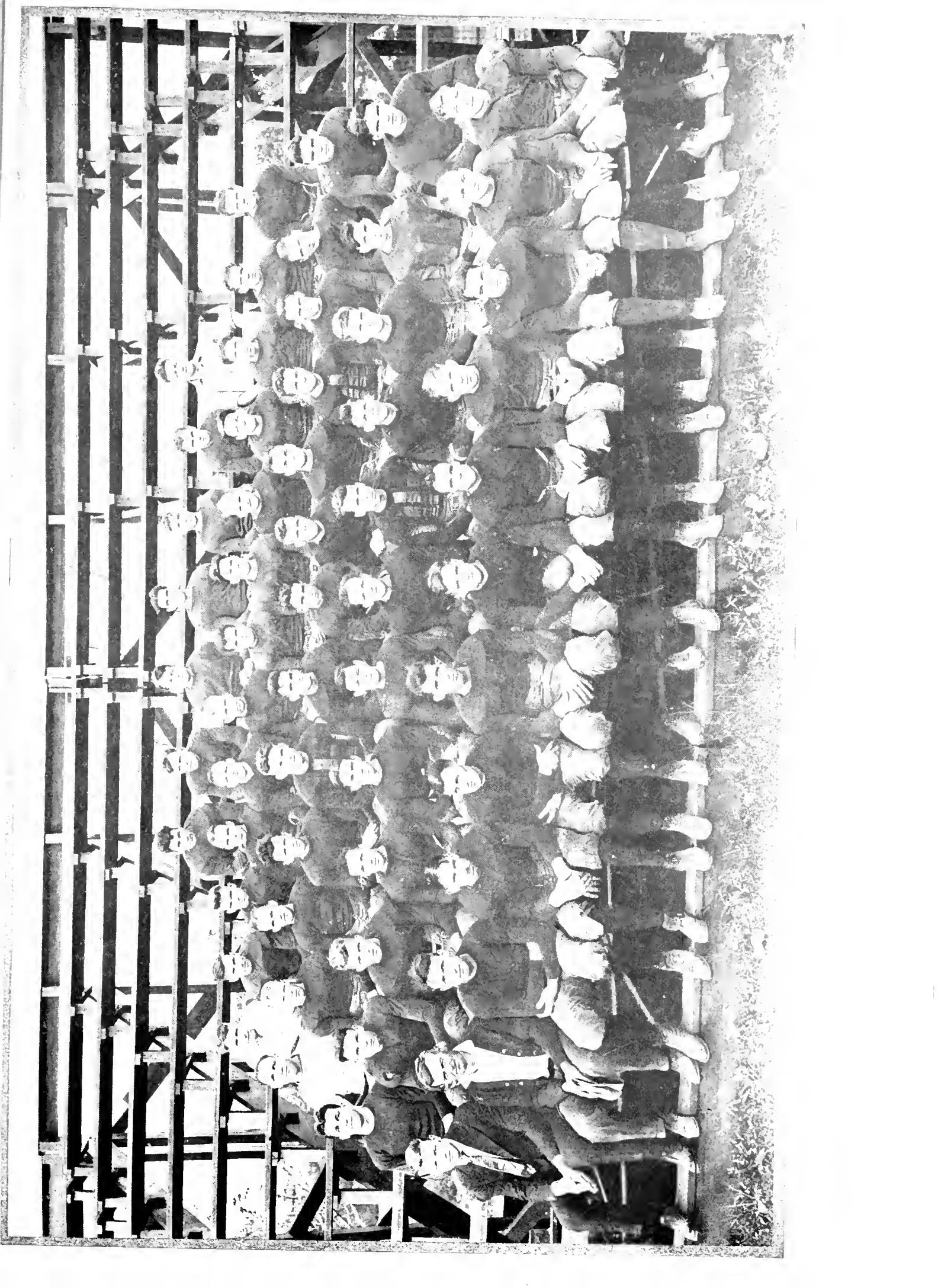
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NOVEMBER

Vol. XI

Number 2

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COVER BY C. W. BAUGHMAN

The editorial staff will be announced in the December Issue.

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Published by the Illini Publishing Company during the college year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois. Office, 106 University Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Subscriptions, \$1.50 per year. Out of town subscriptions, \$2.00. Single copies 25 cents.

A Scholar

By LEM PHILLIPS

I have red blood in my veins
And a strong body
Fit for work.

I have a strong back
And thick-muscled arms
That can handle a stoker's slice bar.
My hand has known the feel of the throttle;
I have been the master of power.
I have stood between the roaring cranks
Unafraid.
I have strong gripping fingers
That have held me firm
On the swaying mast.
I have the skill in my hands to steer a steady course
In a stormy sea.
I have eyes to mark a distant light
And a deep-throated voice to report it.

I have red blood in my veins
And a strong body
Fit for work,
Yet I have put oval panes of glass
Before my eyes,
That I may drink a diluted cup of life
From a printed page—
. . . . God! I am lazy.

Paradise Regained

By LEM PHILLIPS

THE great drouth had descended upon Riverton slowly, by degrees, as if to gradually accustom her to the forbidding alcohol-less eternity that was to follow. First the State had gone dry, in 1917, in June. That had been a dire enough calamity. It had closed up "Louie's" and "Joe's", made a dirty soft drink stand and restaurant out of "Steck's", and sent poor old "Paddle" off to his grave,—the first casualty. Yes, that had been bad enough for Riverton—but just across the river lay the State internationally famous for its Colonels, its mint-juleps and its fine horses. Riverton was neighborly, more so than ever now—and indeed there was nothing to lose in neighborliness, under the circumstances. Then came war-time prohibition, and finally the Volstead Act. The great blow fell. His Majesty John Barleycorn, like the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs, succumbed to the marching armies of the new civilization, and the W. C. T. U.

True a few far sighted souls in Riverton had emulated the thrifty ant and had provided reservoirs for personal irrigation, but they had made the great mistake—most of them—of labelling themselves "thrifty ants", and a great horde of life-long Grasshopper friends had already begged away their store of liquid exuberance.

Judge Carey had been neither Grasshopper nor Ant. In fact he hadn't thought much about it at first. Naturally the Judge believed in Law and law enforcement whether he agreed with the principles of the law or not, but the magnitude of the situation had never struck the honorable Judge until that tragic day when he had found the last quart of his last case of Sunny Brook empty. Hitherto he had never contemplated the personal application of an absolutely Bourbonless state, and the realization that for the remainder of his days he would go to bed nightcapless, get up eye-openerless, spend his winter afternoons toddyless, and his Christmas Holidays without the exhilarating presence of Tom and Jerry, struck the good Judge as being a truly alarming situation.

It is not strange then that his pulse, normally steady for an old man's, quickened perceptibly when his hand closed on, and drew forth from the dark top shelf of the closet in the spare room of the east wing, a bottle at least half full of a beautifully amber colored beverage. The last year's panama, which

had occasioned the Judge's search, was straightway forgotten.

"Gad", ejaculated the Judge as he contemplated his find with sparkling eyes.

"Umpgh"—he grunted his satisfaction as he replaced the cork after sampling.

"Umpgh"—another sample to test the first impression. "Just put you back for future reference—that's a good place for you", and he carefully placed the treasure in the farthest corner of the top shelf and went down stairs in the best humor for a month.

Old Uncle Taylor Bell had been with the Carey's about as long as anyone in Riverton could remember. The Judge could have figured up how long it had been—though he never did—but Uncle Taylor couldn't. He was a part of the Carey establishment just as much as the rambling old house on Mulberry street, or the Judge's office as Justice of the Peace—or his title of "Judge". "Carey's Uncle Taylor", he was to Riverton, old and young alike, and his wife had been Aunt Caroline just as universally. Years ago when the Judge's sweet faced little wife had died, Uncle Taylor Bell and Aunt Caroline had taken charge of the household and the two children. Aunt Caroline had been dead many years and the Judge's children had married and gone, but Uncle Taylor, surprisingly agile for his halo of white wool, still held on, high in the esteem of his master and all Riverton, as "Carey's Uncle Taylor".

Now, Uncle Taylor had no business in the spare room of the east wing. Moreover, he had no business rummaging in the closet thereof. Most of all he had no business in the farthest corner of the top shelf of that closet. Events surpass speculation of human control. Given Uncle Taylor, and a half bottle of whisky only one result could be imagined. It happened.

"Lawd", said Uncle Taylor, "Umm, wondah how come dis hyah. Umpgh", and the bottle was considerably less than half full.

"Umm, Jedge don't know it, cayse it wouldn't be hyah 'f he did. Hya he he hya. What Jedge don't know, don' do 'im no hahm. Hya hehe.

"Umpgh—Jest put y'all back", and just as carefully as the Judge, he put the now empty quart back into its dark corner on the top shelf.

Uncle Taylor energized by the potent fluid, got out the lawn mower and sent it singing over the wide

Carey lawn. The Judge coming home from the office stopped, wondering, on the walk for him to come clattering up through a green spray of flying fresh-cut grass.

"Taylor", called the Judge, "You damned old fool! Don't you know you are too old to cut this lawn?"

"No sah, no sah, Jedge. Ah aint old, Jedge. Jest in mah prime. Yes sah, Jedge, jest in mah prime", and he turned and went dancing down the lawn again to the sharp staccato of the whirring blades.

Judge Carey grew thoughtful. He had formally stopped Uncle Taylor from cutting the lawn two years before. Then he remembered the peculiar glitter in the old negro's eyes and noted his prancing after the lawn mower, and his thoughtfulness changed to terrible speculation. He turned and walked into the house, up the stairs and straight to the closet in the spare room of the east wing. Taking the empty bottle from its hiding place he sat down in choleric, impotent rage. The longer he sat the more enraged he became, and at last the singing clatter of Uncle Taylor's mower becoming unbearable, he descended the stairs, went out onto the porch and bellowed in a voice that made the liquor-gladdened heart of Uncle Taylor quake within him.

"Taylor Bell", he shouted.

Taylor dropped the handle of the mower and proceeded toward his master. He knew what was coming—He had heard the Judge use that tone before, and with the feeling of a culprit already convicted, he trembled before a red-faced and wrathful justice.

"So that's the reason of your industry, eh—"

The Judge's eyes bored in, and Taylor squirmed, looking down at the battered old hat in his hand.

"When did you find that liquor?"

"Ah did'n. Ah jest. What likkah Jedge? Ah don' know nuthin' bout no likkah—No Sah—Ah—"

"Shut up", exploded the Judge.

Taylor had known perfectly well that denial was useless, but he could no more have admitted his guilt, than he could have changed the color of his skin.

"Jedge, Ah—", he began again.

"That's enough of your lies," roared the Judge, "You damned ungrateful thieving nigger! Get out of my sight before I lose my temper."

Taylor lost no time in making himself invisible as far as the Judge was concerned. Back in the little room that had been his quarters for the most of his life the old negro sat down on an ancient willow chair. As the potency of the liquor died out, the agony of repentance took its place, and he sat

hewed, with his white woolled head in his hands, the incarnation of aged Ethiopia in dejection.

The following days brought no change in his master's demeanor, and although he allowed his old servant to go about his daily tasks as usual, the Judge would have no words with him. For his cheerful, "Good mawnin' Jedge", he was returned a glower from over the Judge's spectacles. His most pointed questions were ignored. He was treated as though he didn't exist.

An eternity of several days wore by, and Uncle Taylor, heavy of heart busied himself around the Judge's office watching hungrily for the slightest sign of relenting on the part of his irate master. The Judge's forbidding scowl kept him out of the larger room that served as combination office and court room, but through the opened door of the little ante-room adjoining Taylor watched and smiled his most engaging smile, when he caught the Judge's eye upon him. But the Judge was obdurate. Even when Taylor shambled over to his desk with a lighted match for his stogy, the Judge ignored it, and deliberately waited until the flame died, perilously near Uncle Taylor's fingers, then fished in his own pockets for a match and lit the cigar himself.

So Uncle Taylor sat, woe begone, in the little ante-room when the sound of voices and of shuffling feet brought him alert and listening to the doorway of the ante-room. What he saw and heard subsequently made him forget his own unhappy lot.

There was a trial in the Judge's court. The Marshal led in Bill Durham, whom Riverton had upon his coming to the locality several years before, promptly named "Bull Durham". Bull was a fisherman, famed in Riverton for his skill in coaxing the delectable cat-fish from the murky depths of the Ohio, to become the toothsome embellishment of Riverton tables.

Taylor hovered in his doorway listening.

"Drunk", he heard the charge read, and a surly, "Guilty", from Bull.

Uncle Taylor was alert.

"Twenty dollars and costs", from the Judge.

"I aint got no money," growled Bull, and Jenkins, the Marshal, led him off towards the jail.

The room emptied itself of all save the Judge and Uncle Taylor, still hovering noiselessly and unnoticed in the ante-room. The Judge looked thoughtful a moment, then reached for his telephone, and after the usual preliminaries, spoke into the transmitter:

"Bill? Yes—Bill, come down a minute, will you? Want you to do me a little favor—Yeh—Any time—right away if you can—all right."

Two minutes later Bill Carelton, pleasantly

portly, who made believe that he was in the real estate business, but who was in reality a genteel, landed loafer, was seated at the Judge's desk in conversation with that worthy.

"Yeh", said the Judge, "had to give him a fine. I hated to, too. Bull's a harmless critter, but this damned prohibition you know. I'd have all the dam-fool women in town on my neck 'f I didn't wreak the vengeance of the law on the guilty offender."

"Tell you what you do, Bill", this in a more confidential tone as he drew some money from his wallet, "You take this money and pay his fine 'n I'll have Jenkins bring him up here. I want to talk to him."

Bill laughed.

"Regular philanthropist, eh Judge? All right, if that's the way you want it. Don't quite get you, though, Judge. Too deep for me I guess. All right—all fixed now eh? So long."

Bill waddled out of the office.

Again the Judge used his telephone, and in a few minutes the officious mannered Jenkins appeared again with the tippling Bull Durham, turned him over to the Judge and departed.

"Sit down Bull, I want to talk to you", invited the Judge.

Bull sat down and Taylor from his point of vantage, listened, all ears.

"Ahem thmmm", began the Judge in a fatherly sort of tone. "Ahem, You know, Bull, I'm sorry I had to be—ah—rough on you—but—ah—you understand. Had to do it Bull—keep up appearances you know. But we've fixed that up all right". Here the Judge chuckled knowingly. "Friend of yours came in and paid your fine—'n your slate's clear."

Bull looked up in bewilderment. He was ever distrustful of the law and of its manipulators.

"Understand Bull"? continued the Judge, "You're free—Your fine's paid."

"Yas sir", answered Bull sullenly.

"Ahmmm", the Judge shifted in his chair and beamed upon the surly Bull in his friendliest campaign manner. "Have a cigar", and he proffered a box of stogies.

"Don't smoke", said Bull.

"'Mn too bad" said the Judge, then leaning forward with a knowing wink—"Where 'd you get it, Bull?"

"Git what?"

"The liquor."

"Found it."

"Found it!! Where at?"

"In the river", announced Bull without enthusiasm.

The Judge looked disgusted, but took heart again.

"Come on Bull, be a good sport—Where 'd you get it?"

"Found it in the river", returned Bull, colorless as before.

The Judge was no fool. He had dealt with human problems too long not to know when he was beaten. He looked at Bull steadily for a moment, and then in his most official manner—

"That's all Durham. You may go."

Bull returned to his shanty-boat below the town frankly worried. He had lived by himself on the river since he had been a lad, and had had few dealings with people aside from selling them his fish. His wits were slow, and he was aware of it. He always felt himself at a disadvantage when in the society of his fellows and consequently avoided them as much as possible. He knew that the Judge was after something, but he didn't know just what. He knew that the Judge represented the law, and that the law represented the jail, which was a highly undesirable place. Further he knew that whisky was contraband.

Strange as it may seem, Bull had told the truth when he told the Judge that he had found the liquor which had furnished the display of exuberance that had led to his arrest. He had found it, two weeks before. He had been on the sandbar just below his shanty-boat getting minnows for bait, and had stubbed his bare toe severely on a sharp projection in the soft sand. Investigation had disclosed a barrel. That night he had come with his "dinky" and shovel, and had carefully dug it out, tested its contents, and found it to be a fluid which was, under the existing conditions, more precious than fine gold. Two nights he had labored with improvised tackle to get the heavy barrel securely hid aboard his shanty-boat. Never had Bull labored more gladly, and yet, now he was worried to the point where he almost wished he had never found it.

He didn't speculate as to how the barrel happened to be safely imbedded in his sand bar. The was familiar with the freakish tricks played by the shifting currents of the Ohio. To many an old Rivertonian, however, it would have been a much simpler problem. They could have told him of the distillery and the Bonded Warehouse that had stood on the bank of the river, about where his shanty-boat was now anchored until it had been destroyed by fire, more than thirty years ago. They could have told him further, of how the walls of the warehouse were smashed in by the fire fighters and barrels of whisky, some of them fiery torches, had been catapulted out, and had gone bounding down the bank to disappear with a hissing splash in the river.

Bull was worried, and when he was worried and

there was liquor available there was but one thing to do, and that was to drink until his troubles were dissolved in sweet oblivion. He went to a corner of the shanty-boat and lifted an improvised curtain of sacking thereby disclosing his barrel, its rust-eaten hoops strongly reinforced by many strands of tightly drawn wire. The barrel sat firmly on a little platform built for it, and was fitted with a wooden spigot. Bull turned the spigot, drew off an enormous drink and drank it down in a few mighty gulps. This process he repeated at short intervals for a time, then threw himself across his bunk and watched a fanciful procession of pink elephants, red hot monkeys, and fiery-eyed catfish until consciousness succumbed to the strength of the liquor, and he slept.

Uncle Taylor listening to the trial from his point of vantage in the doorway of the ante-room had been impressed with Bull's declaration that he had found liquor capable of producing a jail inviting jag, in the river. In fact his interest had carried him to the point that he had momentarily forgotten his banishment from the good graces of the Judge, and as soon as Bull was safely out, he had hopped over beside the Judge's chair and inquired—

"Wha 'bouts you reckon ol Bull done fin' dat likah, Jedge?"

"Shut up and get out," growled the Judge wrathfully.

Taylor did as he was bidden. He was getting used to the Judge's cruel rebuffs. They still cut deep, of course, but the sting of this last wound didn't last long. Taylor had things other than his own misery to think about. His imagination ran rampant. He fancied Bull as an alchemist, transmuting the muddy waters of the Ohio into rare old Bourbon, or, he saw him drawing from its murky depths an inexhaustible supply of the much sung little brown jugs. Of one thing he was certain—Bull had had liquor—and might have more. Further, if he could come into the possession of some of that liquor he was sure that he would be reinstated in the Judge's favor, and that was to be desired more than all the Bourbon in Kentucky.

Taylor knew where Bull's shanty-boat lay. He had gone there often for fish, and there his feet led him, mumbling, talking to himself, and planning with wild imaginings. Arriving at the gang-plank that connected the boat with the shore, he halloosed, but received no answer. For a time he stood undecided. He was afraid of Bull, who was notorious for his surly disposition and his dislike for negroes; but his desire overruled his fear, and upon receiving no answer to repeated calls, he stepped aboard, and into the house of the shanty-boat.

There was Bull, sprawled out across his bunk,

oblivious to the world and his worries, deep in a seance with the spirit of the late lamented John Barleycorn. The smell of whisky was strong in the air, and as Taylor's wide opened eyes travelled over the interior, they came upon the barrel, the spigot of which was still dripping slowly. He was dumfounded.

"A bar'l! A whole bar'l of likah".

His imagination had shown him jugs and bottles, but reality showed him a barrel. Unbelievable—but it was true. Taylor advanced cautiously, held the tin drinking cup from the table under the spigot, and turned it.

"Umpgh—Ummm"—He grunted his unqualified approval of the beverage. "Yassah a bar'l—a whole bar'l of likah."

Bull stirred in his drunken sleep, and Taylor fled terrified out of the house, off the boat, up the bank of the river and back into the streets of the town. On his way back to the Judge's office he passed the "Busy Corner Grocery" where young Bill Dietzler, with the help of two young ebony giants, was unloading a truckload of supplies. A fat, sleek-sided, barrel in the lot stood vivid in Taylor's eyes among the miscellany of crates and boxes. Barrels of any kind had a new interest to him just now. He stood and watched.

"Hello Uncle Taylor! Want a job?" laughed young Bill.

"No sah. Ah specks not, Mr. Billy. What's in that big bar'l, Mr. Billy? It's a powahful heavy lookin' bar'l."

"Vinegar", answered the grocer.

"Um-n, that's a lot of vinegar—How much dat big bar'l hold, Mr. Billy?"

"Fifty gallons."

"Fifty gallon? Lawd that sho am a lot of vinegar. Yas sah that sho am a . . ." and Uncle Taylor, turning this new bit of information over in his mind proceeded down the street to the ante-room of the Judge's office. There he sat, cudgeling his brain and muttering to himself until long after the Judge had gone home and dusk was settling on a peaceful, but bone-dry Riverton.

The next day by nine o'clock he was back at Bull's shanty-boat. This time his calls brought Bull from the house, surly as usual, apparently suffering the consequences of his debauch of the day before.

"Good Mawnin'; Good Mawnin' Mistah Du-hum", greeted Taylor.

"Howdy," answered Bull.

"Got any cat-fish this mawnin', Mistah Du-hum?"

"Don't know. I'll look 'n see, said Bull, with a

(Continued on page 21)

Dr. H. G. Paul; an Appreciation

By ALTA HAHN

By HIMSELF

Dr. Harry G. Paul received his preparatory education in the Peoria Illinois high school along with Professor A. W. Jamison of the College of Agriculture. He was granted his bachelor's degree from the University of Michigan in 1897 and his master's degree from the University of Chicago in 1901. In that same year he came to the University of Illinois as instructor in English, and with the exception of two years when he was at Columbia University working for his doctor's degree, he has taught here at Urbana ever since. He has edited numerous books for secondary schools and has been a very popular lecturer and institute worker.

The accompanying appreciation of Doctor Paul, though written in the first person, is the work of one of his students who seeks to approximate the tone of some of our more popular magazines. While it is frankly burlesque, it breaks boldly with the stereotyped paucity of the student essayist sketching faculty personages.

AMAN who can quote Emerson, Whitman, Keats, Milton, Bacon, or Shakespeare by the thousands of lines, who recites Mother Goose and Persian proverbs with equal ease and familiarity, and who has made the intelligent reading of poetry an art as well as a business, that's me—Dr. Harry G. Paul.

Verse that others spend hours memorizing, I quote after one reading. Suggest to me, if you will, a passage from the "Rubaiyat", a German Volkslied, or a fragment from Vachel Lindsay—it makes little difference—I can probably quote the entire poem to you and tell you the history and circumstances of its composition.

Anyone who has ever heard me read knows how cleverly I impersonate as I recite, knows the delicious tang of the dialect, and the rollicking spirit of the farm and barnyard that I read into Riley's rural rhymes.

People often inquire of me how I attain my effects in reciting verse. The secret is simple and open to anyone. Indeed, it may scarcely be said to be a secret at all. It lies, as I frequently tell my students, in a succinct and characteristic phrase of mine: "Say it caressingly. Love your vowels. L-o-v-e-y-o-u-r-v-o-w-e-l-s."

—To give my students enough of the background of literature for intelligent interpretation, a liking for what they have read, and a desire to read more . . . that is the expression of my aim in teaching. In reality, however,

I succeed far beyond even such goal as this. I teach because I like to teach, and I transfuse my own appreciation of good literature because I teach so whole-heartedly.

But, as you may have already suspected, I am not only a teacher. I am a philosopher as well—a man who has not been swallowed up altogether in the clatter and roar of present day living, who has found time to observe carefully, to enjoy thoroughly, to think clearly, and to reach some worth-while conclusions. I have a way—quite quaintly original, it is—of interspersing my lectures with two-minute sermonettes on anything and everything, which as I



often put it, "helps to set the right things singing in your mind."

Students who care to listen are always welcome in my classes. I like to have people drop in on me unexpectedly. Indeed I often insist on it.

A glimpse into my class room will usually find me pacing up and down the aisles of the room telling apt anecdotes, recounting reminiscences, or introducing some humorous side-light of literature, always quoting intermittently line after line of prose and poetry. I always clothe my ideas in a vivid and picturesque phraseology, and never delve into the dark ages for an illustration when one from this morning's newspaper will do. From this you can see that I have stayed modern in spite of the fact that I have been teaching eighteenth century literature for more than four college generations.

Have you noticed how really worth-while people

always have hobbies? Mine is exploring cob-web hung attics and musty store rooms in search of old mahogany furniture. I don't mind the cob-webs. I rather like them, and am never so happy as when emerging from somebody's attic, with cob-webs on my head, a smile on my face, and an old spinning wheel under my arm—or perhaps a rare old Cheltenham bullet, a long lost Caslon kitchen cabinet, or a Bodoni spinnet. Sometimes I restore my discoveries. Be that as it may, my home is now furnished with a fine collection of old furniture, all accumulated in my spare time.

I do not care to make any statement in regard to my personal history beyond the fact that I served three years on the faculty football team. You may ask my friends—and I have hundreds of them, among students and townsfolk alike, about the position I occupy in the University community.

The Art of Living

By O. BURGE

MAN'S existence is but the smallest motif in the great symphony of life. His soul is a frail oboe, striving vainly against the great viols, the heavy relentlessness of circumstance. At birth he is thrust into the full events of his time, and with a final speeding push, he is left to cleave and batter his way to—death. He finds his way unkind, and thinks he sees it vanish, not into the heights, but into the valley of oblivion—and wonders Perhaps he sadly acknowledges the vanity of his religion, and is cast loose from our common world, resting and darting aimlessly as a leaf in the autumn air. He is bewildered at the multiplicity of things, and his perspective becomes distorted (perhaps) and he adopts the creed of self. And why should he not? This prosaic thing called "success", and that evanescence, "fame", touch the palate flatly. Through the centuries a narrow something

known as "custom" has made man its slave, for he has not a soul great enough to venture among the stars. He is too content with the halfnesses and the threeseighthnesses of life.

I pray you then be not so ordinary. Get the Elizabethan spirit—adventure in life. We are too much the prey of public opinion. Know the world to your satisfaction: do not cloister yourself and say that there is much evil. Try this and that. Love, and do not cease because others do not love. If you must sing, sing and do not be displeased that others do not hear your notes, if only the notes please you. Above all, treasure good books—they are the only friends who do not occasion anguish by parting. Finally, do not misconstrue leave for license, and when the final time comes, be glad you may say to yourself with verity and satisfaction:

"I too, have lived"

Remember, young man, one can live as cheaply as two.

Money is the root of all evil, but what a pleasant flower it is.

"Could I love another? No, no, NO!"

Wine is a mockery, and strong drink is wood-alcohol.

Do you remember where old J. Caesar warned his men to beware the "sallies from the town"? Et tu, Brute!

What has become of the old-fashioned music that soothed the savage breast? The music nowadays

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, for she may be as bad as your own.

Mask and Bauble Entertain

By HAROLD N. HILLEBRAND



John—(readings) "Fifteen of my creditors have arranged to give me a blow-out at Sherry's, and I'm expected right away or sooner. And by the way, I was to bring my friends— if I had any. So now's the time to stand by me! Mrs. Phillimore?"

Mrs. Phillimore—"Of Course!"

John—(ready to embarrass Cynthia, if possible, and speaking as if he had quite forgotten their former relations) "Mrs. Carslake—I beg your pardon!"

FOURTEEN years ago the indefatigable Mrs. Fiske brought out a play at which all the jaded New York critics pricked up their ears and applauded vigorously. It was a very gay play, full of divorce, horseracing, whiskey-and-sodas, and reckless badinage. It took nothing seriously, and yet it was in everything so good tempered that the moral philosophers were disarmed. It was sweetly ironical. Its wit savored a little of Piccadilly—no great wonder at a time when English plays crowded each other on Broadway—but there was a dash about it that was all American. Therefore the critics beat their palms together with unusual warmth and wrote reviews which made the play into a kind of American classic. Ever since then it has bloomed like a rose of Sharon among the hardy hollibocks of our dramatic garden. People grew accustomed to asking "when someone

would write another comedy as good as *"The New York Idea."*

On Friday and Saturday of Homecoming week this famous play bloomed again under the auspices of *Mask and Bauble*. It made the dismal, prohibitory walls of the Illinois Theatre echo forlornly to the fizz of siphons and the creak of social conventions subjected to great stress. I fancied the traditional glories of the play, its bold brilliance, were a little frayed, a little apologetic. Perhaps that was due to the lapse of time, "which hath an art to make dust of all things;" perhaps the play, like a painted lady in correct society, was to a slight extent abashed. None the less, it seemed to me, this painted lady had stood the passage of time unusually well. The varnish on her cheeks was enduring. I wondered what advances we had made in the art of play-writ-

ing since 1906. One might still inquire "when someone is going to write another comedy as good as *The New York Idea*."

It is a tricky play for amateurs. Such drawing-room comedies as this, epigrammatic, well bred, easy without clownishness, gay without hilarity, and sentimental without tears are peculiarly resistant to amateur technique. The amateur passes from spasmodic merriment to lachrymose gloom; he knows no middle ground, at least none where mirth and sadness join hands, and this comedy dwells entirely on the middle ground. The pace is an easy canter, like that of Cynthia Karslake's favorite riding mare; the lines and the action must be staccato; the laughter is everywhere near the surface, searching for a vent hole. One who knows Mrs. Fiske can see her personality in every line of the play. It is a comedy which calls for the deftest touch on the part of the actor.

Needless to say, these subtler values escaped *Mask and Bauble*, as they would escape any band of college amateurs. That is not a thing to complain about; it was to be expected. On the whole I thought the performance good. I am even inclined, in moments of enthusiastic recollection, to call the third act the best thing that I have seen *Mask and Bauble* do. No doubt there were many flaws that a local Percy Hammond could find. The pace was unquestionably too slow, especially in the first act. That seems to be an irremediable vice of amateurs. No doubt certain of the Manhattan brahmins were grossly overacted. No doubt there was no illusion of New York society—nowadays a stage full of dress suits and evening gowns no longer suffices to do that. But I persist in feeling that the performance, on the whole, was good. One did not greatly miss the Broadway atmosphere. After all, only the gowns and the complexion of this visiting lady belonged to Fifth Avenue; her generous heart and her sunny temper were at home among us.

An amateur dramatic triumph, like a victory in football, is always a triumph of coaching. Whatever praises are due to this performance redound therefore to Mrs. Gille, who created it at the forge of her abundant enthusiasm. Yet I cannot forbear to speak of one individual success which hardly belongs to the coach. I refer to the curtains that took the place of the hideous box sets of previous years. If I am not mistaken, Mr. T. P. Bourland deserves the honor of pulling this experiment through successfully. His painted curtains, so softly unobtrusive and so eager to harmonize with any color tone, were quite the right thing. The stage pictures were the best that I have seen in any *Mask and Bauble* play.

I approach the subject of individual acting with trepidation. The most autocratic of metropolitan critics, who thunders godlike upon some timid Broadway manager, must be circumspect in the family circle. And here at college, as our deans are fond of remarking at mass meetings, we are a kind of large family. Should I be circumspect, and like the esteemed Illini of past years (the present editor seems to have made a happy change in this respect) plough meticulously through the cast, finding something sweet to say about each performer? My gorge rises at the thought. And yet youngsters who have labored devotedly for three weeks and have put the best of themselves into their work deserve a kindlier estimate than professionals. On the whole, I am not much in favor of coddling or browbeating amateurs with adjectives which belong only to full grown actors. There ought to be a vocabulary reserved for them. But since there is not, I shall venture the experiment of running through the list of characters in the manner of the Illini (in former years, I repeat) and trying to find for each actor the essential good and the essential bad in his performance. It is a risky experiment, but here goes:

Miss Merle Turner as Cynthia Karslake: can act in repose, a rare virtue! *but*, she is too much like Masfield's Nan, especially when in the melancholy mood.

Charles Keck as John Karslake: came nearest of all to finding the "middle ground," *but*, looks too indomitably young.

Miss Irene Seaton as Vida Phillimore: knew what effects she wanted, and got them across, *but*, she had a typically undergraduate idea of how a society marriage worm behaves.

Chester Davis as Judge Phillimore: had solidity and power, unusual qualities in an amateur, *but*, like Hamlet, he was too solid, especially in the first act.

Herbert Sowers as the Rev. Mathew Phillimore: was unctuously clerical, *but*, he lacked clerical urbanity.

Valentine Newmark as Cates-Darby: was a very good Englishman from the waist up, *but*, from the waist down he was all Charlie Chaplin.

Frederick Harvey as Henry Sudley: realized the masculine cattishness of his part, *but*, he underlined his action much too heavily.

Miss Olive Schad as Mrs. Phillimore: looked properly helpless and ineffectual, *but*, she was too fidgety.

Miss Annette Wood as Miss Heneage: looked properly forbidding, *but*, she was too inflexibly forbidding. Life apparently had stamped her face for-

(Continued on page 29)

A Plea For Mediocrity

which, being interpreted, means
PULLING C'S.

By DWIGHT DRISCOLL

AT first I intended this to be a dissertation upon "The Man who is Worth While." But I shall more often speak of "the man who is trying to be worth while." Perhaps that will include more of us, and lend more interest to the discussion. Besides, I know more about such men as the latter, for I have watched them, and studied them, and envied their future and pitied their present, and, finally, wondered whether or not it was worth while to try to be worth while.

It isn't—here at Illinois. Nor is it, out in the wide, wide world, either. For we may pride ourselves on being a little wiser, or a little more nearly ideal; but the truth is that we have about the same mixture of faults and virtues, and on the whole we may take Illinois to be only a fair sample of the world in general. We must admit this horrid truth in spite of a highly developed sense of loyalty and admiration for Illinois.

In the first place, to be worth while, if it means anything at all, means to be a considerably different animal from most of one's fellow beings. Now if one is simply born worth while, they may merely hate him for being that way, as he could not help it. But if he deliberately and audaciously sets out to *make* himself worth while, he brings down at once a storm of remonstrance and protest; and later a cloud of opprobrium settles down upon him, and his every act is viewed with disgust when understood, and with suspicion when not comprehended. A true specimen of the first class, here at school, is the *shark*, and for want of a better name those in the latter class are generally called *sharks*, too, unless they happen to be *grinds*, in which case they do not come within the scope of my essay.

The reasons for this condition, while perhaps not obvious, are certainly numerous. I do not like to admit that most of us are consciously envious, or jealous, and like to deny others the pleasures that are forbidden to us; but there is unquestionable evidence that many are unconsciously so. We are too ready to stab a Caesar for his ambition, without very closely analyzing our real but dimly conscious motives.

We may say that man's strong habit of imitativeness is to blame; we like to follow a standard,

or ideal, blindly, long after it has become useless or absurd; and we are likely to view with extreme disapproval any more rational deviation from that idea. Or we may attribute our ill treatment of worth-while men to lack of comprehension—a true enough alibi, for assuredly we misunderstand them, and misconstrue them, and do injustice to their memories—but that is begging the question, for both in our civil and criminal courts we have set up the maxim that ignorance of the law is no excuse. Misunderstanding must exist, but should not, I say, be used as a salve for our consciences.

Have we not observed all of these occurrences in the cases of *sharks* and *ambitious guys* of our acquaintance? Do we not hate them, first, because they are *sharks*, second, because we are not sharks, third, because they are *different*, and fourth, because we fail to comprehend them? We do, for all of these reasons, and yet more.

A considerable portion of the blame, I think, must be laid to our innate selfishness. We are living for ourselves, and in large measure to ourselves, whatever semblance of openheartedness and altruism we may assume. Most of our energies are devoted to making ourselves comfortable and happy, and most of our customs are designed to further the same purpose. We assume all other individuals are pursuing the same end, and we expect them to enter into our plans and activities—for our selfish edification and delight. Absence from a social function, from a gathering of the gang, or from the commonest week-end orgy of pleasure, must never, *never* be excused upon the ground of attending to useful business.

Now we have observed that the aspirant for the worth-while class must in the nature of the case be different; and he must expend his energies not so much in enjoying himself, nor in an almost equally pleasant border state of passive existence, but in planning and toiling—real work, mind you—with a view toward the ultimate achievement of *something* worth while. Obviously, he doesn't fit into our scheme, and we have no use for him. After he has surmounted all the obstacles we spitefully place in his way, finishes victorious, and attains a position from which he can really benefit us—then, and only

then—do we smile upon him, or fawn about him, in proportion to his respective value for our purposes. (It is unnecessary to state that this is in "after life,"—it never happens at college.) But during the climb to shun him, accuse him of anything from lack of coöperation to disloyalty or treason, and name him sole responsible cause for failure of any of our self-centered or self-laudatory enterprises.

I do not mean at all to say that this sort of man is not open to criticism the same as any of the rest of us. There is often much that should be said to his discredit; but I contend that we are usually very poor judges for such a purpose. We lack community of contact. By the necessity of getting on in the world we have become crammed full of all these selfish ideas I have spoken of; while this man, who has somehow got it into his head that he is going to be worth something to the world in general, and who is obsessed with the idea of contributing in as large measure as possible to the happiness and success of others, is a new and extraordinary variety of being, totally incomprehensible to us. Is it any wonder there results lack of comprehension, discord, friction, antagonism?

Having viewed the ugly aspects of the situation, let us see what we can do toward improvement. If there be any reader who contemplates any achievement of value, I would first warn him of the consequences, and hope to dissuade him from his purpose. I dislike to be a party to suicide in any form. But if he persist, I caution him that extreme secrecy is his wisest course, for verily the more ambitionless he can appear the rosier will be his pathway. Having endeavored to protect him thus far, I yet despair of being able to aid him, for these worth-while aspirants have a way of falling into the most dangerous and well-nigh fatal habits that can be imagined. For instance, through some idealistic perversion of his nature, he is quite likely to acquire the habit of saying what he means. What he thinks may be, and, all will admit, usually is, very sensible and logical; but that is the very best of reasons for not expressing it—especially here on the campus. There is not a printed sheet or page to which the name of the University of Illinois is attached, upon which you, or I, or any of our scribbling friends, is free to publish his full, honest, unbiased opinion, in a considerate, respectful way, about matters which hold the attention of all of us. One cannot do better than remember the dictum of Talleyrand: that words were meant to conceal thought, not to express it.

The genus homo is a highly developed form of lower animal, but it has taken him an uncommonly long time to arrive in that condition. And he combats change, and will resist departure and innova-

tion just as he has stubbornly stood firm in the past. And as most of us have our set ways of doing things, we dislike him who diverges. But we may even forgive these acts of his, while we will not forgive his opinions. In daily life and practice we put up with a limited quantity of heterodoxy; but when it comes to abstract thought we will not budge an inch. Consequently it becomes our man-of-the-brilliant-future to shun the deadly results of publishing his convictions. And it behooves the ambitious student who expects to remain for any period of time at this, "the most democratic university of the middle west," to bridle his enthusiasm for a new cause, and tread in the steps of his great-great-great grandfather.

He may think there is a way out of it. He may plan to veil his identity in anonymity. But this is not the discreet stroke of diplomacy it seems. He is immediately assailed with the thrust that he has not the courage of his own convictions, and it hurts almost as much as if it were true. Of course the maker of this criticism is himself above any such criticism; he is secure in the protection of popular opinion—no courage is needed for *his* activity. Consequently the novice should dispel at once the delusion that he can with impunity indulge in the Utopian privilege of free speech, in any form; even under the auspices of a "broad and liberal" administration of the school newspaper or magazine in a generous, cosmopolitan, and *democratic* institution of learning. There are but three choices: a safe but unprofitable reticence; an honorable but ill reputed anonymity; and heroic but deadly progressiveness.

Man's chief hobby is pleasing himself. And you who wish to win his esteem must help him do it. While you lay out a program for attending to work, for self-denial, and eventual benefits accruing to all humanity by your efforts, that part of humanity which is nearest your vicinity has become offended at your lack of interest in its selfish sensual pleasures, and confronts you with charges of gross absence of sympathy for other people. Thus it happens that those with the truest and most useful sense of generosity are often accused of utter selfishness; while, conversely, those most subtle incarnations of ego and hypocrisy pose as everlasting benefactors of society and the individual.

And there is no tolerant, give-and-take sentiment; our worth-while to be will get no quarter. He has a right to expect sympathy, or at least toleration in his work, directed toward a worthy goal. But he will get nothing of the sort, notwithstanding corresponding alleged obligations in the opposite direction.

(Continued on page 28)

The Brass Band

WILLIAM B. MOWERY

We are the Brass Band,
The blary, blary Brass Band,
Red, panting, Brass Band,
Puffing out our cheeks,
Dress cords, open throats,
White pants, red coats,
Prancing along while the whole town peeks,
We are the leaders, see the surging crowds come,
See how we lead them with our

boom
boom
boom

at

Town-hall

Cornerstone

Soap-box

Coronal

Wedding

Funeral

boom
boom
boom.

We are a comrade band,
Thirty pieces, look at us,
One note, one command

boom
boom
boom

Thirty screaming tin-pans
A-yelling all together,
Thirty hell screeches
Making harmony
Marching to the nod of the drum major's feather
With the kids on the corner yelling

whceee
whceee
whceee

(the cornet speaks)

Still, I am the Cornet, the fanfare Cornet,
I am the leader of all Brass Bands,
Though orchestras have flouted me,
Concert meisters clouted me,
Star courses routed me,

I shan't fret:

For I am the master, the silver singing master,
The high singing master of all Brass Bands,
The toot-toot-toot-tootle-toot of all Brass Bands.



THE · · · ILLINOIS · · · MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

GERALD HEWES CARSON
Editor



EDWARD F. LETHEN, JR.
Business Manager

The Chimes

The chimes, those chimes which we joked about when we were freshmen, at which we scoffed when we were sophomores, for which we dubiously paid our share when we were juniors, wondering with the mild cynicism born of an infinitude of tag days where the money went, and if our grand-children might by some happy stroke of fortune ever hear them—those chimes are hung!

We listen to them proudly, consciously, attentive to the vibration of the bells in the Library tower, remarking upon the music, the operation, the technique of the player. Yet this stage is transitory. It is not until the novelty has passed, not until they have become integrated with the daily life and routine of the University, that they will assume their permanent position and ultimate function.

And this function will be best appreciated by succeeding college generations. For them the chimes will remain a vital part of their college life. Like memories of the old towers of Uni Hall seen from the drill field, through the haze of Indian summer; like the crowded bleachers at the Homecoming games, dotted with yellow "mums"; like the happy memory of graceful little girls dancing at the twilight concerts, will the memory of the deep-toned bells contribute to the more precious associations clinging to the *alma mater*. They mean the creation of a new tradition, a most welcome, grateful touch of sentiment to the campus.

Culture and Anarchy

There is a pretty well developed sentiment on the campus among those young persons with a natural turn for the humanities and a craving for more of the urbanities of existence than we find at Illinois, to deprecate the existence at all of culture, tradition—what are called "worthwhile things" at our *alma mater*.

There are always, of course, malcontents, people who entertain the same sentiments toward the portion of the world they inhabit, and those of its citizens with whom they associate, as Arnold was said to entertain, by some gentle friend with a turn for characterization, toward God; that is, they don't like it!

There are, too, those who find a pleasing implication of personal superiority in crying down our pursuit of false gods. Virtue rewards them richly in the pleasant business of striking an attitude.

The last class commands our deepest respect. It is composed of various little groups, unhappily unrelated groups, of students with a desire to remedy our deficiencies, but who have fallen into a pessimistic attitude. Their's is the thankless mission of being crusaders and prophets. *The Illinois Magazine* watches them with an earnest, thoughtful, and hopeful gaze. Its success in the best sense depends upon their ability to leaven the loaf.

To them it ventures to extend counsel. It would see them take courage from the stout hearts of their own number, not pause to repine at the blindness of others to the things they see so clearly. It suggests to them that a stern cultivation of their own capacities would carry a more audible note through the community than the heroic endurance of the rigours of missionary journeys among the unregenerate. Let them try cultivation instead of criticism, an intensive concentration upon individual development instead of anarchy!

You !!

Do you know why culture is a word to be uttered furtively in general University society, why *The Illinois Magazine* doesn't compare favorably with the *Yale Magazine* from a literary point of view, why the proposition to found a poetry magazine on the campus was greeted with derision, why there are still seats left for the Symphony concerts, why the Star Course sells tickets to townspeople, why we find knowledge pursued on this campus exclusively as a means and never as an end?

It is because of you! You came here from a small town somewhere in the cornfields, or the wheatfields, or the coalfields of Illinois. You attended a high school taught by instructors with normal school "degrees". Your diversions were dancing, moving picture shows, "loving" in automobiles, and "loving." You aren't really to blame, but that's your background.

You have a good brain and a wealth of emotions which you have been enjoying furtively since you first kissed a girl and found it good. That was when you were seventeen. But you have never felt the urge toward abstract thought and it has never occurred to you that your emotional nature could be turned to productive ends, and made a source of a more subtle enjoyment to you than the animalistic, primitive uses to which you have put it. You have a superficial polish acquired around fraternity fire places. You can say "Glad to know you" and "Come again" glibly enough, thinking it real courtesy. You have never reflected that true breeding is an inward matter and not to be learned by rote, nor penetrated beneath the obvious significance of social amenities.

You will graduate from the University knowing the way of the world in a superficial manner, with a half-baked sophistication, without ever having experienced a really deep, sincere emotion, with no philosophy of life, not an original idea in your head,—an intellectual child.

Who are you? The Representative Student!

Speaking of the Drama

Mask and Bauble is becoming one of the most distinguished among the "worthwhile things." The staging and acting in "The New York Idea" was extremely good. The drift of the society is evidently toward plays that entertain, yet make a modest intellectual demand upon the audience. The support which the University is tendering Mask and Bauble is an auspicious omen for the future of drama at the University.

The occasion is appropriate for mutual congratulations!

How strange it is that the advocates of co-education have completely overlooked that striking feature of it, by which a young man may learn within the short space of one evening that he is neither so clever, nor so sophisticated nor such desirable company as he had been lead to think by his own estimate of himself! The lesson is as valuable a one, if thoroughly learned, as he may hope to get in his college curriculum.



On Ticket Stubs

By DOUGLAS HYDE

SOMETIMES when I am in a softer mood, (generally I am in a most Nietzschean state of mind) I take my diary and turn its pages of pristine white, (I wish it would turn yellow with age as a truly distinguished diary should), gazing upon the vari-colored ticket stubs pasted therein, and conjure up vain, but pleasant memories. They lie before me blue, and yellow, and green, and purple, mangled and torn, mute witnesses of the destructiveness of pleasure, yet faithful reminders of fair nights long past. And I love them.

Those green ones, here,—ah me! That night! A late spring night it was, and the Russian dancers were come to town, and I had almost sold my soul to get those two gay-colored passports to the land of joy. True, it was a rather make-believe land, surrounded by ramparts of Baski scenery, and lighted by rather too obvious arc lamps, but what feats of imagination can one not compass, when he has as guest the most beautiful—but that is another story. The dancers, how they leapt, as free as the night winds outside, or cowered as still as dead men on a battle field. Now they were Greek gods and goddesses, and now they were Circassian slave girls, and Arabian masters: a thousand nationalities, and one, all in the breathless time of scarce two hours. But that is past, and I must throw the bits of paper away, for they are somewhat too dangerous associations to have about. She does not love me any more.

And these yellow ones here? Yes, I remember now—Carmen. By means of these precious bits, we left the winds of January and went into the land of olives, and castinets, and toradors, and bad port wine. We sat still and breathless, just a little drunk, perhaps, at the music, and made vows that within the night, we would consecrate a shrine to Bizet, peace to his bones. Carmen, even if she was a little fat, sang, and she sang as if she was that first Carmen who sang her heart out so long ago, and the Don was as dashing as ever. But that, like all intense pleasures, was soon over. There is some man, a Hollander, I think, whose philosophy of life is built upon the hypothesis, that we all live for one brief moment of supreme pleasure, and that when that has come, our life is just a period of waiting until we shall die. He is wrong. I can count my moments in tens. But, "I'll have none of your damned Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas!" Who

was I with that night? Why, it was the same one before mentioned, and I'll have to throw these away, too. This won't do.

Here is one without a mate, a purple one, too, it is. Thereon hangs a tale. However, that can wait for full treatment later. Here is the crux of it: She was a very beautiful girl, whom I found in a rather questionable cafe, playing Chopin on the piano, long since deserted by the musicians. What I was doing in the cafe does not matter. Her cigarette lay on the edge of the piano, scorching the varnish, which did not please me any great deal, and in my most facetious manner I asked her to remove it. She did, quite graciously, so graciously, in fact, that we began conversing about the usual banalities, and ended by my asking her to the theatre—the varieties, since it was late. She insisted on buying her own admittance, and as a result I have only one paste-board to remind me of her. But that is enough, and I would seek her out tomorrow, had she not given me a fictitious address, and I would marry her, for she played Chopin divinely. "But that is o'er passed."

There are many others. Here is another pair of green ones. Those alone remain, from the night that I saw my first opera—with my *sister*. I was young then. And here are three blue ones . . . She was too good for me, I admit it frankly. She *would* have a chaperone. And here is one that took me to a class play, which swollen tonsils kept me from appearing in, some years ago. And so on, through the lot—dead memories, sometimes of rue, but more often of rosemary.

As I consider my collection, and moon it over, very often I wonder what other confirmed theatre-goers do with their ticket stubs. Do they save them as carefully as I do, or do they drop them on the floor, later to be retrieved by the cleaning woman, along with chewing gum, handkerchiefs, and other impedimenta of the guest of the evening? Or do they cram them carelessly into their pockets, along with the opera glass case and gloves? It is a mystery that I have long wanted to solve.

I wonder what that masculine Grundy, Pepys, did with his stubs. Or did they have them, in those days? Did he put them carefully away, that they might later remind him to enter the two and six in his expense account? Or did he drop them hastily under foot, in his desire to tell the latest to a beek-

oning friend? Perhaps he did not even wait for them, but went on to some friend's box, in order to be near the stage, and as a result, kiss the prettiest girl soonest, or do something equally scandalous. If the Duke of York's could have talked, what spicy little bits would have been heard, as from the lips of jolly old Samuel. And how much his stubs would have reminded him to do penance for. I wonder if he always had someone to pay his way, like some of my acquaintances. Probably he did, for he bemoans the fact that tickets are two and six, whereas they used to be only eighteen pence. At any rate he enjoyed the theatre, too.

And I wonder what the gentle Elia did with *his* stubs. When he went to the Drury Lane Theatre, did he very fussily fold them up in an extra play bill, later to be commined with at his chambers? Or did he push them into his pocket, for future use as a bookmark, as many lesser moderns do? Or perhaps they became entangled in his handkerchief, later to be lost at Moxon's, in wiping the dust from a precious Elzivir, or to be flung to the winds as he wiped his face after expostulation, with Baldwin, let us say, over delayed royalties. He was likely to become heated, for you must know that the *gentle* Elia could say Damn as well as the rest of us, who survive him. He loved the lights, so let him pass, Saint Peter.

Did Rupert Brooke retain his stubs? Perhaps not all of them, especially those of the beer-stained German tragedy that he saw in Munich, that winter, but there must have been some, at that. Those of the Hippodrome and "Hullo Tango", say, or from Covent Garden and the opera, to remember the pret-

ty girl he was with, or the memorable discussion on metaphysics, or the philosophy of art, or something of that sort, that poets, especially young poets, are fond of discussing at great length. Or when they went to the Moulin d'Or, for after-theatre supper, did he drown the stubs in the remains of his drink, champagne, or what not? Perhaps, but that, too, is past.

What, may I ask, do you do with your stubs, dear reader? Do you immediately cast them aside? Do you keep them for later use, or pleasure? Such as rolling them into little balls to be thrown at a friend to gain his attention? If you are proper, however, you will not do such a thing. It is done, though, but not by the "best people". Or perhaps to beguile you between naps? A two dollar ticket stub, so my friends tell me, can be rolled variously for thirty minutes without breaking, or it may be folded twenty-eight minutes safely. But if you have any sensibilities, you will keep the stub, to be used in refreshing your memory, whenever it shows signs of weakening. Of course if it is a bad play, there is some excuse, as there may be if the color of the tickets does not suit your complexion.

But, at that, it is best to keep them, for even the worst play may have its good memories. Perhaps it is only one of your *bons mots*, or that on that day you received a rejection slip for the *best* novel, or that on that night you met Chris Morley, or something equally of interest. Save them, for they will be friends indeed, in later years, and whenever you go to the theatre, breathe as a prayer upon them "*haec olim meminisse*", and tuck them away in a safe place, for future needs.

FANTASY

By JULIA HARDY

There's a tricky moon in the sky tonight,

And the world is doing a thousand things;

The trees lifting longing arms to light,

Sway to the song that the darkness sings.

The fireflies are loves which were never born,

The moon is more cruel than dead dreams are --

* * * * *

I've tangled my hair in the white hawthorn,

And wounded my heart on a pointed star!

On Nationality

By ALORA WARD

"I geet da leetle Philippe, Mist' Judge, yees?" Tony stretched out his hand pleadingly. "My seestaire Rosa's leetle Philippe? I gotta plenty mon', I keep heem so gooda an' so sweet. I teach heem of da Eetaly—"

"Oh, ye will that, will ye? And mayhap ye'll be a-changin' the Oirish blue of his eyes, and knock off th' tilt av' his Oirish nose to git it in loine? Begorra, the bye av' me brother Pat has got to be Oirish, ye dairty string of shpagett-ai!"

"He gotta my Rosa's bla'k curls, you greena potat'! He—"

"Order, order!" shouted the judge. He is becoming angry and he had been perplexed long before.

Again he read the records of the claimants. "Tony Marconi, owns flourishing fruit store in south end, good to wife, apparently well liked by neighbors, abides in law." And the other, "Timothy O'Brien, has truck-patch in suburb of south side, married, no children, arrested once for fighting, but honorably acquitted." No, the judge shook his head mournfully, nothing wrong with either of them.

"Suppose we do this," he said finally. "I give the boy to each of you for half a day and when he comes back we'll let him decide between you. Mr. O'Brien, you may call for your nephew this afternoon and you, Mr. Marconi, call tomorrow afternoon. Come to the children's ward at two o'clock. Next case!"

Three days later the case was called again. The judge arose impressively as befitted the giving of a long puzzled decision. First he turned to the witness chair where the little Philippe with his Irish blue eyes and Italian black curls sat fidgeting. Then down to the bench before him where in all the glory of a checkered suit sat Timothy O'Brien and beside him Tony Marconi, whose eyes, like a pathetic dog's, never left those of the judge. The judge began to speak.

"I have consulted Philippe"—Timothy winced—"O'Brien—Tony shivered slightly—"and I find that he desires to make his future home with his uncle, Timothy O'Brien. I see no reason why this should not be, so we shall make his desire my decision. The court, however, reserves the right of withdrawing this decision if during the next two years it does not prove satisfactory. You are dismissed, gentlemen!"

That night Timothy sat smoking on the doorstep of his cottage while his wife rocked slowly in

the doorway behind. Upstairs their nephew, *Philip O'Brien*, lay fast asleep between Nora's whitest sheets. Timothy seemed inclined to boasting.

"And the judge was thot dignified, Norah Colleen, ye'd av' thought the bye had been condemned to be shot. But I knew he'd be a wantin' to live with us after he'd seen ye and the wee bit av' a garden an' all."

"Yes, but Timothy," said Norah doubtfully, "Was ye after noticin' that he didn't seem to want to stay here by us this after', but was for going straight to the commons with Jones b'y across the shtrait? 'Twas just what he did the first day, ye know 't."

That night, too, the judge and his wife gave a dinner party. Over the salad the judge waxed talkative and entertained his guests by accounts of interesting trials he had had.

"Today," said he, "I gave a decision that has been puzzling me for weeks. An Irishman down in the south end had married a "Wop" girl a few years ago, and last spring they were both killed in a factory accident. Each had a brother and both brothers wanted the son they left. Both are good upright fellows of their sort and it was an eye for an ear either way. So finally I determined to let the boy—whose name, by the way, is *Philippe O'Brien*!—decide his own destiny. He spent a day with each uncle and when he came back I asked him which he liked better. And what do you suppose he said in his funny jargon of Irish and Dago English? "I wanta go live with Uncle Timothy, where the boy what lives across the street will be lettin' me play ball with heem. Ain't da baseball fun, meestaire?" Speaking of nationality," the judge chuckled, "There'll be no hyphenated American there, I'll wag'er!"

While back in the south end Tony Marconi shook a dejected black head as he regarded a valiant little red coaster wagon he had bought two days before and muttered to his wife.

"And eef you hadna' burned da sphagett' for heem, Charlotta, eef you hadna, burned da sphagett'!"

POVERTY

Life a gulf, and life a sea,
Life an ocean of misery,
Life an old, unhealing sore—
Aching . . . 'till mis'ry arches no more.

A Classical Interview

By D. F. LAFTZE

YESTERDAY afternoon, while the sun was bright and warm I sank down for a few minutes' rest on the Senior Bench. Troubles had been piling up for several days and I was unusually depressed. I was expecting my allowance for next month. It had not come. In its place I had found a brief crisp note from home requiring further explanation of an item in my account "Incidentals, \$22.75." Yes, I was feeling rather tired.

I glanced up and saw standing before me an old man with a six inch white beard, and with a seven yard toga thrown in soiled folds over his shoulders after the early classical custom. In his hand he carried an old-fashioned box lantern, and on his back hung a galvanized wash-tub.

"I am J. Wilbur Diogenes," he said slowly and sadly, "and I seek an honest man."

"Sit down, Wilbur, and rest a while from your search," I said cordially, sliding over to give him room on the bench. "I have been thinking about you."

After talking over the prevailing weather conditions, I asked, "How do you find the University students here? We have the Honor System, you know; perhaps there are some honest men about the campus."

"I am beginning to be discouraged," the old man replied sadly. "These days of war tax and unscrupulous landlords are weakening the moral strength of the people. Oh, if men could only realize what a comfortable bed my old battered tub makes. But

today every one lives beyond his income, and tries to keep the neighbors from discovering it. Honesty will soon cease to be a characteristic of the race, even in the story books."

I mused a while. Then I inquired gently, "Were you ever in love, Wilbur?"

"Yes, desperately, my son," he answered in a low voice, as he caught a tear with the corner of his toga. "It was years ago, but it seems like yesterday. How I loved her! She was the daughter of a priest, and I spent my last simoleon to please her. That's what brought me down to this old tub of mine. I was once a well-to-do philosopher."

My heart responded in sympathy for the old, broken cynic. It was evident that the passage of time had not mitigated his disappointment.

We sat for several minutes in silence.

"There was a modern poet who understood the problem," Diogenes said finally. "But even he saw it too late. They found this verse on the railing where he jumped into the river. It has been in my mind ever since:*

"The man who uses gasoline to build the morning fires,

"Or he who swings on circus rings, or climbs cathedral spires,—

"His chance is slim for life and limb; but now of him I speak

"Who loves a fifty dollar girl, while drawing ten a week."

*—H. L. Chace.

Hokku

WILLIAM B. MOWERY

I.

Faults

There are thunderclouds on the sky around me;
Overhead it is clear.

II.

Poetry

Quick white snakes are playing in the dark clouds;
And through my soul a song leaps.

III.

Vanishings.

Where is the clond I saw last evening,
Or the girl I used to love?

A Venetian Evening

FROM my balcony, where I am wont to sit through the long evenings, pondering over the events of the day, I can overlook the high wall which surrounds the little estate next to my landlady's house. The wall itself is old and crumbling, but beyond in the dainty gardens—set like jewels in the smooth green of the grass—the place is as formal and well kept as though a Michael Angelo dwelt in the big white villa in the remotest corner of the grounds, instead of a poor little bankrupt countess.

Perhaps it is the white pebble paths, looking as though each stone had been washed and polished, which attract my fancy and my eyes, evening after evening; perhaps it is the crisp-clipped rose trees, blooming bountifully in true Venetian splendor, which waft their fragrance over the crumbling wall to entice and captivate my senses; but I think it is because I am lonely, and a bit world-weary, that this little garden seems so much like a friend.

There are no children at the big white villa, and I sometimes think that the rose trees long to

sprinkle their petals on golden-curbed heads, and tease smiles of joy from childish faces with the sweet perfume of their blossoms. Even the pebble foot-paths seem to beg for little feet to smudge away some of their cold pallor, and the flowers in the garden to bow their heads in weary slumber, as though waiting for a child's laugh to rouse them from their languor.

Many times, when the sky is still rose from the sunset, and the white villa is snuggling closer to the purple hill side, I think of the poor countess, she whose soul is so warped that it does not welcome little children. At such times I almost pity her. Then the swarthy shadows blot out the sleepy little garden; the night birds set up their drowsy calling from the magnolia trees far down the road; my throat feels tight and lumpy, and my hate rises within me like a gigantic wave. And at such times I curse her bitterly. For she is my wife, and I know that her heart is harder than the white stones in the pebble foot paths in her garden.

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MANAGERS

"Shelby" Himes

(Continued from page 6)

none too pleasant air.

Taylor crossed the gangplank onto the boat, while Bull, taking a dipnet from its nail on the side of the house explored the depths of his fish box.

"You all's lookin' powahful bad this mawnin' Mistah Duhum. Powahful bad! Looks like you all might have malaria."

Bull made no answer, but gave no visible sign of displeasure; so Taylor continued.

"Guess some ol' Aunt Jinnie's yarb medicine 'd fix y'all up, but cain' git it no mo—Aunt Jinnie cain' git no whisky foh to make it with. Costs a powahful lot of money now—Yassah—Ain' many white folks 'n no niggers 'tall kin affohd it now. Why I specks a bar'l of whisky 'd make a man rich now. But he sho'd haf to use judgement. Yas sah these prohibitioners is sholy mean folks. They's puttin' people in the penitentialy most evah day Judge say. Colse though the Judge he say he wouldn't put noboddy in the penitentialy, cayse Judge he like likah himself."

Bull glowered up at the old negro and said nothing, but he was interested. He was experiencing the head ache and the dark brown taste of the morning after the night before, and was thinking about the barrel behind the curtain of sacking which had been the cause of it—and which at the same time represented, as Taylor had said, a small fortune to him, if it could be safely disposed of.

"Yessah, Ol' Judge he sho like likah. But he ain' got none. No sah! Ain' got a drap. Tothah day Judge say to me, he say, 'Taylah Bell,' he say, 'Ah'd give a powahful lot for a good drink of likah.'"

Bull's narrow squinted eyes looked questioning at Taylor. He started to speak, then as if reconsidering, he pressed his thin lips into a straight line, and began raking about his fish-box with a dip-net. His searching there disclosed only one small cat-fish, which he dropped disdainfully back.

Bull hung the dip-net up, and again turned toward Taylor as if about to speak. Taylor looked hopeful, but Bull hesitated, turned and went into the house without a word. Taylor looked after him. He could not follow him in. He started toward the gang-plank, hesitated, looked longingly into the open doorway, then with dejection and deep disgust on his face started off of the boat.

"Come in here, Taylor", called Bull from inside.

Uncle Taylor turned in his tracks, pulled off his hat, and entered the house of the shanty-boat with the first real smile since the unfortunate affair of the bottle in the spare room.

Bull went to the corner with the tin cup, drew off a generous drink and handed it to the somewhat surprised Uncle Taylor.

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and Candy*

"Umghh Umghn," said he smacking his lips,
"That sholy is good likah Mistah Duhum. That
sholy is—Um—Yassah that sholy"

"How much a bar'l 'o that likker wuth, Taylor,"
interrupted Bull.

"Um, Well sah that depen's—Yassah that de-
pen's," and seating himself Uncle Taylor began a dis-
cussion of prohibition laws, and their circumvention,
and it was no idle discussion of theory. It satisfac-
ted Bull—and half an hour later Uncle Taylor
climbed up the steep river bank in a manner that
belied his more than three-score years. Up through
the cool shade of the narrow road leading back into
town, he fairly danced along, once breaking out into
a little impromptu song. Life was not all misery
now—but there was thinking to be done, and on
entering the streets of the town he put aside his
manner of joyous abandon for one of thoughtfulness,
and as he walked along his lips moved in imaginary
conversation.

That afternoon Taylor made three important
calls, and subsequently brought great joy into the
hearts of three rather elderly well-to-do Riverton-
ians, each of whom thought of himself as the most
fortunate man in the State, not dreaming that two
others of his fellow citizens had been visited by the
same dusky agent of Bacchus dethroned. True they
had paid heavily in good cash for that smug feeling,
and after the money was out of hand they might
have had misgivings as to the good business sense of
buying a two hundred dollar pig in a poke—but then
Pshaw—Old Uncle Taylor wasn't that kind of a
nigger. They had known him too long, and then—
well one had to take chances these days and could
afford to for—ten—ten fine large gallons.

That afternoon Ben Collins, assistant cashier
at the First National, spread three checks out on the
counter and looked at them thoughtfully. Bill
Carnes, Tom Humphrey, and Gene Ward—each had
written to Self, drawn in cash at the bank that after-
noon, and each for an even two hundred dollars.
"Wonder what those old birds are up to now," he
thought. "They usually keep about twenty cents
in cash in their pockets, and pay everything by check,
so we'll have to do their book keeping."

Ben shuffled the checks together, dropped them
into an open drawer, and shook his head. Some
things, he acknowledged, were beyond the compre-
hension of even an assistant cashier. So he put the
incident from his mind, closed up the bank and went
home.

As the shadows lengthened into twilight that
evening, Uncle Taylor bent his steps toward Happy
Hollow, Riverton's darktown. Through the narrow
twisting streets, lined with ancient cabins the old
darky made his way, amid greetings from all who
saw him, for Uncle Taylor was loved among his own

people. Ample mamnies with arms akimbo greeted him from their door-ways. Children playing in the streets called after him. The "pahson" stopped him, shook hands, enquired after his health and invited him to a very special "sulvis", Sunday. Uncle Taylor returned their greetings cordially, and did not tarry for conversation. He had no time for such pleasantries on this evening. There was work to be done, and an interview of great importance to be held. So through the street he went, up to the cabin of Alf White, which stood in the edge of the Hollow. Alf was the proud owner of an octogenarian spring-wagon, and a mule only a little more youthful. Alf answered his call and the two stood in earnest, low toned conversation for a time, then repaired to the barn, from which in a short time the ancient vehicle and its charger came creaking forth, with Uncle Taylor conspicuous in the role of charioteer.

Uncle Taylor did not drive out through the main street of Happy Hollow. That would have been to invite disaster. Instead he slipped out by a little lane that led to a road coming into Riverton. This main highway he kept for only a short distance, then turning into the bystreets skirting the town, he made his way in the general direction of the river. Sitting on the high seat of the spring-wagon, Uncle Taylor tried his best to think that he was unobserved, but a feeling possessed him that every eye was upon him, and that everyone whom he passed had guessed already where he was going and what his business was. Down the narrow unused road to the river he drove, until he reached a point near Bull's shanty-boat. Here he tied the aged mule securely to a tree, looked furtively about him, descended the bank with a stealthy look about him, and boarded the boat.

This time Uncle Taylor did not call Bull before venturing on the boat. He walked warily, silently down the gang-plank, onto the boat, and knocked softly at the door. Almost instantly it swung silently inward, and Bull motioned for him to come in. Taylor took a chair by the table and Bull sat opposite him. Seating himself he drew from the inside pocket of his coat, a roll of bills. Bull's narrow eyes opened wider than they had for many years, when on the corner of the outside bill he saw a large \$100.

"Well Mistah Duhum, lyah we is", announced Taylor, and by the dim light of the lantern he counted out the bills, into the hand of the somewhat nervous fisherman.

"One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred 'n fifty, five hundred, five hundred 'n fifty, five hundred 'n seventy, five hundred 'n ninety, 'n ten's six hundred. Six Hundred Dollars, foh fohty gallons."

"Six Hundred Doolers," repeated Bull, in awe of the tremendous amount of money in his hands—Forty gallons—That leaves me ten."

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"Yessah, 'n foah othar genmen ten" said Taylor. "Divid'n up tha's what's right, Mistah Duhum. 'Sides 'f y'all 'd a kept all that bar'l of likkah y'all 'd sholy had Delerious Dreamin's er wuss."

For the next two hours Bull and Uncle Taylor were busy filling a motley lot of jugs of all sizes and shapes, and bottles, and even tin buckets, with tight fitting lids. These Taylor arranged in four groups, which aided by Bull, he carried up group by group, and placed separately in the bed of the spring-wagon.

Strange things happened in Riverton that night, after the moon went down. An old negro driving a creaking wagon drove down alleys to the rear of four of the most respected homes in the town. At three of these a man answered a stealthily given signal, and helped the old negro carry strange shaped objects into the house. But on the fourth the mule stood complacently waiting for a long time, while its driver made trips into the rear entrance of the house, each time bearing a carefully carried burden. At last, having finished, the driver mounted to the seat and drove off in the direction of Happy Hollow.

Judge Carey was an early riser, as were indeed most of his townspeople. Early to bed and early to rise, believed Riverton. The sun was just streaming into the east window as he arose and began the usual operations of dressing. Half way through the process he noticed, on a table in his room, the self same bottle that he had so joyfully found half full of liquor, some days before. When first he had seen it, it was empty. Now it was full. The Judge rubbed his eyes. It was beyond belief—but there it was. There stood the very same bottle because the label had been half torn off just as this one was. Maybe he was dreaming—Maybe he was crazy—Well he would see, and stopping in the act of slipping a suspender over his shoulder, he strode over to the table where the bottle stood.

"Umm", he sniffed, "Umm", and he looked at the half torn label and sniffed again.

"Umpghgh—ghgh—Whewee", and the Judge enjoyed the first "eye-opener" in many mornings.

"Umm—By Gad that aint Sunny Brook, and By-gad whatever it is, is thirty year old if it's a day or I aint no judge of whisky."

The Judge sat down on the edge of his bed and eyed the bottle, chuckling as he laced his shoes. He even smiled at himself in his mirror as he combed his hair, and ended up by calling himself a damned old fool, and went joyously down to breakfast.

Angeline, who cooked for the Judge, marvelled much at his extraordinary appetite that morning, and at his cheery good humor. She marveled more when after his meal, he asked for Uncle Taylor, for she had, of course, known of that worthy's fall from

grace.

Taylor in his little room was waiting expectantly, and brushed by Angeline, when she called him without so much as his customary "Good Mawnin" to her. Into the dining room he hopped, grinning and shining.

"Good Mawnin Jedge, sah," greeted Taylor.

"Good Morning, you damned old rascal," beamed the Judge.

Uncle Taylor's cup of joy overflowed. To have his master swear at him in that tone, with that smile was worth forty sleepless nights, and he was fairly bursting with happiness when a few minutes later he led his beloved "Jedge" down the cellar stairs. There was a moment of silence, then Angeline in the kitchen above heard queer noises, as if some one were jumping around and fondly pounding some one else on the back, and then the hearty booming voice of Judge Carey announcing—

"Taylor Bell, you're an angel . . . A damned nigger angel, by God."

The cool of evening again descended upon Riverton, and Judge Carey, beaming with good natured joviality, walked leisurely along an elm-arched street, on his way down town. A square from his own home he met his old friend Gene Ward.

"Good evenin', Gene," greeted the Judge.

"Good evenin' Judge, been a nice day, aint it?"

"Fine—Good weather for the corn."

So the two old friends walked along discussing the crops, and the weather, and local politics. Down town, in front of Smoky's Cigar Store, they met Bill Carnes, and Tom Humphrey, all of them friends since the days of jeans trousers and cow hide boots. It was a cheerful meeting and a cheerful conversation that followed.

"Well Tom, how's the corn on the Wabash lookin'?", inquired Gene.

"Fine", answered he, "Growin' so fast you can see it. Just been down to the place by the cut-off today. Never saw better prospects on that farm. Got a new tenant there this year, 'n he's a worker."

"Who is he?" asked Bill.

"Fellow by the name of Henderson—Jim Henderson. You remember him, Judge. He's the fellow that got drunk and let his team run through the window at the First National a year or so ago."

"Yes I remember him", said the Judge, "Good worker, I've heard, but used to be undependable."

"You wouldn't know him now, Judge. He's steady as they make 'em, since he can't git no whisky."

"Well sir, I'll tell you," said Bill Carnes, "Prohibition's a great thing. We might consider it an infringement upon our personal liberty, but what if it

is! The greatest good for the greatest number, that's my argument. Take this fellow Henderson for example, He"

"No doubt about it! No doubt about it!" interrupted Tom Humphrey.

"Yes sir! It's the best thing that ever happened," declared Gene Ward.

"It has reduced crime eighty percent, right here in Riverton," declared the Judge with the judicial air of finality, whereupon the old friends parted, and went their several ways through the quiet streets of peaceful but not wholly "bone-dry" Riverton.

A Cynic's Holiday

By T. P. B.

I am lord of most fair lands,
Brave sunny acres, from the sands
Of placid lakes, through fields of grain,
And quiet gardens, to the plain.

My house stands here, high-pillared, white
And in my house, in day and night,
Unseen musicians make sweet sound;
And in my house repose is found.

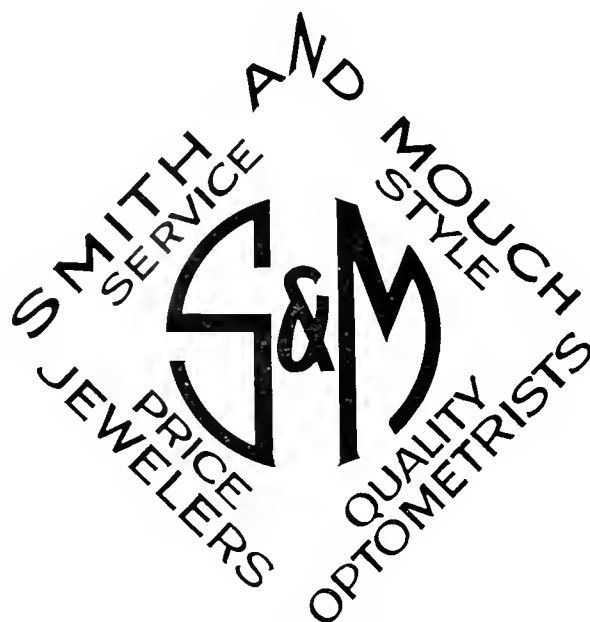
No wall encircles my domain,
Nor guardsmen there to deal folk pain:
To enter there were not a sin,
But no wight ever ventures in.

Alas! The myriads do go
In haste, all milling to and fro,
Beyond the limit of my land;
And crooks unseen my beck'ning hand.

Men cannot see what blossoms near;
They do not know that peace is here;
For they but see the dusty road
And laboring feet, and constant goad

Of phantom hopes that drive like whips,
They know not that my lakes bear ships
To take them wheresoe'er they will,
To lands where none may suffer ill.

And since men will not come, I fear
I may not longer wander here;
For of this scented flower'd duress
I cannot bear the loneliness.



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A Look Ahead

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS—PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT

By KENNETH W. CLARK

WISCONSIN NEXT!

The Badgers have always reserved a particularly vicious attack for Illinois. No matter how poor the Cardinals' record against the other Conference teams, they always display championship form on the day of the Illinois battle. The Wisconsin upset of last season is a good case in point, the Badgers for all their victory over Illinois losing to teams Illinois defeated easily.

Wisconsin has no excuse to offer this season. Not a man is out of the lineup because of injuries or scholastic difficulties. The Madison aggregation this year has a powerful, fast-running, plunging style of offense, the type which so nearly proved disastrous to Illinois in the Minnesota game.

Coach Richards has built his attack around Sundt, a powerfully-built player of the type of Jacobi whose slashing attack, more than that of any other player, pierced the Illinois forward wall last year, and came within an ace of shutting the Indians out of the championship. In addition to his ability in line plunging, Sundt is fast, shifty, and a brilliant performer on the tossing end of the Cardinal forward passing combination.

THEN OHIO!

Ohio has lost the incomparable Harley, it is true, but still has Workman and Stinchcomb whose forward passing beat Wisconsin and Chicago. The matching of the Workman and Stinchcomb combination against the redoubtable Walquist-to-Carney attack should provide some of the feature thrills of the Ohio-Illinois game.

That both Zuppke and Wilce will spring a number of brilliant over-head plays seems certain. Zuppke is a leader in the new style of attack and many of his ideas have been incorporated into the coaching systems of teams throughout the country. Recently the bigger eastern universities, coached by western men, have scored unusual triumphs with the new, intricate passing formations. Gilmore Dobie at Cornell, formerly of the University of Washington and the Naval Academy, is a firm believer in the aerial attack. Jack Wilce, Ohio's "grand old man of football", although in reality a fairly young man, ranks with Zuppke as one of the greatest exponents

of the fancy forward passing game in the Big Ten Conference. The success of his 1920 team is due, in a large measure, to its perfection in this art.

The day of the old plugging, line smashing, tandem attack is being forgotten in the more progressive spirit of a new era in football. The stands call for novelty, for the spectacular, the sensational; college coaches who are in themselves the incarnation of the new dominant spirit are bent upon furnishing this very thing. The Ohio-Illinois game will bring forth the most recent developments in football tactics, all the strategy that the busy brain of two of the country's greatest coaches can invent.

Yet a word of warning is appropriate even in the hour of triumph. Even with the indomitable Robert surnamed Zuppke, and even with the continuance of the wealth of material with which Illinois has been endowed in recent years, Illinois cannot hope to go on winning championships forever.

The Illini have a record which will stand for years; in seven years they have won three championships and tied for one. A win this year will make them champions of the west for the third straight year. We are thinking too much about that now, counting on it too confidently; and in that confidence doing the team such harm as may even menace the final outcome. Illinois followers are pushing the Illini football team into the deep chasm of arrogant over-confidence. The average student feels that Zup's footballers are unbeatable and that they can win without support from the rooters. The typical Illini praises loudly and unintelligently, thereby creating a feeling of undue confidence in the student body which is disastrously injurious to that indefinable quality called "Illinois Spirit".

Despite the warnings of Zuppke, this same over-confidence is bound to creep into the hearts of the players. It has often wrecked a powerful winning combination. It can do it for us easily. Examples of this sort in football are too numerous to mention. They occur every year. A strong team underrates a weak team, and the weak team wins. The feat is heralded as the "greatest upset in football annals" when in reality there was no upset at all—it was

The Editor's Holiday

My Literary Friend makes it his custom to drop into the office occasionally to discuss literature with me, to reveal to me in a sly way he has, just how deficient my knowledge is of the books which he has read recently, and to give me the inestimable benefit of certain ideas which he incubates and hatches from time to time on the proprieties involved in the publishing of a college magazine.

I often follow him with difficulty. His is one of those peculiarly constructed and facile minds which seems to defy all logic in the wide sweep and unprecedented progress of its associations. For the rest, he is a lover of books, humour, Bach, Beethoven, and Berlin. Sometimes he makes epigrams.

My Literary Friend slipped into his accustomed place yesterday, elevated his feet to the corner of the desk, and remarked (gazing the while at the passing of the four o'clock crowd).

"I saw a good-looking co-ed today."

I knew immediately that he was in a very bad humour.

"That is," he delivered judiciously, "nature meant her to be good-looking. It's remarkable," he mused "what art can do in the way of defeating nature."

There seemed to be no need for comment. Obviously there was nothing to argue about. He was speaking again.

"What we need in America is the naturalization of women. Back to nature. Less powder and rouge, more soap and eyebrows. Less massage and more muscle. A little social service, a sort of educational campaign, you know, among the co-eds, would work wonders: kill scandal and cut the work of our really-deserving-after-you-get-to-know-them Deans in half."

"Do you think co-eds could ever be educated up to it?" I asked dubiously, my frown the visible sign of the intellectual struggle in required to produce the remark. It is a fact mutually understood between us that these things can only be criticized in a constructive way by the strict maintenance of a

solemnity in keeping with the seriousness of the subject. One simply can't talk intelligently and be facetious too.

"But if there is one thing that shocks and disgusts me more than any other," said my Literary Friend with an air of finality, "it is"

"Marcel's?" I suggested.

"A co-ed who doesn't care enough to wear a hair-net," he said, as he slipped off in pursuit of Clytie whose trim figure had just vanished through the door, leaving the memory of well-groomed slenderness and violet tale.

Notes on Contributors

Doctor Harold N. Hillebrand is an associate in English. He has charges of the courses in drama in the University, and is an authority on the modern drama. He writes for the *Theatre Magazine* and has assisted *Mask and Bauble* at various times in staging their plays.

Lem Phillips makes his first appearance in *The Illinois Magazine* with the story "Paradise Regained". He has been away from the University since '17, two years in the army and two years in the merchant marine. The atmosphere of "Paradise Regained" is typical of river towns along the Ohio.

William B. Mowery has been a frequent contributor of prose and verse to *The Illinois Magazine*.

Alora Ward is a transfer this year from De Pauw. She was on the staff of the *De Pauw Magazine*.

Alta Hahn is a reporter and feature writer on the *Daily Illini*.

D. F. Lafuze is a Scribbler and news editor on *The Illini*.

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merely a case of hard fighting and cautious strategy versus over-confidence.

The general student body already has the Conference flag safe under Captain Depler's arm, and is already estimating the prospects for next year. "Practically the same team will be back again," says the Typical Student, "a fourth straight Big Ten champion." This cocksure attitude involves more than the apparent one of a tumble in athletic prowess. It means a like loss in our present high sportsmanship rating, in the prestige of Illinois which we should cherish as one of our most precious possessions. It means unpopularity; that we shall be cordially disliked and openly scoffed at by our competitors, for our poor athletic standing, and our poorer rank as sportsmen.

The prospect isn't pleasant, is it? Take heed then! There is yet time to retrace our false steps. There is yet time to save Illinois from the cellar position. There is yet time to keep in the good graces of the other great institutions which are essential to the life of our athletic teams. There is yet time to revive and renew the "Illinois Spirit", the fight, the "pepper" which has been lacking at some of the recent football games. How? By remembering that Illinois has been beaten in the past and will be beaten again in the future; by remembering that other Conference teams are oftentimes as great as those of Illinois. Only that never-dying, ever-fighting, happy, yet not overly optimistic, "Illinois Spirit" can save Illinois football teams from the certain pitfalls which over-confidence will surely lay for them.

(Continued from page 12)

To cite examples, an A is in rather bad repute; C's are good, stable, conservative form; while the holder of a D or an E is a hero, provided he can get by with it the maximum number of times. The daily will carry pages of sport spoof, and spineless speculation as to when the weather will stop; and refuse to devote a line to Scribblers or the Mathematics Club.

I will not leave the subject without some further treatment in constructive vein. For ourselves I propose more sympathy, less selfishness, an occasional A, perhaps, and a wholesome live-and-let-live philosophy. To the ambitious I issue the further warning that the game is laborious and exacting at its best; but one cannot often find it at its best. This unhealthy game is played according to one-sided rules; the cards are stacked; the dealer and the odds are against you. Consider, then, and choose a respectable mediocrity to humble defeat in an impossible undertaking. Your safest bet, my brethren, is pulling C's.

(Continued from page 10)

ever with an expression of disapproval.

Miss Mary Safford as Grace Phillimore: made her slight part agreeable to the eye, *but*, she was too naive for Riverside Drive.

Francis Traut as Fiddler: made something of a hit and deserved to, *but*, he should have worn something round his neck to keep his chin up.

Luther Turner as Thomas: suggested well the family retainer who is ripe for turning out to pasture, *but*, he should remember that American butlers do not bow humbly when announcing a visitor.

Maynard Raggio as Nogam: did well enough except when telling Fiddler about the quarrel between the Karslakes. There he took on a weepy tone that called urgently for *Hearts and Flowers* (*pianissimo*).

Hubert Bradburn as Brooks, and Miss Ruth Honn as Benson: had little to do and did it capably.

I thought the gentlemen of the choir might have shown slightly more interest in what was going on about them.

That accounts for everyone, I think. The cast illustrates very well what experience does for the actor, because the veterans (Misses Turner and Seaton and Messrs Keck and Davis) had much more poise and confidence and fewer nervous mannerisms than the newcomers. Among these last I thought Valentine Newmark, although he had imperfectly understood Cates-Darby and turned him into a low-comedy Britisher, showed a good deal of stage sense.

Last fall *Mask and Bauble* produced *A Pair of Queens*. The year before it was *Bunker Bean*. These plays were chosen in accordance with a supposed popular demand for horseplay at Homecoming. My own opinion is that this demand was largely imaginary. At any rate, this year *Mask and Bauble* broke loose from what bid fair to be a tradition when it revived *The New York Idea*. *Quod felix faustumque sit*. Let us be merry at Homecoming, by all means, but not in the manner of Peck's Bad Boy, whose notion of wooing the Comic Muse was to spread soap on the minister's front steps. The Comic Muse, if we give her half a chance, is a lady.

Take the smile of a gambler who has just lost his last sou, the leer of a gargoyle, the despairing smile of a father who has just buried his only child, compound them, and you have a smile of a man who has been jilted.

All the world loves a lover—until he's broke.

"Love is fair, and love is rare," the poet sings. Nowadays, however, it is just a little too rare, to escape being raw.

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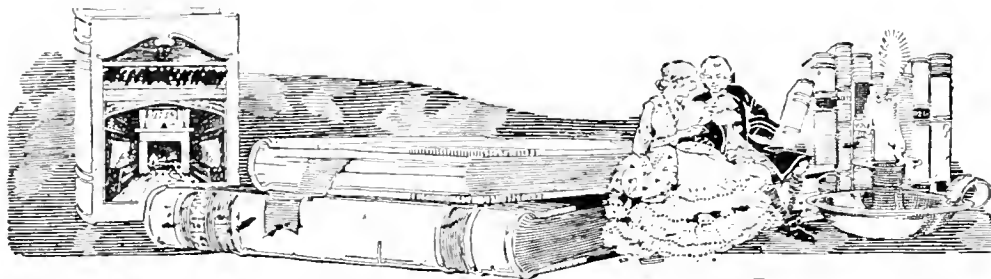
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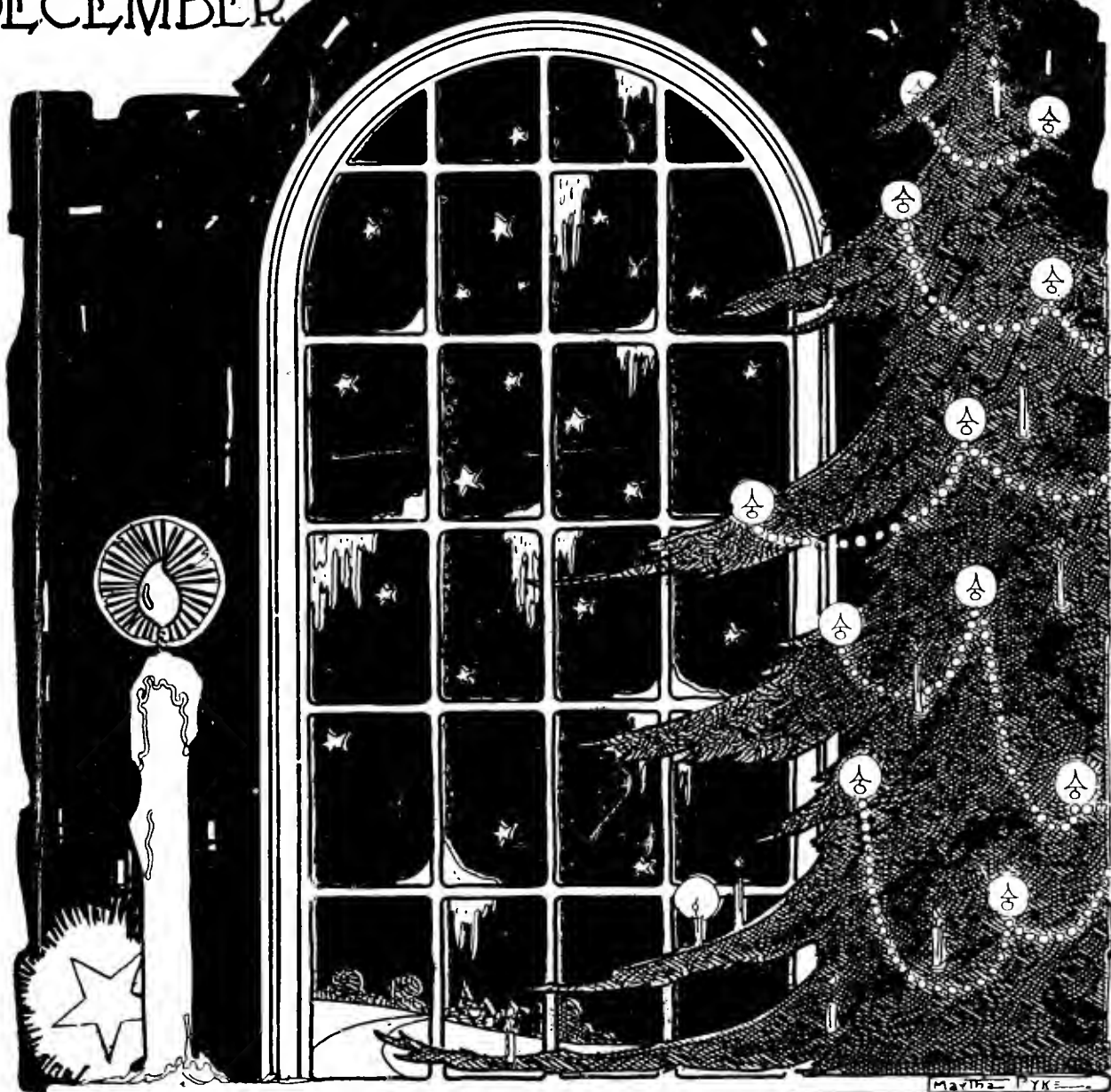
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On the Square



The ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

For
DECEMBER



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The Illinois Magazine

DECEMBER

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Number 3

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Published by the Illini Publishing Company during the college year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois. Office, 106 University Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Subscriptions, \$1.50 per year. Out of town subscriptions, \$2.00. Single copies, 25 cents.

Alms

By Lois Ferne Seyster

I do not ask for many things of you—
Gold is too rich for gossamer desire.
How could I wish for incense, fearing fire?
Your diamonds would shame my jewels of dew.
If you would kneel, discover Hera's bower,—
Or sing to Columbine a serenade;
Or let a silver-tongued Scheherezade
Enslave your passion with her queenly power.
Though Spring unwisely urged, "ask all—awhile,"
I dared not long for you when April came.
The gods deny a prayer demanding much,
So I renounce to fays and queens your smile,
And only pray to keep your lightest touch
Upon my hair...Your whisper of my name.

Ziggy Munn

By HAROLD R. PINEKARD



ZIGGY MUNN switched off the lights of his shop, turned the key in the lock and stood for a moment on the step, watching the moonlight etch out the pattern of the blue chintz curtains and sparkle on the silver of the fountain. An immense feeling of pride and happiness welled up within him as he compared his own glistening windows with those of the hovels and dives which lined Rainbow Alley. What a lucky fellow he was to be able to own a place like that. And Ceceil—Ziggy continually called her Cecil, a name she secretly loathed—what a girl! She had made those beautiful curtains herself, and had showed him how to fix up the place so that it would be most attractive.

As he stepped down into the Alley he mused back over their first meeting. It had been most casual. She was third from the end in the big burlesque show on Park avenue, and had drifted into Ziggy's place one morning quite by accident, searching for some place where she could get a "coke." She finally explained to Ziggy that this was a temperance drink, and expressed her contempt for any district which had no soda fountains. From the first sight Ziggy was helplessly in love, and Ceceil had not seemed averse to the man's attentions. Perhaps it was because there was no bigger game at that time—who knows? He thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Her bobbed hair, when the sun shone on it, was the color of burnished copper, and her blue eyes were half hidden by long lashes. Her little nose had a bewitching snub, and her cheeks and lips were easily understood if you knew that before she ever saw a stage she had been content with the name of Callahan. Ziggy often remarked that the word chick was just made for her, and it is only fair to admit that when she was dressed for the show she was the envy of every woman in the company—sobrette included.

Arriving at Park avenue he turned south until he came to the gaily lighted theatre facade, which if one would believe the sign-boards was the Columbia, home of burlesque produced with propriety.

Ziggy turned into the alley alongside and entered softly at the worn door marked "Stage entrance—Keep Out—This Means You." The stage was a scene of confusion, with apparent disorder everywhere. Although he had watched the shifting of the scenery from the second to the last act many

times it never failed to impress the man, nor did the frank glances cast by the girls, standing around in chattering groups, fail to embarrass him. He was always a bit awed by the vastness of the stage, with its blank brick walls rising up to obscurity amid a perplexing tangle of ropes and drops. But the presence of the girls kept him from studying the place as keenly as he would have liked, for he was, according to his own admission, not a ladies' man. With men he could hold his own; with women, or even with a woman, he was continually at a loss for words, his hands and feet took on mammoth proportions, and, try as he would, the hot blushes insisted on mounting to his neck and cheeks at the most embarrassing moments.

So as usual he slipped shyly into the little cubby-hole near the entrance for a chat and a smoke with old Ben Reilly, who had been there even longer than the comedienne in the show.

"Evenin' Ben," he greeted, as he sank down on the room's other chair and tilted himself toward the wall into an easy posture.

"Evenin' son," replied the old door-keeper, formally acknowledging the presence of a guest by removing his stained black pipe from his mouth. "Kind of a peaceful night out, ain't she?"

Ziggy admitted that such was the case as he stuffed his own pipe and lighted it. He had never been particularly talkative and tonight he was feeling so at peace with all mankind that he was almost afraid of breaking the spell. Since boyhood he had been that way, used to doing a little more than his share, and generally saying very little about it. Of acquaintances in the Alley he had many, but he had never learned the meaning of intimate friendship, probably because no one had ever deemed it worth while to probe his rather coarse exterior in the hope of finding something more attractive inside. It had always been as natural for men instinctively to like Ziggy, in a sort of detached, friendly way as it had been for women to dislike him. Not that they were ever really unfriendly toward him, but rather they overlooked him. Perhaps if they were called upon they would have found it exceedingly difficult to explain, for Ziggy was not entirely unattractive.

Although of about average height and build he gave the impression of being heavy, and when he moved it seemed that his body was cumbersome.

His features bore out that same heaviness; stiff black hair, a mouth that was almost coarse, an unimportant nose, rather protruding ears, a Bushman chin and thick neck. His eyes were his best feature. They were dark brown, and they were continually twinkling. (He invariably wore blue serge suits.) His eyes were on his sole physical inheritance from his mother, whom he scarcely remembered. She had died when he was very young, and the death made a lasting impression on the boy, not because of the sorrow—he had never seemed to know her very well, but because it was the only time he had ever seen his father wearing a collar. The latter he would always remember as a fat, unkempt man, with a bald spot on the top of his head, who always wore a vest but no coat. He had lingered only a short while after prohibition went into effect, leaving Ziggy, then grown to manhood, the little shop, which was then a sort of loan bank and curio exchange, and a few unpaid bills.

Here Ziggy had drifted aimlessly along until the advent of Ceceil, asking little, generally receiving less, and inclined to be good natured about it. What the entrance of the chorus girl into Ziggy's life had meant, he alone knew. The first person, male or female, to take any interest in him, she found him as putty, to work with as she pleased. She had suggested that Rainbow Alley needed a good soda fountain, and Ziggy had promptly installed one, moving the junk which cluttered the store into the back room. What she saw in him no one, least of all Ziggy, could understand. Not that she was perfection by any means. She was physically beautiful, but when that is said little else could be added. When she talked it is scarcely to be doubted that even the angels shuddered. She had once won a prize in a fame and fortune contest, and was given a trial in the movies, but the director had fired her at the end of the first day because she had shrilly insisted that a boudoir cap was a necessary attribute to a bed-room scene. She always had the latest "you-tell-'ems."

To Ziggy she seemed the paragon of beauty, virtue and kindness, and he promptly set her on a pedestal, the first he had ever erected in his life, and worshiped her. He loved her as a living, passionate creature, and he loved her as an ideal. It was the first real emotion in his life, and it was so strong and vital that nothing else seemed to matter beside it. To be sure he was not always happy with it. He was insanely jealous of other men, and even the stares which she received from the men in the audience. He wanted her wholly for himself, the only real selfishness, as such, he had ever known. Many times he had begged her, in his awkward fashion, to give it up and marry him, but she always put

him off, pleading for more time or summarily dismissing the subject according to her mood. She acknowledged to the other girls that he was a good meal ticket, but slower than hell.

Usually they would walk down to the River, after the show, to listen to the snorting tug-boats and the strains of music pulsing out from Rainbow Alley. On these occasions, contrary to his usual self, Ziggy did most of the talking. He told her of his plans for the future, and how they might some day move out of the Alley—a thing he had not seriously thought of before he had met the girl. When the sonorous tidings of midnight came from Park avenue they would stroll back to her rooming house on Darley court. There Ziggy would leave her and return to his shop, to dream of another day—and Ceceil. He was immensely contented with this drab routine, and he believed the girl loved him as sincerely as he worshipped her.

Sitting there in the little cubby-hole, listening to old Reilly tell of the days when he had played Hamlet, Ziggy felt there was surely very little lacking to make him completely happy. Occasional bursts of song and raucous laughter made the old man raise his voice above a gruff monotone, and Ziggy would nod now and then to show that he was listening, and patiently wait for the final outpouring of jazz and the falling of the curtain.

It seemed longer than usual this evening, and as he sat there, moment after moment, it seemed to Ziggy that there was something oppressive in the air. His sense of complacency was slowly ebbing, to be replaced by one of nervousness, a vague presentiment that all was not well. But even as he pondered the feeling, he heard the final crash of the drummer's cymbal, the scraping of many feet out front and the giggles of laughter as the girls ran off to change for the street.

Ziggy leaned over to dump his pipe, and as he did a girl stepped into the room—a red-lipped girl in a soiled pierrot costume.

"Cece says to give yuh this note," she smirked, handing the man a folded bit of paper. "She's went on."

Ziggy looked up in dumb amazement and carefully fingered the first bit of correspondence he had ever received from a girl. "Gone," he repeated blankly, "gone where? She was goin' to meet me here tonight."

The girl shrugged and pouted. "Well, a'course, if you're just out o' luck fr'a date maybe I can fix it up," she offered, but the uncomprehending expression on Ziggy's face showed her that he had not heard, and she flounced out of the room disgusted.

With fingers that trembled Ziggy unfolded the

(Continued on page 21)

Hurrah For The Horse

By CARL STEPHENS



THE modern gait of the automobile factories is of course a great ground-gainer and dust-raiser. But we who were raised on farms amid the nicker and the beauty of the horse are not yet ready to trade him and the big barn and its haymow and pigeons and kittens for that gaseous stud known as the garage.

Almost every auto breeder sends to market a three-speed machine.

Has the horse three speeds?

He has. He not only walks, trots, gallops, and has runaways, but he also has vertical adjustments:—pile-driver-like movements known as "bucking." He can jump a bad bridge. An automobile doesn't even jump cogs till it's too old to be seen out.

And the horse changes gears without noise. When he shifts from second to high you don't hear a noise like a waiter falling down stairs with a tray of dishes. And the older an automobile grows, the more rattles and squeaks it develops, until the motor has to be stopped while the driver asks his wife where she wants to go.

Some people get several degrees of needless temperature in their excitement about self-starters. The horse had a self-starter long before the automobile had anything to start.

Much has been said about the four-wheel-drive automobile truck. The horse has never pretended to drive himself in any manner except with all four legs. The modern touring car with its hind-wheel

drive has nothing but a rudimentary pair of front wheels. Think of a horse with such half-baked construction.

The horse starts without priming on a cold morning. You do not have to pour feed into him, work his legs back and forth, or make him paw around five minutes with his feet off the ground before he will pull. In fact, he starts off brisker on a cold morning than at any other time. He doesn't require anti-freeze solutions or special carburetor dosing for cold weather.

In case of necessity he can be eaten.

Consider the safety of the horse.

Forget your troubles a moment in silent reverie. Does the horse turn a somerset into the nearest canyon? Does he try to plunge through the hedge whenever he loses a shoe? Does his steering gear break, does it catch fire, does it explode?

The horse lasts longer. The famous English horse, Flying Childers, went 26 years on one set of inner tubes. Plenty of old plugs have the same casings today that they were born with. They never had a blow-out. You can't trust an automobile, any more than you can tell its age by looking into the mouth of its exhaust-pipe.

The horse is distinctive, and attracts attention. Nobody pays any attention to an automobile nowadays unless you run it into a telephone pole.

Hurrah for the horse.

VERSE.

In the fields thit butterflies; in my heart, songs.
Behold! I have caught one.

The keen pencils on my desk are greyhounds
That race after little songs.

FRIENDSHIP.

The robins are very friendly now;
Our cherry trees are turning red.

UNCERTAINTY.

Is that a soft viola singing
Or my friend reading lyric verse?

Myself and Jiu Jitsu

By T. P. BOURLAND



F there is any apology due from me for the crime I committed when I registered in Physical Education 1 and 2 it is this: I had to do it. There is a state law which compelled me to do so. "P. E." is as inevitable as death. It is not for me to criticize that law; it is a good one, as laws go, and a benefit to thousands of youthful bodies. A general application of gymnasium athletics brings roses to many young cheeks which would but for bodily exercise be wan from overstudy or introspection. All laws, however, miss fire in scattered instances. My story is that of a scattered instance.

The first semester in the gymnasium went uneventfully and without mishap. It is not difficult to spend a bi-weekly hour in measured gesticulation. I found some mild stimulation in it. At the beginning of the second semester, however, we were invited to specialize. There were many courses offered—swimming, boxing, wrestling, turning, tumbling, and—jiu jitsu. Wretch that I am, I chose jiu jitsu. It seemed an exotic accomplishment; jiu jitsu, in my misguided mind, associated itself with cherry blossoms, proud Samurais, one-stringed banjos, pagodas, hari-kari, and the Far East. I said to myself that I would master the obscure art, and afterward astonish my friends with my versatility.

I was told to report at a corner of the gymnasium which was presided over by a very small Japanese gentleman, who smiled dentally at me and bade me wait. He gave me a cute little costume of oriental make, which looked like a hemp-built, forshortened "nightie" with a belt. I put it on and spent the next five minutes wishing for a pier glass. It was in my mind that I had become picturesque.

Soon the class collected and the little instructor talked to us, audibly but unintelligibly. I gathered that the art of jiu jitsu was like that of playing the violin or the kinkatsapyjama; that is, it is very, very simple if only one understands it. Various gestures conveyed the impression that one must always be in perfect balance, and that if one's adversary pushed at one with undue force, it was good form to fall or roll over in the direction of the push. The last point was reminiscent of Tolstoi.

The talk came to a close, and the little instructor beckoned to a husky youth nearby. The youth came forward and was told to assume a certain position—right foot forward, I think, with hands

wound firmly in the collar of the instructor's nightie.

"Position one," said our mentor, with a complex shifting of the feet. The youth braced himself.

"Position two" with a wierd movement of the torso.

The Japanese gentleman *bucked*—there is no more fitting verb—and we marvelled to see the heavy youth go hurtling to the floor in much less time than is taken in the telling. I gasped. If I could learn to do that . . .

After that we paired off and went through the astonishing manoeuvre. My adversary looked very fit, and a bit disappointed at having drawn such an unathletic partner. I was disappointed too. At a word from the instructor—I think I shall call him the Samurai from now on—we grasped each other's collars and fell to tripping one another "by the numbers." I was tripped first. Somehow I fell on my nose, and it bled.

The Samurai hastened to me and told me that it was terribly bad form to fall on the nose; one should fall on the back, with the offside arm outstretched, hitting the mat with the palm of the hand. "So, like this—" and he demonstrated. I tried falling by his method a couple of times; it seemed the best way after all. I returned to my partner, and offered to trip him.

This partner of mine was not at all accomodating about falling. I would go through positions one, two and three, but to no effect. The youth continued to stand. He had no imagination. I gave up in disgust and said that he could go on tripping me for a while if he liked. He did.

After almost too many contacts with the mat the bell rang. I had nothing to do after that class but take a bath and have some afternoon coffee, so I remained for a chat with the Samurai. He was affable and quite willing to talk. I fancied that he never avoided an opportunity to practice the English language. After telling me of the importance of jiu jitsu in Japanese athletics, he offered to show me a few of the more striking tricks of the art. I expressed a tempered interest and the fun began.

The Samurai put his finger behind my ear. "You can kill a man that way," he said. He pressed—hard. I fairly shouted my faith in the fatal possibilities of the hold. I assure you that it hurt. The

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Silver Spoons

By LEM PHILLIPS



IT is nothing to a man's credit to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, not even in Riverton, but to achieve a silver spoon for one's own mouth, by dint of labor and shrewd business dealing—ah, that is another matter. Riverton admired self-made men. That is, Riverton admired herself, for all the gentry whose old fashioned houses sat back in deep lawns along Mulberry and Walnut streets fondly looked upon themselves as belonging to that enviable category. Perhaps they were guilty of a neglect of aspect. Perhaps it was not due so much to individual effort and initiative that their bank accounts showed a comfortable figure, as it was to the fact that the land which they had purchased at a dollar and a quarter an acre had increased in value approximately a hundred and ninety-eight dollars and seventy-five cents, during their ownership. Perhaps—but why be analytical. Riverton believed in a scheme of eternal fitness of things and in that scheme, youth and indolence could never be countenanced together. It was all right for the old men to putter away their days with their corn-cob pipes and the *Daily Democrat*, but for a young man, from a good family, with education, and all the advantages that he had, to just do *nothing* like Harve Chadwick—Riverton couldn't understand it.

The fact that Riverton didn't approve of him concerned Harve but little, if, indeed, he was aware of it. His mouth had known the silver spoon and had found it pleasant. Not that he was rich enough to gratify his every whim. There were lots of things which he would like to have had—a new car for instance—but, there was still a little money in the bank and the farm brought in nearly enough in rents every year to run the house. He had plenty to eat and wear and read—why should he join in the mad scramble for bigger bank accounts.

Life as he found it was a pleasant thing. Aunt Chloe's cooking kept him well fed. There was the river to sit by and watch in the summer and the log fire in the old Chadwick fireplace in the winter. Cake, he had been given. Why should he labor to obtain butter for it.

Harve Chadwick had been the indulged only son of old Dave Chadwick, a well established and respected member of the Walnut Street aristocracy. The memory of the boy's dead mother, held reverently by the stern old man, had intensified the natural

love of the father, and had been reflected back in Harve's wholesome love and respect for his father. The old man had been proud of Harve, and early in his boyhood decided upon a professional career for him. Accordingly, when he had finished with the old Academy at Riverton, Harve was hustled off to college to study medicine. He had not been particularly interested in the profession chosen for him by his father, but he had attacked the formidable jargon of long Latin names manfully, and had braved the nauseating stench of the dissecting room, because his father had wished it.

It was in the spring of his third year that he had been called back to Riverton by the message announcing the death of his father. The shock and the grief of his bereavement gradually wore itself away, but Harve did not return to college. His incentive was gone. Had his father lived he would have struggled through it after a fashion, and would probably have returned to Riverton, a very mediocre M. D. But, now his father was dead, and there was no one else whom Harve wished to please—so, what was the use!

Three years of Harve's complacent idleness had accumulated occasional dubious head-shakings and depreciatory remarks of Riverton until the attitude had become a general public sentiment. There was just nothing in him, thought Riverton. But Harve was impervious to it all. He sat in his favorite place on the river bank or before his fire and lost himself in speculation on the elemental profundities of existence.

The river was an open sesame to Harve. Through it he translated the inter-relations of all things natural. Upon these truths he builded his own satisfying philosophy of life. There it flowed, placid, serene, contemptuous of the puny machinations of man. It carried his freights upon its broad brown bosom, just as it had carried the war canoe of the painted savage. From war canoe to power boat—an infinitesimal second in the life of the planet—the Universe—Infinity. Man. A bit of energized ego, building his cities and his railroads, playthings for his own convenience. Blinded by worship of self—even his God he visualized in his own image. Striving. Sweating. Bargaining. Killing. Shouting of his prowess and his progress in a voice so small that the great ear of the Universe, attuned for elemental things, was unaware of his shoutings.

Riverton sprawls out over a little group of hills, the end of a longer range which struggles down the river. Above and below stretch the long fertile flood plains, the corn lands which contribute to the success of the bank accounts of the Riverton gentry. The town lies well back in the hills, high above the flood mark on the long gentle slope leading down to the water's edge. In years past, before the screech of the locomotive drowned out forever the plaintive mellow boom of the river-boat's whistle, this long slope had been the scene of bustling activity by day and by night, when the great packets paused for a time at the old wharf boat. Now there was no bustling activity anywhere in Riverton. Certainly not on the river front.

Riverton enjoyed the river, but she was not enthusiastic about it, except when a flood menaced before the corn in the bottoms was gathered. No one in all Riverton, save Harve Chadwick, had ever been guilty of spending whole afternoons, or frequently whole days, sitting on the big boulder half way down the slope to the river's edge. No one in all Riverton save he had ever sat there enraptured, while the red of the sunset on its dun colored bosom faded softly into the deep still grey of twilight. No one else had ever sat there far into the night while the mellow moonlight transformed it into a ribbon of shining iridescent silver. No one but Harve Chadwick.

So when old Jim Ellis, the tenant on Harve's farm, came into the office of J. Oliver Brooks, attorney-at-law, on a matter which necessitated Harve's presence, the attorney knew where to find his client. There was no one else at hand to be sent after Harve, so he bade the old farmer wait a few moments in his office, and he, without hesitation, went directly to the river front to bring him.

True to his expectations the lawyer found Harve sitting on the big boulder. When addressed, Harve turned rather suddenly and rose to greet him. Harve was commonplace in conversation.

"Hello J., what's up?"

Oh nothing of much importance. Old Jim Ellis is in town, up at my office. He wants to see you about that change in his rent contract."

"Oh yes," said Harve and accompanied the attorney up the slope.

At the top Harve halted a moment, looking back at the river. J. halted a step in advance and said in a matter of fact voice,

"Beautiful view here, isn't it? We ought to make more of the river here."

"Yes," answered Harve without enthusiasm. "The river front could be made a much nicer place. The rubbish could be cleaned off for one thing, and there is enough ground above the high water mark for a little park of an affair. Nothing elaborate,

Just sod, a few benches and trees, and a little shelter of some sort, perhaps."

"Yes indeed," said J., as they turned again and proceeded into the town. "The city ought to do it too. It already owns the ground. It wouldn't cost much. There would be some expense of course, levelling a little here and there and terracing maybe— But Riverton will never have anything of that sort. Taxes are too high now."

Harve made no further comment, and J. turned the conversation to the matter at hand as they walked up Main Street toward his office. When they entered Old Jim rose and greeted his landlord in his customary perfunctory manner and the trio seated itself to the discussion which had occasioned its meeting. Half an hour passed and the new contract was drawn up, signed, and sealed, and Harve took Old Jim out of the office, down to Smoky's to buy him a cigar. J. shook hands with them both as they left and sat down to meditation among his law books.

J. Oliver Brooks, rising young attorney, politician, and self-made man, frequently took time out to contemplate reflectively upon the excellence of his own qualities; not to the exclusion of matters at hand which would increase his bank balance or enhance his political possibilities, of course, but when nothing urgent presented itself, and when contrast of his own undeniable greatness with some one of less importance suggested it. Such relapses were recreation to the estimable Mr. Brooks. It is a great thing to be able to glow in the appreciation of one's own self.

J. settled himself comfortably in his chair and looked out after Harve and Old Jim as they strode side by side down the street towards Smoky's.

"There he goes," he thought. "He'll go back to the river now, and sit there the rest of the day. He has had every opportunity, and look at him, spending his time mooning at the river. Money and social position came to him without any exertion on his part; education, such as he has, by the simple process of absorption. Yet with it all he has accomplished nothing. A nonentity in the community—no profession, not even a job—Riverton is right. He amounts to nothing—He who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

There had been no silver spoon for J. Oliver Brooks. Life as far back as he could remember had given him only a series of difficulties to be surmounted. His father had been poor, and had held only mean positions. His mother had died when he was but a lad, and he had lived alone with his father in a home of unkempt poverty. He had earned his living since he had been twelve. No job had been too little or too menial for him. He had always been

prompt and thorough in his work, polite and deferential to his elders and to persons in positions of superiority, but a shrewd bargainer in all things at all times. Youth and young manhood, with the necessity of obtaining an education, had multiplied his hardships. But he had won. Something within him had driven him on—had mastered his fatigued body like a slave driver, had prodded and energized his wearied mind into grasping and absorbing the facts of ponderous volumes, had stiffened his trembling knees and put animation into his gestures in public address. That something, which J would have called ambition, or force of character, was a dominating self which demanded that it be exposed for admiration, a consummate ego.

Yes, J had won out in spite of the obstacles of poverty and mean position, and he was still winning. He surveyed his prospects with pleasure. His bank account while not so large as that of some of his townspeople, was growing with an increasingly lucrative practice. In politics he was recognized as the foremost man of his party (naturally the majority party) in the locality. He had served very successfully and very tactfully as county attorney, and had refused re-nomination when his term had expired. There were greater prospects in sight. A congressman would be chosen from his district in a little more than a year. If things came out right—J would see to it that they did come out right. That something which had driven him over the barriers which he had already surmounted would attend to that. Congressman—Senator—Governor—Why not?

Again his thoughts turned to Harve, and he enjoyed the contrast. He had hewed a successful career from a life fraught with difficulties. Harve, who had had all the opportunities, sat fiddling his time away on the river bank. Yes there was a great difference in men—and J turned again to his work, inspired as he was in all his waking moments by the knowledge of his own superiority.

II

There was frozen foam on the river. Great masses of ice bumped and crunched as they drifted through the dark water. Tree trunks and roofs of houses were swirled about in the eddying current, which had scorned the narrow confines of its channel and spread out over the great valley, sweeping with it the land marks which stood in its way. A broken reservoir miles up the river had poured its mad deluge into the already rising waters from the melting snows of far away mountain sides. A tributary above had, the day before, shattered its imprisoning armour of ice and had shot out into the roaring muddy torrent high piled masses and broad floating fields of crystal, which went whirling down,

crashing into one another with dull ominous thuds. The Ohio was mad—raving mad.

It was the greatest flood in the history of the river. The gauge at Riverton read fifty-two, more than two feet above the famous water of '89, but the flood was not a menace to Riverton. The town, high up on its sloping hillsides looked down upon the turbulent waters in smug security. But, here was a spectacle, a thriller, so Riverton donned its "parties" and went down to look at it.

A crowd stood in an irregularly grouped line along the water's edge. Here and there old river-men prophesied and retrospected for the benefit of younger listeners. Men who owned farms in the lowlands expressed their gratitude that the flood had held off until February and that their corn had been harvested and sold months ago. Near the center of the line stood Harve Chadwick, his hands thrust into the pockets of his overcoat, his eyes upon the river, unmindful of those about him. Beside him stood J. Oliver Brooks, talking and gesticulating, the center of a group of admiring listeners.

Suddenly a little tremor of excitement rippled over the crowd. The hum of conversation almost ceased for a moment, then rose to a shriller pitch, everyone talking at once. Around the bend of the river a large, bulky, dark looking object loomed up, floating high on the yellow waters. It came into view suddenly, from behind the trees on the Kentucky side, the tops of which still lifted their heads above the flood. A house—a large two story house it was, of the kind often built in the lowlands and it had left its moorings on its high standing log stilts recently, for it floated serene and undamaged, a queer ark. Down it came, tilted back a little as if enjoying its mad ride, sometimes swinging a little to one side or the other at the playful touch of an eddy, as though tempted to dance. The eyes of the crowd followed it as it came nearer. When it was a short distance above the town it swung lightly nearly half way around, hesitated a moment, then swung back again. In the second that it faltered, there was a flickering of white cloth from behind a window which looked momentarily toward the town. A beckoning-like flash it was, hinting that someone was inside. The eyes of the crowd caught the flicker of white. The sound of its voices rose in a clatter like a machine gun firing short bursts in rapid succession.

Suddenly one voice, tense with excitement, rose above the rest, commanding attention. The clatter ceased and all eyes were on the speaker. A stranger he was to most of them. A youngish man, a farm hand from his dress, and a Kentuckian from his accent. He stood at the very edge of the water and faced the crowd, his face drawn, his voice vibrant.

"That's the widow Burns' house," he was saying. "She didn't think it would go! I tried to get her to come out yesterday but she said . . . ! She's in there now! It's just broke loose! She's by herself . . . If somebody will go with me . . . Will somebody go with me to get her out?"

The sound of the speaker's voice died out in the thin grey air. A hush fell upon the crowd as it stood motionless, with taut muscles.

Harve looked from the speaker to the ice-laden river, took off his coat and turning half around, without a word, gave it to J who stood beside him. J received the coat in silence, staring as though dazed.

Harve moved silently to where the stranger stood, spoke to him in a low voice, and the two moved through the yielding crowd to a skiff which had been drawn from the water to escape being smashed by the ice. Men standing near bent to the sides of the light craft and pushed it swiftly into the water. The two looked to the oars and stepped in. A man pushed the nose of the skiff from the mud that held it and it swung silently out into the floating chaos. The stranger took the front oar-locks, to guide.

The crowd was silent. It was folly to venture out upon that river, in all that ice, with that light skiff, but they had seen the phantom-like beckoning from the window, and the stranger had said . . . There was a chance—a mere chance of luck. Their eyes fastened upon the men in the skiff. They were rowing now, and the stranger skillfully dodged a treetop which spun down upon them. They headed upstream to counteract the rushing current. Now they paused while a great field of ice floated by them, then shot in behind it, headed their boat at a lesser angle, for the house was floating downstream rapidly. They were well out into the current now—more than half way.

The crowd stirred. Someone behind was talking, a newcomer asking particulars.

"Yes it's the widow Burns' house," he shouted, his voice rising with excitement, "But she aint in it. They aint nobody in that house. I stopped there last night before the ice came down and brought her over in my launch. Them dam' fools will git drowned. They aint noboddy in that house. Mrs. Burns is down at her sister's on Locust Street. They aint . . ."

A roar of exclamations rose above the sound of rushing waters. Several men stepped unheeding into the edge of the water, and shouted madly to the pair in the boat, waving their arms or garments wildly.

The two in the skiff heard and beheld the commotion, and stopped rowing. The stranger in the bow bent over towards Harve. A moment they drifted unguided. Below them the great field of ice

floated, with edges piled high like bulwarks. The light skiff floated faster than the broad expanse of heavy ice, and veered dangerously near it. One of them saw the danger and they dipped their oars. There was a moment of confusion. The oars splashed water. A sharp exclamation, and the pair looked up stream. A smaller, fast moving mass of ice bore down upon them. Its whirling, jagged edges caught their oars from their hands, and crashed against the side of the skiff as it jammed against the high piled edge of the larger mass below. There was a sharp crack of splintering wood. The blade of an oar shot into the air. A shout of terror, a crunching thud as the edges of ice met, and a door of crystal closed over the tragedy.

The crowd watching from the river bank gasped. A woman fainted—another screamed hysterically. A man in a hoarse voice shouted something unintelligible. Others stood with agony on their faces, staring at the ice as it floated down the river, uncovering only the flat muddy waters of the Ohio. J looked down at the coat upon his arm, turned away, and walked alone, up into town, bewildered.

III

June settled on Riverton and clothed her in green and gold. The grass in the court-yard lay a soft shining carpet of rich green velvet, bordered by walks of white stones. At the corners the budding waters from the drinking fountains glistened in the sun, and old Governor Mazefield from his pedestal of marble smiled his everlasting bronze smile down upon the quiet peace of the scene. Walnut and Mulberry streets lay mottled in a glory of golden sunlight and dark cool shade. The rambling old houses along the msat back in their wide green lawns, comfortable in seclusion. Here and there an old fashioned garden was beginning to vary the green and white and the glow of shining sun with little spots of vivid color. Overhead in the verdant foliage birds nested and sang, glad to be the summer guests of Riverton.

It was early afternoon and the streets were empty. On Main Street the stores were closed. Empty cars were parked along the secrets stretching to the river. From the long sloping river bank rose the droning hum of many voices. Riverton and her neighbors were gathered to dedicate a new institution.

Yes—a new institution—another thing for Riverton to be comfortably proud of was this new river front park. Rather a romantic affair too, Riverton thought. The park, or more correctly the funds which had made it possible, had been bequeathed the city. Peculiar sort of fellow, he had been. Never did anything much. Used to sit around on the river bank

(Continued on page 21)

Does a Man Lose By Going to College?

By WILBUR E. JOHNSON



EARLY every man of intelligence and forethought, whether he be educated himself or not, looks forward to sending his sons to college. Naturally enough, the man who has not attended college himself will endeavor to learn as much as possible about the matter before submitting his sons to such an ordeal. In his eagerness to learn what college is like, he is very likely to read articles which do not always give a proper conception of the college and its value to the individual and to the state. Such an individual no doubt would read Dean Davenport's article in a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and upon learning that Dean Davenport is vice-president of the University of Illinois and an educator of many years' experience, might swallow the information, hook, line, and sinker. There are, however, two sides to every question and there may be some value in examining somewhat carefully Mr. Davenport's criticism of the typical college student before it is accepted at its face value.

It is in no spirit of carping criticism that I would approach Mr. Davenport's article, though as one of the typical college students whose interest is in student activities and the life of the campus I would, no doubt, if he knew me, afford him but one more horrible example of what a college student should not be. What I wish to do here is to show the other side of the shield, and tell the world, as it were, how distorted a likeness of us the Dean has drawn. What, then, are the impressions created by his article; and what may be mentioned by way of contradiction or retaliation?

One of Mr. Davenport's chief criticisms of the college student is that he is unworldly and lives a segregated life; and he then goes on to draw a picture of us, isolated, shut off from the deeds and thoughts of real men in a real world, enveloped in "college atmosphere" and a world of college ideals drawn no one knows from where, "born de novo", as he says, and living a life as fantastic as the idealists on Swift's famous floating island of Laputa. And Mr. Davenport thinks us unwise to live so remotely, and so writes his article as a kind of paper to knock us back into reality. It is a well drawn picture, but is it true; and if true, is it a bad thing?

Let us grant for the moment our unworldliness, or even our other worldliness, as the case may be. Is it such a bad thing that we are not now immediately available as practical business fodder? Perhaps there is a kind of training that achieves its aim by acquiring this very remoteness from the world of business and practical life. Not everything comes in quart measures; and one can't lay down set rules for what is after all a fine art, the art of getting an education. Did we not, most of us, ags, engineers, and L. A. & S. students, come to college to better ourselves, not only in our respective professions, but also our appreciation of the better things of life? Cardinal Newman may not have known much about agriculture, but he sets an ideal that is good for all of us when he says in "The Aim of a University Education," a college education "aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideals of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life." Such aims seem to me far more suitable for a university than a mere business ideal, the ideal of proficiency in a trade. The world demands a variety of talents. Not all of us are going into business.

In point of fact, however, Mr. Davenport's criticism is not altogether true. It assumes too much. Not all of us are unworldly; indeed some say that too few of us are so. Writing as a student, and as one who, like most freshmen, observes keenly his new environment, I think that the majority of students with whom I have come in contact are fully cognizant of the circumstances that permit them to attend college, and do as much as they can to help pay expenses. In this manner they gain experience under actual conditions of everyday life. Whether or not this is good for the average student is debatable, but it is what Mr. Davenport recommends. I believe myself that working for a living and studying for an education at the same time is too big a burden for the average of us, and most people who have done it will, I believe, bear me out in this assertion.

Vacation work seems to me to have more to say for itself. Mr. Davenport, however, seems to think that working during vacation does not greatly develop business experience. I for one wonder if this is true. Isn't it a common belief on the other hand, that men at the age of college students tackling a summer job soon become accustomed to varying conditions and in a short time carry themselves with the poise of veterans? We have, in short, as it seems to me a very practical system—too practical some will say—of three-fourths of a year of study, and one-fourth of actual experience. During our vacation we meet the world, and still do not linger long enough to forget our college work, and fun. Why is this not better than taking, as the Dean recommends, an entire year off? A student who works a year is likely to lose interest in scholastic work, whereas if he finishes his education, he will be of vastly more value to the community and to himself.

Yet another item in Mr. Davenport's indictment is his disapproval of student activities, which have, he says, "about as much connection with the real world as a wart on the end of the nose has with vision." Certainly such a belief runs contrary to general opinion. The vast number of editors, athletic leaders, business men, debaters, and political leaders who began their training in the miniature world of student activities here will not, I believe, agree with this indictment. In fact college activities wisely used, give those who have ability along certain lines the opportunity to develop that ability. Indeed activities frequently do what the faculty may fail to do in unearthing latent talent, and producing leaders from among those who before merely fol-

lowed. They have, too, a dramatic interest and reality too often lacking in class room work, and by their variety show the way to versatility and originality which in latter life may be a great asset.

If Dean Davenport thinks so badly of the kind of training we go in for, it is at least too bad to have him think so badly of us as he seems to. For he gives a list of the characteristics of the average college student which is far from flattering. Indifferent, vain, argumentative, crude in speech, and unreliable are some of the things laid at our door. For a long time I wondered how he got such an impression of us. And then I realized that (1) he didn't know me; and (2) he was Dean of the Ag school and so saw mostly ags—though I must say I like ags, better than he seems to; and (3) he is a Dean, and so it is that most of those who visit him are either culprits of those of mediocre ability. Can it be that it was from these he drew his "divine average?"

And so it is that when there is so much that is debatable in the article, it seems to me to be a questionable kind of doctrine to publish in the *Post*. It would not be improper if some inter-collegiate publication, perhaps, or in *The Atlantic Monthly* where it would not be misconstrued. But as was said at first, the *Saturday Evening Post* is a popular magazine in every sense of the word, and an article of the intricate complexity and underlying meaning of "What a Man Loses in Going to College" should appear where it would be discussed, rather than where it may unhesitatingly accepted as fact. It is with a desire to furnish such a discussion from a student point of view that this article has been written.

SPRING DAWN

By ISABORE LUTON

Spring, summer, winter and the spring
Returning, to the woodlands bring
The orioles and the orioles sing;

The alder boughs bud fresh and clean,
'And there the silver sycamores lean
White arms against their first faint green,

While all around and everywhere
The swirling ground-mist like a prayer
Rises on the morning air;

Earth lays her scented bosom bare,
The winged winds swoop down and bear
The incense they have gathered there;

And to the flaming east have gone
To lay their sacrifice upon
The crimson alters of the dawn.

To A Little Egyptian God

By LOIS F. SEYSTER

Who knows what magical word your lips are saying?
What unguessed name?

Who knows the vanishing form your eyes are seeing?
Whose was the dream your clay was freeing,
What were the phantoms his feet were fleeing
Before we came?

Out of the darkness dead lovers of beauty are sway-
ing,

Passing and shifting,

Flickers of shadows eternally misting and graying,
Resting and drifting—

The past is a fable the ancients traced,

A palimpsest written and half-erased,

A tear-blurred scroll,—

Birth with its anguish and crying,

Life with its passion and sighing,

Death and the silence of dying,

Scrawled in blood on a parchment roll,

So soon effaced!

Lines follow lines in a hesitant gliding and creep-
ing—

The parchments are spread

Open to ominous tempests of laughter and weeping
Down to the dead,

Lives follow lives, interlocked and laced,

A palimpsest written and half-erased.

Illegible page of our world that contains all the
writing

The ages have done,

Page that contains the words—laughter and beauty,
Hatred and tenderness, pleasure and duty,
Lotus and fire and the glaciers, passion and sleeping,
Men who must mourn and regenerate for weeping,
Women who suffer by war and create sons for fight-
ing,

Beasts who are slaves to the conquering weak of the
land—

Page of our world that a dominant hand in its wind-
ing

Turns to the sun,

Here is a secret beyond our finding,

Here is a secret too old to read,

Inscribed too faint on the blotted screed!

A lover of beauty bravely trod

The path to oblivion smilingly,

While down through the speechless years
you came,

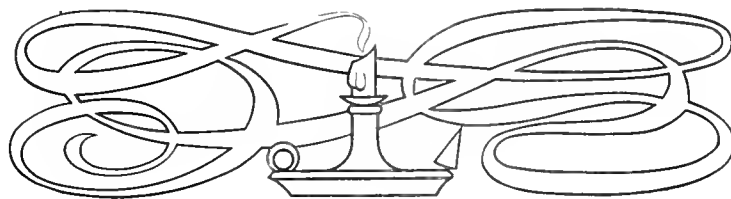
Little Egyptian God!

Who knows what magical word your lips are saying?
What unguessed name?

Who knows the vanishing form your eyes are seeing?
Whose was the dream your clay was freeing,

What were the phantoms his feet were fleeing

Before we came?



The Erudite Philadelphian

By HELEN BERNICE CARR

He was one of those men, who, it may be said without sarcasm, undoubtedly know a great deal. He had grown up in the historic east, educated in the old schools, cultured, refined, casual, horizoned. Why he never stopped long in Chicago I did not know until he expressed his idea of the city by the lake, by his remark to the group on the country club veranda, as they were in the midst of a discussion of western cities. "Do you know, I always think of cross sections when I think of Chicago. Like this," and he put his hands athwart each other like the palings of a fence. "The stock yards—that's Chicago to me."

I was looking at the picture in the window of the art shop when I noticed him. He was looking, too, hands in pockets, his hat down over his eyes, one shabby foot close to the grating. Catching my eye, he moved away a bit, as if conscious that he did not belong there. I started toward the edge of the walk to join the traffic northward, but could not keep my eyes away from him, that shabby man. He looked so queer, with his rumpled, hopeless clothes, and his air of being *declassé*. He belonged, and yet he didn't belong. What was he doing there, lingering near the door of an art shop on Michigan Avenue?

They are fascinating mysteries, these unread stories of the hurrying million. Michigan Avenue, on a fine, sunny day, with its shops, its color, its beauty, the streams of passing automobiles, and the Fountain of the Lakes against the gray side of the Art Institute in the distance, is full of them; or La Salle Street, where the bank clerks come and go,

slim and goggled, in a mist of "*savoir faire*"; or the busiest corner in the world, State and Madison, at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The city has her hand on them always. They are everywhere; out along Sheridan Road, in the great houses along the restless lake, or in the thousands of apartment buildings that rear their monotony in every part of the city; you can find them where the dilettante gathers, in the Russian Tea Room, or where heavy-jawed men sit in easy chairs by the window of the Auditorium Hotel; down along the docks, in the "L" trains; as you traverse the great boulevard system, in a cushioned limousine, or a beetle striped motor bus. You will see them in the faces alike of the plump suburbanite and the Greek, the Jew, the Polack. Gathered her, in the great city, whose voice is the thunder and crash of machinery, the wail of motor sirens, the laughter of the happy, the cries of the wretched, the chimes of the mantel clocks, the shouts of the newsboys, are the tragedies and comedies of all the world. Chicago has for her children the sons of every race. They have brought her fame for her industries, her art, her education, have poured into her museums, her galleries, her institutions of learning, the treasures of the earth. They have made her the third greatest of all cities. Their vibrant human life has filled her with charm and mystery.

"Yes," said the man from Philadelphia, "I always think of cross sections when I think of Chicago. Like this," and he put his hands athwart each other like the palings of a fence. "The stock yards, you know. Yes, that's Chicago to me. I always remember that."



Historic Houses II

When the University of Illinois was established the main building, in fact the only one, stood on the spot where the football bleachers are now standing and faced the north. Across the street at what is now 1110 University Avenue stood this house. It was perhaps the first house built in this locality and it was well built. Toward the east there were no houses within several blocks of it.

When built it was the property of Mrs. Pratt. It was one of the first houses opened to University students. It was one of the best rooming houses about the campus for the rooms were all good sized and well lighted. Mrs. Pratt was said to furnish the best meals given anywhere. For many years it was used as a rooming house and then as the University district shifted it fell into disuse, its reputation vanished. It has not been occupied by students, excepting for a brief period, for twenty-five years. It still stands as a reminder of the old University district, which has in recent years moved far away from it.



THE · · · ILLINOIS · · · MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

GERALD HEWES CARSON
Editor

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The Left Hand of Fellowship



WE have in our midst a kind of *tiers état*—the entirely submerged, totally ignored foreign student. Have you ever thought, except in the perfectly superficial and conventional way in which we discuss these things, of the momentous day in his life when he set out for Champaign; of the reasons for his coming, the desolation of spirit he must have experienced in cutting himself completely off from his own past? Of the eagerness that must be his to enter into our life and understand us? Of the uniform indifference and coolness with which we receive him, unwillingly, into our midst?

What must be the bitter thoughts of the foreign student, finding himself shouldered about, ignored, relegated to the oblivion of the Things That Don't Count by men very likely his intellectual inferiors, almost certainly his social? Surely he writhes under the mildly contemptuous indulgence with which they occasionally make themselves helpful! Must he not wonder seriously, being shelved along with distinguished professors, ungraceful girls, and other people who don't count, if indeed there is any such thing as universal human brotherhood! Does his gorge rise, do you suppose, at the bland indifference of the American to even the mere fact of his existence? Yet after all, there *is* a fundamental difference, an explanation. Of its adequacy you may judge. They are at home; he isn't.

Barred from individual contact by the pretty deeply ingrained self-satisfaction of the American student, and the total lack of interest in learning how the other half lives which is so typical of that estimable and complacent young gentleman, the stranger must perforce seek whatever solace for his lot he may be able to extract from the company of his fellows, and the organized entertainments, smokers, mixers, *musicales* (!) which are tendered him by social service organizations—all worthy efforts, but carrying with them, one and all, the odor of philanthropy. Like the stale fragrance of long forgotten dinners which assails one in boarding houses, the odor of philanthropy is objectionable to a person of fairly well developed sensibilities, regardless of his home address.

Young China, Japan, Brazil, Peru—does not want to be an object of philanthropy. Nor of commiseration. He wants to know us. If we refuse him our graces, you may be sure that he will study our backs just as thoroughly. Considering the rather fastidious array of backs offered to him at the University, he maintains, on the whole, a wonderful good humor. But what is he thinking?

One More Rule Won't Do Us Any Harm

"Carmen" was not only lyrical, but colorful as well. The spangled skirts and embroidered uniforms of the French *caïrassiers* of 1820 only enforced the atmosphere of old Spain already established by the tambourines and ballet music.

Some of the bits of color glowed—at one end. We might as well out with it—every woman in the cast smoked cigarettes! Nor was the desecration of our Auditorium accomplished in any lugubrious spirit. They even took a kind of saucy pride in their effrontery, and paraded and pironetted through four acts and countless packages of "fags" as though they derived a malicious joy in violating tradition and the proprieties of nice society.

It speaks eloquently of the sentiment of the University community in regard to such spectacles that a murmur of shocked surprise and resentment swept through the Auditorium as the first six cigarettes minced downstage in column of files. It was a protest—though scarcely audible, a protest nevertheless—against the creation of dramatic “atmosphere.” For the protection of the drama at the University, and the permanent safeguarding of the morals of the undergraduates, let there be some official action taken on this in Olympus. Let there be a solemn decree handed down that no woman shall commercialize her femininity on the stage by smoking—unless she smokes *cypheids*!

Our Phoenix Reformers

There is a kind of periodicity observable in the efforts of the individuals and organizations who are intrusted with, or who assume, the responsibility for setting the moral tone of the University community.

For the second time this year the edict has gone out against indecent dancing. Twice now, we have stopped forever the objectionable features attendant upon a young man’s draping himself languidly above and around a young woman, and sliding and bounding gracefully over slick floors of polished pine “to the lascivious pleasing of a flute,” or the despairing groan of a tortured saxophone! Twice now we have set our faces resolutely against exhibitions of “petting” (expressive word—that!) staged publicly, in the full glare of electricity, to the accompaniment of clashing cymbals, battered pianos, cow bells, and other semi-musical instruments. We will tolerate rhythmic indecency no longer! We have appealed generously to the offenders to pause, consider, desist, hoping that their better natures would assert themselves in reflection. We have warned, scolded, threatened, declared that if summary and effectual measures were required we would take them. In brief, we have permanently reformed—twice! How many trial starts are we allowed?

Though the writer may address this mildly admonitory editorial to the dilettante reformers who exert themselves in the cause of virtue in such an *occasional* spirit, it must not be taken on that account to display the least sympathy with the aspirations of those dancers who attempt to approach the absolute of unity in their dancing. It must surely be self-evident that there are better reasons for public action in the affair than an officious attempt to encroach upon the personal liberty of the parties concerned. Certainly, under other circumstances there would be nothing to inhibit any two people possessing an accommodatingly elastic code of personal morals, no great sensitiveness to criticism, and the love of publicity of any kind, from attaining notoriety by indecent dancing. Their significance to the public is about the same, in a lesser degree, as that of political hecklers, people who jump down wells, and lady axe murderers.

Yet since this is a University community and since they are part of it, if they will not conform because of personal scruples, it is certainly *a propos* to call upon them to conform because of the power they possess of setting the moral tone of the community, and their ability, if they choose, to strike the University in the most vulnerable portion of its anatomy, its reputation. If conformity cannot be attained pleasantly, we may expect soon the launching of other and more energetic methods. That is to say: we will have a mess.

We may expect summary treatment of indecency. Again, we may content ourselves with great expectations. The genius for reform must be an erratic one. It is very possible that our present preoccupation with ideas for putting the Union dances on the plane of respectability will wane and finally cease altogether in the face of devising ways and means, and of maintaining an alert eye for signs of weakening *morale*. The reform game involves, as well as novelties and the feeling of pious motivation, onerous responsibilities. The sporadic efforts of the Union and the Woman’s League, though half-hearted, are well meant. But the game is pleasant only when pursued as an avocation. We dance properly this week. Next week—who knows? Yet we are not despondent, dear and reasonably respectable reader. The reformers will rise again, Phoenix-like, to end once more and forever the vagrant tendencies of the slickers and flappers. Have we not already reformed—twice?

Comment in Brief

There are not many memories of Dad's Day which awaken regret in their recalling. One of the few was the apathetic reception, the total lack of acknowledgment in some cases, which the flags received in the parade of the R. O. T. C. Many of the inmates of the various fraternities on the line of march maintained their reclining and decorative attitudes the whole time, and ignored the passing of the national emblems on every occasion. As these languid gentlemen would doubtless put it, "The war is over."

Admirers of Scott Fitzgerald will applaud with great enthusiasm the dictum of Fanny Butcher in the *Chitrib* in regard to "Flappers and Philosophers", the most recent addition to the literature of youthful naughtiness.

"This young man, aged 23," says Miss Butcher, of Fitzgerald, "has created the popular magazine heroine of the next five years." 'Tis evident that the literature *intime* is in the ascendant. This being the case, "Flappers and Philosophers" is sure to reach the exclusive atmosphere inhabited by the week's best sellers.

Miss Butcher lets the cat out of the bag, however, when she further remarks that "there is something more important than his popularity about Scott Fitzgerald's work. It is youth, uncompromising, unclothed . . ." Exactly! It is because of the same distinctive feature that Flo Ziegfeld's revues never miss fire.

Some of the seminars still persist in calling our attention by placard to the fact that we are on our honor not to carry away books without charging them at the loan desk. This is, of course, bunk. We are not on our honor except in the sense that it may be against our personal ethics to steal books.

Because of the honor system in force at Illinois the word "honor" has a particular connotation. Its indiscriminate use as a vague generalization is an abuse and can only weaken the effect of the honor system.

Have you noticed that the University is wide awake this year? Others' Opinions is enjoying a prosperity never before approached. A hopeful sign is the unprecedented outnumbering of "kicks" by letters treating matters of real intellectual interest.

Tickets for the Senior Informal to be held in the Gym Annex January 8, will go on sale December 15. There has been some discussion as to whether a mixer would not have been a more democratic function. The seniors don't need a mixer. Their acquaintances are already formed. The Informal merely affords them an opportunity to get together so that a good time may be had by all.

And so, though we like our freshmen, sophomore, and junior friends very, very much, let us trust that the committee limits the ticket sales to seniors, thus establishing a new tradition, and incidentally conferring immortality on the committee itself.

Why not a filling station for fountain pens in the main library? Fountain pens are beings in themselves, and no is to know at just what moment they are going to give up the Carters' or Sanfords. It would be an excellent thing to have an appointed place where one might fill his pen without being forced to wheedle the librarian into an infraction of rules. In the University of Chicago this is done, and there is no reason why it might not be done here.

Library officials say that there is no "appropriation" for it. Why not then make a student enterprise of it? It would afford an outlet for some of the restless, energetic spirits of the Illinois Union whose desire for service at times outstrips the opportunity? It would be sufficient justification for the appointment of an Ink Committee.

Or the necessary money might be raised by voluntary subscription among the young men and women who take their mid-week relaxation from the cares of student life in the pleasant hum of the west reading room. A contribution from them of only one cent each would establish a Public Ink Stand and endow it perpetually.

The recent publicity given *The Little Review*, hitherto an obscure inhabitant of the English seminar, in the Campus Scout, has resulted, according to the librarians, in an acute congestion of the seminar. This sudden preoccupation of chem. 1a and Ag '21 with a magazine "making no compromise with the public taste" suggests that literature may be made palatable to the most unaccustomed throats if only it be made pornographic.

A Plea For Useless Giving

By HELEN MONTAGU



AM very much in favor of the S. P. U. G. The society I am referring to, however, is not the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, but the Society for the Promotion of Useless Giving, a much older society and one with a greater number of members, though not all of them are frank enough to admit their affiliation.

I am not acquainted with the individual who started this campaign against useless giving, but I am quite certain that he wears horn-rimmed spectacles and is a fervent anti-prohibitionist, anti-cigarette, anti-movie, and anti-about-everything-else. I am sure that he was never taught to believe in Santa Claus. I know that he gives his little boy a dozen handkerchiefs and a copy of "Lives of the Saints," when his heart was just set on a lovely pop-gun that will be broken before the holidays are over, and enough sticky candy to get blissfully sick on. I wonder how his wife feels about the aluminum kettle and table cloth that he gives her, when she has been looking with wistful eyes at foolish little pink breakfast caps and rose-colored felt slippers with pom poms on them. No doubt, however, she is a meek little thing who smiles and thanks him gratefully, and tells him what a fine, thoughtful man he is, and how much nicer it for people to give *sensible* gifts. Then she goes out in the kitchen. The dishes are waiting. She didn't really care, she tells herself, biting her lip. Only—

Who wants to be sensible at Christmas time anyway? Even the people who decry most loudly the foolishness of all this useless giving don't really mean half what they say. I remember hearing one such man deliver a wonderful lecture on Christmas waste. "I'm a practical, matter-of-fact man," he said with a touch of pride, "and this aimless spending of money on non-essentials when there are so many things that are really needed goes against the grain. Something really ought to be done to stop it." The day after Christmas he came over to show us the fishing rod his wife had given him. He was grinning like a pleased boy with his first shot-gun. "Of course I have a lot of rods lying around," he said, "but I always wanted one like this. The wife really shouldn't have been so extravagant. She got it with her own pin money." Then he had to go out on the porch and show us how he could cast with it.

It is human nature not to like what is good for us. The only difference between children and grown-ups is that children kick and cry when they have to eat rice pudding instead of the ice cream and cake or mince pie which they were expecting, while the grown-ups smile politely and say, "rice pudding is so good for one." But they kick and bang their heads against the wall mentally just the same!

So it is at Christmas time. The children protest vociferously against commonsense presents, but the grown-ups have learned to be hypocrites.

No woman, especially, ever likes sensible gifts. Of course she may say that she wants useful things, but she is terribly hurt when some stupid man thinks that she means what she says. Christmas is the time when she wants to get all the foolish little extravagant things that she didn't quite have the courage to spend her own money on. She wants frilly things and odd little conceits that aren't at all necessary to her existence, but are all-essential to her happiness. She wants to be able to say to other women, "Isn't that foolishly extravagant! I never should have dared to ask for it. And all that candy, when I'm trying to reduce!"

Consider Christmas aprons and bags, for instance. Every woman gets loads of these, from those made out of odds and ends of ribbon and lace to those bought in some exclusive gift shop. There are tea aprons, and serving aprons, and sewing aprons, and bungalow aprons, and fudge aprons; there are shopping bags, and sewing bags, and handkerchief bags, and party bags—all of them equally impractical.

I am particularly fond of fudge aprons. I have three or four very dainty embroidered ones done up in tissue paper and put away. I take them out occasionally, merely to look at them admiringly, and show them to guests. Of course when I really make fudge I use a cook's big cover-all apron, because I always spill things all over when I cook, but I wouldn't want any one to give me a gingham cooking apron for Christmas.

You see, young ladies are just little girls, as has often been said, with their hair done up and their dresses lengthened—a little. It is a real tragedy in a girl's life when her family decides that since she doesn't play with dolls any more, she is old enough to begin receiving sensible gifts and that the new

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A Chinese Student's Opinion

By C. H. HUANG

For two years I have been pursuing my study in this university. The longer I stay, the stronger becomes my affection for and my loyalty to the University of Illinois. In fact, my gratitude to the university is beyond what I possibly can express. Generally, I like to say that every one that I know is good; specifically, those with whom I made intimate acquaintance, I like very much.

I am not going to flatter, because flattering is a kind of lie, and I have no desire to do so. Neither am I going to exaggerate or to bluff, because I always try to say what I mean and tell the truth as it stands. Nor am I trying to curry favor, because I disregard human applause, and I will leave the University this year as soon as I graduate. In order to make my statement amount to anything, I like to present it to my readers in a concrete way.

Among the people in the community as a whole, I do not know many, therefore, I can not say much about them. Among the students, I know more good boys than those otherwise, because the majority are good. But the question may arise, "How good are they?" As far as I know, they have high ideals and all the qualities of a good citizen. Among them I find many honest fellows and we become good friends.

In the summer school of 1919, I took accountancy 2a under a certain instructor, who is above the rank of instructor now. Whenever I had difficulty, he always took pains to make me understand, regardless of the hot weather and extra labor. To him my gratitude is great.

Once I took Commercial Law under Dr. ——. I think a great deal of him, because he was so good natured, helpful and so willing to explain and answer questions that one could not help but say that he is one of the finest men in school. When I took economics I, the encouraging remarks given by Dr. — on my paper made me work harder and learn more.

All of those I mentioned were my instructors in the past and I am safe in doing so, because I am

not going to take any other courses under them. Again, I mention their names and the stories, because I want to show the basis on which my gratitude in regard to the university is justified.

Now, I have to turn my point of view to those who look after the students for good. Although I have not known the former deans of foreign students, I have the opportunity to know the new dean for foreign boys, and I have found him always fair, sincere, and earnest.

There is another man, I should not miss. Who is he? For the sake of convenience and with the

purpose of avoiding misunderstanding, I had better not mention his name. Yet it is not necessary for me to do so, because he has been known to all students since they became freshmen. Those who had any trouble in their studies or conduct certainly know him well.

I have known him since 1919, when I was working for the late Professor Fulton. I knew the former very intimately after he became

the administrator of the latter's estate. Kindness was one thing he showed me; courtesy was another. Yet, above all, I consider him as a man of fair judgment and of strong personality. What have these things to do with me, or with all the Chinese boys?

We are Chinese citizens in the United States of America. We are here for a good purpose. For China our love is unsurpassed; to China our duty is unlimited; and with China our relationship is most closely connected. The salvation of the nation needs mainly men; the fate of the nation hinges upon the character of her young men and young women. What, then, China needs is not material progress only. She needs men who can build up a moral order in society as well as in government. These gentlemen's characters and ideals influenced my own. If we can make ourselves worthy and efficient in reforming our nation it is because of their influence. Here lies the real significance of their efforts in our behalf.

(Continued on page 29)

It is safe to suppose that you haven't devoted a whole lot of thought to the foreign student, or his difficulties here. In this article is voiced a wonderfully good humored, and somewhat idealized opinion of the University which we mutually call alma mater. Follow the writer sympathetically as he strives manfully to express through the elusive English idiom an earnest and sincere and mostly undeserved gratitude to us. The expression is naive. But —have you brushed up on your Chinese lately?

(Continued from page 4)

paper. The scrawl consisted of four lines, written in pencil:

"Dear Zig—Just a word to tell you I'm sick of the Columbia, and have gone to stay with a friend of mine a long ways from here. Take it easy kid and don't do nothing rash. This is a helluva world Zig and we got to be ready when opportunity knocks.
—Cecil."

A dozen times Ziggy reread it, the paper seemed to grow dimmer each time, the simple, brutal lines fascinating him. His body was limp and nerveless, as though the wire muscles which kept it taut had received his mind's involuntary command to refuse to function.

At last he shuffled uncertainly to his feet and slipped past old Ben, who was asleep in his chair. He did not pause until he had reached the River and had found a resting place on an unused wharf, almost as though the girl was there with him. Involuntarily he reached out his hand to one side, but he touched only a rough piece of lumber. At first there was only a reaction of weakness, the feeling that one has when he dreams of falling from a great height. For the moment it seemed to the man that the bottom of the entire universe had fallen out, like the underpart of a steam-shovel. It never occurred to him to doubt that it was true, or even to search out the girl and attempt to bring her back. It was characteristic of Ziggy that he realized the futility of any such action, and felt only a throbbing hurt, which pulsed in his veins like tire. His thoughts were confused, incongruous, with no unifying thread except that he had lost something which had come to mean more to him than any other thing.

How long he sat there Ziggy never knew, but long after the doors of the temperance bars had been closed in Rainbow Alley so that only a lewd streak of light between the drawn shades gave evidence that there was still life inside, he rose and stretched his cramped limbs. As in a sort of stupor he picked his way back to his shop and mechanically reached for his keys.

As he bent to turn the lock his eyes fell on the curtains, hanging daintily in the windows—curtains of blue chintz, made by Cecil. For a moment he went blind, then suddenly a new feeling came over him, at first vague and weak but gathering strength as a dimly forming purpose caused strength to flow back into his body.

If he must suffer he would make someone else suffer with him. Who had been the cause of his sorrow anyway? Who but the man who had taken her away? Fool that he had been not to have thought of it before when he could have found out at the Columbia who the man was. Never before had

he felt the power of bitter anger, of the lust for blood. Even as he stood there, his hand on the light switch, there flashed across his mind a hundred ways of killing the creature who had stolen Cecil, and he ached for the feel of the man's soft flesh beneath his fingers. As the moments passed and he lay stretched out sleepless on his cot in the back room the idea crystallized and took on definite shape. To kill. To watch the man's body crumple down on the floor—writhing in death—Ziggy's hand clenched over the comforting butt of the revolver under his pillow and he dozed off into a deep sleep.

When he awoke the next morning and went about his work there seemed to be an air of finality in everything he did, as though he were doing it for the last time. He polished the silver on the fountain to dazzling brightness, and awkwardly straightened out a wrinkle in the blue chintz curtains. As he worked his mind dwelt on his decision of the night before. There remained no doubt that the man must be killed, but he must pull it off as craftily as possible, so that no one would suspect and spoil his plans. Perhaps it would require a week—a month—a year. But what was time to him. After it was done nothing else mattered. Probably they would hang him. Certainly he would go to prison. The thought of prison did not affect him in the least. With characteristic singleness of purpose his mind was settled on the man whom he must kill, and until that was done he could think of nothing else.

He finally decided to make his usual trip to the Columbia that evening and find out from Ben Reilly or some of the girls who Cecil had been going around with. It would then be easy to trace each one down until he had found the man he was looking for.

Accordingly, when closing time came, he walked down to the stage entrance of the theatre and slipped in with his customary quietness.

As the door swung shut behind him a fluttering paper tacked there attracted his attention. It was a clipping from an afternoon newspaper, evidently from the front page, and was headed by heavy, bold type. Uninterested he was about to turn away, when a red-penciled scrawl in the top margin arrested his gaze:—"This girl wasn't satisfied with her job. She paid the price." His heart pounding dully he focused his eyes on the printed sheet. "Prominent broker killed on joy ride," it was headed. "Girl companion dying at St. Luke's hospital."

Grindly divining the whole story Ziggy forced himself to read the first paragraph: "Jacob Steinman, a well known broker with offices on 11th street was instantly killed and his companion, identified as Miss Cecil Day, former actress at the Columbia theatre, was fatally injured near Clark and Grove

The Christmas Gift Question

?

Is Easily Answered

"Your friends can buy anything you can
give them except your photograph."

Have Quality Photos Made At

Duke's Studio

Formerly Benn's

208 N. Neil

Champaign

The APOLLO CONFECTIONERY

*Our Hot Fudge Sundae and
Hot Chocolate Warm
and Satisfy*

• •
•
•

MOUYIOS BROS.

Urbana

streets early this morning. The machine in which they were riding turned turtle, pinning Steinman under the wheel and Miss Day under an arm of the windshield. The car was traveling at a fast rate of speed, and it is believed that both occupants were intoxicated. Before pedestrians could move the machine Steinman was dead. Miss Day's skull was severely fractured, and doctors say it is only a question of a few hours . . . " With a groan of anguish Ziggy broke off reading and groped blindly for the handle of the door.

Cecil not only gone from him, but dying in some hospital, with no friends about her. And the man—Steinman. God! Was there no justice in the world? His love for her had made only a background for the intense hate for the man who had taken her away. But who could cherish hate for a dead man? Robbed even of the savage satisfaction of killing the monster who had caused all his suffering. Dumbly unaware of where he was going he followed the old path to the River.

The night was unusually quiet, so quiet that the River could be heard plainly as it trickled and eddied against the piles of the wharf. A wan moon was just rising over the dark jumble of warehouses up the stream, bringing out their ugly roof lines against the sickly yellow sky like a silhouette done in ink. Out in mid-stream a tug boat was towing a heavy barge, and puffing hoarsely at its task. To the right the big bridge cast a network on the glassy water.

Like an animal which is driven Ziggy walked back to the shop in Rainbow Alley and turned on the lights. The fountain gleamed from the polishing he had given it that morning, and the blue chintz curtains hung warm and soft at the front windows. Those things had once been their covenant, but it seemed ages ago.

In his entire life Ziggy had been touched by only two great emotions: one was his love for Cecil. He had been denied that. The other was his hatred for Steinman. He had been denied giving vent to that. There was no justice in life. It was all a muddle—a hopeless muddle.

He walked into the back room where he slept. In one corner was the battered gas range which his father had used before him. For the first time since his death Ziggy felt that he would like to see his father.

A few shelves nearby held the pans and dishes with which he used to cook his meals, and a single window in the back wall let in a band of pale moonlight, which made a white blanket on the floor. In another corner of the room was his bed, precisely as he had left it that morning. He sat down stiffly on the edge. There was a stale odor about the room which invaded Ziggy's nostrils with unusual sharp-

ness. Hung over the backs of the few chairs were articles of clothing, and a small heap of dirty dishes was stacked in the ancient sink by the window.

Ziggy's other suit hung limp and awry on a bent hanger, suspended from a gas jet in the center of the room. He thought how much the lifeless garments resembled himself. Life was a muddle—a hopeless muddle. He slumped down on the bed and his hand crept toward the pillow to close tightly over something hard and glittering.

* * * * *

The next morning, when the sun baked the worn, red cobbles of Rainbow Alley, and roused up every fetid odor of the place, Alley dwellers, who came to quench their thirst at Ziggy's bar, were surprised to find the lights in the little shop still flaring up brightly against the hot rays which flooded through the windows and the blue chintz curtains and sparkled on the silver of the fountain.

Notes on Contributors

Carl Stephens is editor of the *Alumni Quarterly and Fortnightly Notes*, a publication of whose existence the average undergraduate is more or less oblivious until he is eligible for membership in the Alumni Association.

Lois F. Seyster graduated in the class of '19, and edited *The Illinois Magazine* in her junior year. She has published verse in various magazines.

T. P. Bourland is art editor of *The Siren* and a contributing editor of *The Illinois Magazine*.

Harold R. Pinckard was a news editor on *The Daily Illini* last year, and has had some practical journalistic experience.

Willbur E. Johnson is well qualified to contribute to the discussion of Dean Davenport's recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post* "What a Man Loses in Going to College." He is prep-law, '24.

Waiters, barbers, and valets are commonly supposed to enjoy unusual opportunities for observing human frailties. What a cynical soul, then, must an Illio photographer be!

What has become of the clean dancing campaign? Is the Illinois Union asleep, or has the Woman's League gone on a journey?

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(Continued from page 10)

a lot—probably got his notion of the park from that. Rather strong, too. He was drowned—last winter during the flood. Foolish sort of thing he did. Went out into a river full of ice to rescue a woman from a house when she was sitting before the fire at her sister's down on Locust Street. Yes it was too bad—Came from a fine family—the Chadwicks. Nice young man too—of course he wasn't—well—he wasn't very energetic, but then he might have done something had he lived. J. Brooks was going to make the dedicating speech. He had known young Chadwick quite well. Had been his lawyer in fact, and had found the will and put the whole thing through. It would be a fine speech. Many thought J. Brooks was the best speaker in the southern part of the state. He was to start at two-thirty . . . Ah, there he was now.

J. Oliver Brooks took his place in the quaint little structure in the center of the park and looked out over the audience. He stood silent a moment for effect, and then began.

It was a short speech and a masterful one. J. knew the value of brevity. He had worked over it for months, carefully building and remodeling, searching out his phrases and wordings with consummate care. It had been planned with a definite aim. Through the long hours when he had written it, learned it and perfected its delivery, a still voice from the inside of him had dictated. "It must do *this*. It must do *this*"—said the voice. When he had surreptitiously stood before his mirror to perfect gestures and facial expressions it had said—"No—Your face must look *so*—Your voice must be a little more vibrant—*Emotion* man—a little more emotion—but always dignity." And J. had heard the still small voice and heeded it as he had all through his life. It had driven him on these many years—always to success. There was a method in its mastery. J. knew what it was about, and approved.

Twenty minutes Riverton stood in rapt attention. Twenty minutes of proud thrills, and aching throats, and misty eyes. Twenty minutes of welling emotions, and pleasant body tinglings. Twenty minutes of the greatest speech in the history of the town dedicated Chadwick Park.

J. lingered in the departing crowd a few moments, shaking hands and uttering banalities, his thoughts not upon the compliments addressed to him, but upon the fragments of talk which he heard his townspeople address to one another as they passed. A moment only, he lingered and heard enough. The name of Harvey Chadwick he had heard mentioned with casual reference, a time or two—but his own came from every lip, coupled with those adjectives with which it sounded most sweet to him,

and J. knew that his persistent dictator had advised well. The speech *had* been a masterful one—better than its hearers knew. It had achieved an aim, of which they were a part, but of which they were unaware.

He slipped away from the crowd, and went to his office, locking his door against any possible intrusion. He wanted to be alone—to enjoy himself alone. He sat down in the comfortable chair before his desk and lit a fat, fragrant cigar. He could afford good cigars now. He smiled as he blew out a cloud of rich blue smoke. Never had J. been more pleased with himself. On his desk, in an oval frame stood a picture. He held it in his hand and looked at it. It was a pretty face. A face nearly any man could love—especially if he knew that it belonged to the daughter of the influential and wealthy Senator Williamson of Newburgh. J. smiled lovingly at the picture and placed it back on the desk. In three months she would be Mrs. J. Oliver Brooks, wife of the esteemed congressman-elect. He leaned back in his chair, settling himself for comfortable musing and over his face there spread a glow, for in his mouth there was the rich warm taste of silver. He had achieved his silver spoon.

WALKING ON SKULLS.

W. B. MOWERY

I would not carry clay from the far slope
Nor stones from the river-bed.

I would build my House of pinetree boughs
And fragrant calomel rushes.

* * * *

The small cloud that dallied in the western sky
Meant no good for me;

While we slept at high noon tide in the Home I built
It swooped like a hawk.

I stood by a sheltering rock watching mad winds
Tear my House to shreds.

* * * *

At night in the tornado-wreckage
The dead upturned faces are white.

Though I travel down a pleasant valley,
At night the faces will be white.

Those dead white faces will lie in the wreckage
Youth made a mansion of.

* * * *

Yea, I will carry stones and clay
There will be no more faces.

The Editor's Holiday

There are few mannerisms so significant to me of a man's inward attitudes as his opinion on the marking of books. I hold that languid creature beneath my esteem whose imagination is so sluggish as to never inspire him to put pen to page. He is the man who preserves his books in wrappers till the poor tattered things fall off, and would count a thumb-mark a blemish to destroy half the value of the book! He is the man who admires the prettiness of nineteen. "No past lies hidden in those translucent eyes, no story of hate, disappointment, or sin." Because it fails to touch the imagination he admires the blush and the arch freshness. He would not see the veiled flame in the eyes of the woman of thirty, the undivulged secret of her hesitation, the tranquil aloofness in her which might, could he but envisage it, inspire his prosy imagination to yearning for the unattainable. For him the Mona Lisa smiles her age-old, mysteriously elusive smile in vain. *Allons!*

There is no guessing of a man's appreciation of the literary company he frequents except in the visible trail he leaves. Ownership, alas, is no longer a sure index of taste. It is one of the most insidious ramifications of the classic hypocrisy. To own a good book—a whole library of good books—offers conclusive proof of little else than solvency. Many fine houses have libraries which are used only for smoking and toying with the demi-tasse. The books in them are taken down regularly twice each year—to be dusted.

Not long since I was left free to range among the books in the charming house of a charming hostess. Yet I found there an edition of "Virginibus Puerisque" twenty years old with the pages uncut. Subsequently I discovered that the volume was but one of a complete set of Stevenson's works, all in the same condition!

There is no illusion about the book well marked. The record of the progress of the acquaintanceship of man and book is plain to all. There is, to me, something warming about a book well underscored,

with marginal jottings. The book well marked is filled with vague esoteric signs, omens, and hieroglyphics intelligible only to the owner, the evidence of an intimate sympathy between owner and author. I like particularly to see in the readiness with which the pages open, and sometimes in their well thumbed appearance, just where the owner tarried, what conceit of the author intrigued his imagination, what provoked his comment, and, if possible, what he meant by the cryptic utterance penciled hurriedly at the bottom of the page. Sometimes his imagination takes wing and his comment becomes pregnant, suggestive, according to his temper and erudition. Sometimes you may turn several pages still fresh, crisp, unmarked. I wonder at the lapse. Did he hurry through because of the press of affairs? Did some disturbing interruption so scatter his thoughts that he could not strike into the subject immediately? Did a friend call? Or was he bored? I wonder.

As for myself I cannot dash through a book, even when under the pressure of necessity, I might wish to. The joys of skimming through an author lightly, with no concern other than to get the superficial meaning, "the drift," have never been mine. For me to get the meat of the thought it is necessary to meet the resistance of the style manfully, not shunning the shock, or skipping the metaphor and allusion. For I am an inveterate marker, and to mark a book intelligently demands time, the pause for tranquil deliberation, a subtle sense for meanings, the leisure to make fine distinctions and unravel an occasional obscurity when the author has fallen into the fire of his own eloquence. Does the passage merit checking? Is it worthy the distinction of comment? Is the phrase truly mellow? These are mighty considerations to be approached with seriousness of purpose, and an open conscience. For there is no error so thoroughly *bele* as the wanton scrawling of counterfeit appreciation and sham erudition. For as a man marks shall ye know him. He marks not for himself alone, but for posterity.

One may be pardoned, I think, for not wishing to appear a fool in the eyes of Posterity.

I have intimated (not without effect I hope) that there is a certain virtue in marking books. I would fall into grievous error if I should leave the impression that such are the kingdom of heaven alone. Like most virtuous regimens, the marking of books carries in its wake all sorts of evils, veritable practices of the devil himself. The opportunity is golden for the flagrant display of the "gaudy signs and outward trappings" of pedantry. How often are pages cluttered up with the learned comment ponderous, overwhelming cross-referencing febrile-minded academe! Beware of the book-worm, no matter how zealous, who delights in drawing elaborate pointers to abstruse passages, and hunts them out and pounces on them in the way of a python with a guinea pig. Beware too the man who makes marginal bibliographies. All such practices are vainglory, the shameful occupations of men who "only labour to stuff the memory, and leave the conscience and the understanding unfurnished and void."

Least of all do I like that impertinent human who, with a bland assumption of omniscience, presumes to insert question marks between paragraphs and along the margins. "By despising all that has

preceded us," says Hazlitt, with some vigor, "we teach others to despise ourselves." The man who cannot take his author as he is, with all his faults and crotchets, should be ostracised and relieved of the bonds of brotherhood. At least I shall see to it that he has not my company.

Leigh Hunt, who occasionally drew upon his extraordinary powers of observation to throw off a very penetrating comment, once remarked upon maid-servants: "In her manners, the Maid-servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits." As the maid-servant is a faint copy, a distant echo of her mistress, aping her airs and mannerisms, so does the counterfeited book-lover play the sedulous ape to the true humanist as he swings his desecrating pen on *belles lettres*, strewing the sprawling spawn of a fidgety imagination indiscriminately through the books for which he has little reverence and less understanding. Sometimes on his poised pen a black globule of ink hangs pendulous. Sometimes it drops and drowns the author's muse in a flood of ink. Sometimes his mind, full of zest and progress, fails "in the resolution of an obscure and complex object into its component aspects." He misses the author's effatus in the gusto of discovering the fancied penetration of his own

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genius, and falls head over heels into "the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form."

Am I, who am myself so young and so prone to error, straining overmuch toward a sharp and devastating criticism of my literary enemies? Let me make a most damning confession. I am something of a hunter of the mouthfilling phrase myself. I find delight, I own, in melliflence for its own sake, and often accept rhyme without reason with an appreciation you would never expect from the captious critic who, but a paragraph ago, thrust out viciously at the dilettante who probes for the plum in his literary pudding.

Yet I think there is a certain virtue in the pursuit of the felicitous phrase, if not sought for itself alone. A phrase properly turned, concise, pointed with a striking adjective, brings the thought completely into focus and gives it a clarity quite beyond the power of matter of fact statement. This is poor counsel for persons of a rich and fecund imagination. They must strive for a stern compression, for "no matter how entertaining the original thought may have been, all joy is lost in the sweat of extracting the meaning." They must chop cruelly and ruthlessly, lest their thought, because of its heavy burden of elaborate ornamentation and devious conceits,

appear nothing more than a flagrant garland of rosebuds. What an occupation, gathering rosebuds, for (as George Moore would say) "a young man of refined mind!"

Let only those take my dissertation seriously, then, who are inclined to "the unprofitable deliniation of the obvious." I recommend to them a slide down The Essay Tradition. Let them scale the heights, mount to the very summit of Olympus, do homage to Montaigne; then, pencil in hand, boldly attempt the breath-taking descent through the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, landing with a loud splash in Carl Van Vechten— or Menck-en. It is a chilly ending, but stimulating. Accomplished, it is not merely an achievement. It is the erection of literary background, the preception gained of the things "summed up as mind and soul—that colour and mystic perfume, and that reasonable structure" which "has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place, in the great structure of human life." I add to this a modest emendation. It accomplishes the formal initiation into the circle sacrosanct of letters—the Markers of Books. It is the guarantee of a company select, the association in fraternal bonds with the immortals. Let him who will sing the praises of the book unprofaned by a foreign hand, of

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On Green Street

the man of "probity and wit" who interprets the proprieties narrowly, and flatters himself on his own virtue, in preserving his books (in wrappers) in the pristine glory of unmarked pages. Hearken, oh lover of the undefatigable pen, to the pious and perspicacious words of Sir Thoma Browne: "There are many canonized on earth that shall never be saints in heaven."

(Continued from page 19)

Sunday shoes she has been wanting can properly be considered as a Christmas gift. She knows that useful gifts mean being grown-up, and she doesn't like it a bit.

Women are very much alike that way, whatever their situation. I remember hearing a social worker tell how she took a lot of Christmas things to a poor widow—a hard working old woman who lacked even the bare necessities of life. The visitor brought her an order for coal and staple groceries. Then she called next day with a special basket for her Christmas dinner, bringing as well, shoes, a pair of blankets, and other things essential to her comfort. On the way to the old lady's house some inspiration born of the Christmas spirit sent her into a store to buy her some flowered silk material for a waist, though her practical nature told her that the poor

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old soul would have no place to wear such a fancy waist or anything to go with it. The widow received all the gifts with grateful eyes and many exclamations of thankfulness, but when the visitor handed her the silk, she just took it without a word and held it in her arms with the tears running down her cheeks.

Please don't think that when I advocate useless giving I mean indiscriminate giving. I am not in favor of giving a bag for dancing pumps to grandmother, or a box of cigars to Uncle Ben, who swore off years ago because of his health and his wife's not liking ashes on the rugs. That is senseless giving. It is not wise to be senseless, but it is sometimes wise to be foolish—especially at Christmas-time.

(Continued from page 20)

In conclusion, I like to express once more my hearty appreciation to all our American friends in the United States of America. There are good men whom I did not meet. But our gratitude to them is implied in this article, although I have to apologize for the fact that I could not mention them herein.

Owing to the difference in language, custom, and tradition, it is quite possible that we may do something not in conformity to your usages. If

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unfortunately this happens, I should like to ask that you kindly endeavor to understand and forgive us. And we would be much more obliged, if our American associates give us friendly advice.

In the future, should you go to China, not only a certain class of the Chinese will greet, welcome, and help you in any way they can; but the whole community will show to you their greatest courtesy and warmest friendship.

(Continued from page 6)

Samurai grinned, and demonstrated the most effortless method of breaking necks. I cried *capiri* almost before he started, because he seemed to have a way of depending on the demonstratee for information as to the cracking point. Next I was shown a sure way of disconcerting any thug who might have the indiscretion to grab me by the cravat. I made a mental note to lay in a supply of bow ties.

"Now here's a simple one," he said at last. I could feel my face brighten. These simple ones were the tricks that I had determined to learn first. The samurai again took me by the collar. "Shove me," he said. I shoved him ever so gently.

As nearly as I recollect, he did something with one of his feet. I think he used it for kicking me in the stomach. Then he rolled over backward, and—

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On The Square

but I don't know just what happened then. I found myself in a sort of a sitting posture at the head of the dressing-room stairs; I was horribly dizzy, and my shoulders hurt. I did not see the Samurai.

Since I was so near the stairway, I descended and dressed, putting my necktie in my pocket. Then I left the gymnasium and had not one but three cups of coffee.

To my regret I had an engagement which prevented my attending the next class in jiu jitsu. I was very irregular in attendance at P. E. after that. In fact, I received a final grade of "D". There was a mistake somewhere.



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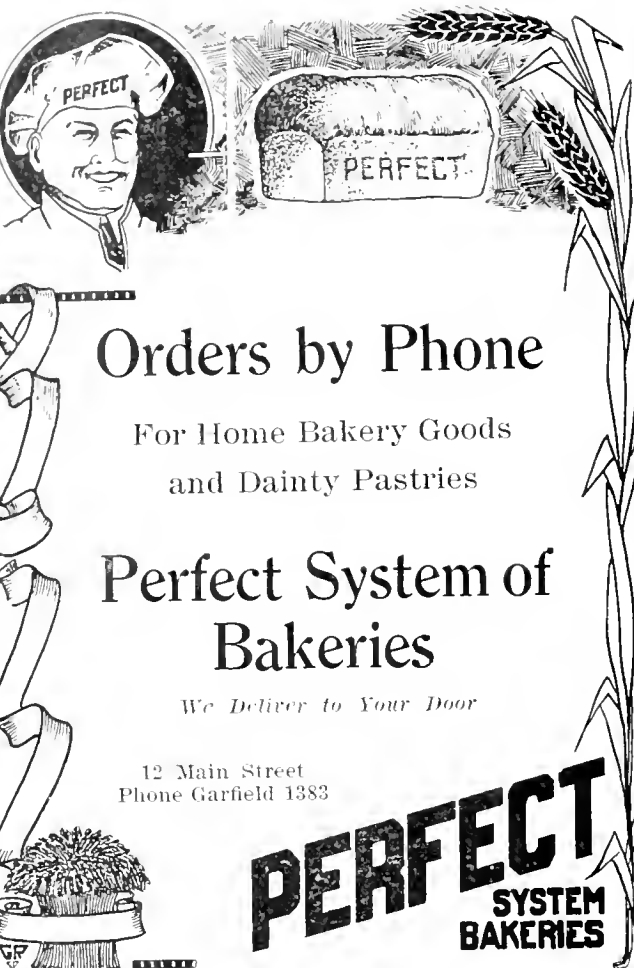
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JANUARY - FEBRUARY

Vol. XI

Number 1

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Published by the Illini Publishing Company during the college year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois. Office, 106 University Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Subscription, \$1.50 per year. Out of town subscriptions, \$2.00. Single copies 25 cents.



Oh What a Lover is the Sea

By ISADORE LITTON

Oh what a lover is the sea,
How soft and suave and fierce and free!

See with what a hungry hand
He laves the languor-laden land,
Fawning at his maiden's feet,
Breathing praises soft and sweet—
Yet I know that in the night
In his passion and his might,
He will break and beat and moan
With fevered eyes and lips of foam,
And in the morn with soothing hands
Caress the bruised and beaten sands.

How oft my tingling fingertips
Caress your hair and eyes and lips,
How oft my frantic fingers tear
The wildernesses of your hair!

Oh what a lover is the sea,
How soft and suave and fierce and free!

Lincoln in Champaign County

By Daniel Killham Dodge

UNDOUBTEDLY Secretary Stanton spoke more truly than he himself realized when he said of his departed chief: "Now he belongs to the ages." Now, over half a century after his death, Abraham Lincoln makes a universal appeal, an appeal that is hardly less strong in Europe than it is in the country he so dearly loved and so skillfully served. But, in becoming first a national and later an international figure Lincoln did not forfeit his position as an Illinoisan and to the citizens of his own state he still makes an intimate, personal appeal, even tho there are but few now living who knew him in the flesh. Lincoln means something more and something different to a citizen of Springfield, Illinois, than to a citizen of Springfield, Massachusetts, and even persons living in the county seats of the old eighth circuit must feel in closer touch with him because of his semi-annual visits to those towns between 1836 and 1859. This fact is the excuse, if excuse be needed, for assembling the otherwise insignificant details that go to form this article.

Lincoln's connection with Champaign County was of a two-fold character, legal and political, the former, with the interruption of the congressional period extending over thirty-four years, the latter, limited to what may be called Lincoln's second, or perhaps, third political period, beginning with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854.

When Lincoln was admitted to the bar in 1836 this county was only three years old, the General Assembly having passed a bill in 1833, separating it from Vermilion County. Before that the territory now known as Champaign County was called "the Attached Part of Vermilion". For four years court was held in various private houses, but in 1837 a frame court house, 22 x 30 feet was built. The second court house was built of brick in 1849 and in 1859 a larger court house, also of brick, was erected, to be followed in 1901 by the present building. Lincoln is associated with all but the last of these buildings. During all these years the site of the court house remained unchanged. The first jail was built of hewn logs and stood north of the site of the First National Bank.

Unfortunately very little is known of Lincoln's practice in the Circuit Court of this county. One interesting fact, however, has been preserved. In

1844 at the first murder trial in the county, Lincoln was appointed by the court as one of two lawyers for the defense. The evidence of guilt was so convincing that the accused was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Luckily for him and probably without regret to his counsel, the log jail was so insecure that he had no difficulty in escaping.

Except for the two years spent in Washington in the late forties, Lincoln was in the habit of riding the whole circuit twice a year and he is said to have been the only lawyer on the eighth circuit who never missed a session. In those days the Illinois bar, with the possible exception of Chicago, was largely peripatetic, moving from county seat to county seat with the court officials. There were, to be sure, a few local lawyers, but most of the court pleading was done by the 'foreign' attorneys, a number of whom, like Lincoln, lived in Springfield. In many cases partnerships were formed between the local lawyer and some Springfield lawyer. Mr. Henry C. Whitney, who was the first lawyer in West Urbana, as Champaign was then called, in his "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln", prints this card, showing a partnership of this kind with Leonard Swett, one of the most brilliant lawyers on the eighth circuit:

Leonard Swett. H. C. Whitney.
Swett and Whitney,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
and Solicitors in
Chancery,
Urbana, Champaign Co., Ill.
All Collections will be promptly Enforced;
Titles Investigated
And Taxes Paid on Lands
In any part of the State.
W. E. Foote, Printer

The relation of the local lawyer to the visiting attorney seems to have been similar to that between an English solicitor and a barrister, the former getting the business and making all preliminary arrangements and the visiting lawyer appearing in court. One of the leading lawyers in Urbana and, at the time of his death, two years ago, the dean of the local bar was Judge J. O. Cunningham, a man of sterling character and fine ability, who as a young man enjoyed the friendship of Lincoln. He was for several years in the fifties editor of the

Urbana *Union* and he was for a short time also associated with the *Central Illinois Gazette*.

At the risk of straying beyond the bounds of my subject I will take this opportunity to correct a false impression that many people have as to Lincoln's ability and standing as a lawyer. His biographers have been inclined to pay too slight attention to this side of their subject and some of them have probably taken too seriously Lincoln's humorous description of himself as a "mast-fed lawyer". This statement should be taken with a grain of salt, like his other humorous remark that he had very little influence with this administration. While Lincoln was not learned in the law, like Seward or Stanton, he was regarded by his colleagues as one of the best *nisi prius* lawyers, whatever that is in the state, and as cross examiner and jury pleader he had few equals and no superiors. His practice, furthermore, was not confined to the eighth circuit, but he frequently appeared in the Chicago courts and before the state supreme court and at least twice before the Supreme Court at Washington. His association with Edwin M. Stanton, in the McCormick Reaper Case at Cincinnati, tho it ended unfortunately for Lincoln, is sufficient evidence that his reputation as a lawyer extended beyond the limits of his own state. According to Whitney, Lincoln's last case, which was not ended until after his inauguration, was in the Urbana court, Whitney appearing, as Lincoln could not very well leave his job in Washington.

It is probably not generally known that occasionally Lincoln was asked by Judge Davis to take his place on the bench, a wholly irregular proceeding, and according to Whitney "he once held an entire term of the Champaign Circuit Court." Whitney also states that two cases were reversed by the Supreme Court on that account. On at least one occasion he also acted as prosecutor. Thus, however informally in the one case, Lincoln served in all three branches of government, legislative, executive and judicial.

Lincoln's political connection with Champaign county seems to be limited to three important periods, separated from one another by two years, 1854 when the Missouri Compromise was repealed and as a consequence he reentered politics, 1856, when he delivered at least a hundred speeches in support of Fremont, the first Republican candidate, and 1858, at the time of the great debates with Douglas. It was while he was attending court in Urbana, too, that Lincoln heard that he had received 105 votes for the vice presidential nomination at the first Republican convention, held in Philadelphia, in 1856.

On the evening of October 24th Lincoln delivered an address at the court house in Urbana before

an audience that filled the court room. Although the building in which Lincoln spoke was torn down five years later, the spot on which he stood is marked by a tablet, presented by Judge Cunningham. Whitney, in "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln", publishes what he claims to be a full report of this speech, covering thirty-five pages, but as he does not state his source it is fair to assume that the report is at the best merely paraphrase, with no more claim to exactness than his report of the "Lost Speech". Especially in the peroration, the Urbana speech follows closely the Peoria Speech, of the week before, to which, according to Whitney, Lincoln referred just before going to the Court House from the Pennsylvania House, where he and Judge Davis were staying. "Yes, the Judge and I locked horns there." The resemblance to the earlier speech is not strange, for, like most great men, Lincoln was not afraid to repeat himself. Whitney is certainly wrong in the following statement: "Nor could I fail to observe the complete ease and absence of any strain or labored effort displayed; he had no time or opportunity to make any preparation." Lincoln was not like Douglas and Seward, a ready speaker, and his few real impromptu efforts are far from successful. The fact that he was able to appear gay and carefree just before delivering the speech is evidence not of absence of preparation but of perfect confidence that he was fully primed. It was the readiness of the actor after the last dress rehearsal.

During the campaign of 1856 Lincoln spoke at least once in this county, but there is no record of the event beyond the general statement by Whitney, and Judge Cunningham. On at least one occasion Lincoln spoke in a church in Champaign and it is possible that this was the scene of the 1856 speech.

In the *Gazette* for August 4th, 1858, occurs the following article: "Mr. Lincoln has accepted the proposition of Mr. Douglas to debate with him at the following points.....We have only to express our regrets that West Urbana could not have been made one of the points, so that our citizens could have had the pleasure of listening to the great oratorical tournament between "Long Abe" and the "Little Giant." There will be some rare speaking done, or we are much mistaken."

But altho West Urbana was not included in the regular debates, a substitute was furnished when Lincoln accepted the invitation of the Young Men's Republican Club, to speak at the Fair Grounds on September 24th, the day after the County Fair, Douglas having been engaged to speak the day before. Lincoln's letter of acceptance, addressed to Judge Cunningham, secretary of the club, was presented to the University by Judge Cunningham and forms one of the chief treasures of the library.

As it has never before been reprinted the following announcement of the meeting addressed by Mr. Lincoln may be of interest:

"Republican Rally on the 24th

Mr. Lincoln is to be received by his friends at the platform in front of the Doane House on the 23rd and conveyed in a private carriage to the fair grounds, at which place Mr. Douglas is to speak. On the evening of the 23rd Mr. Lincoln is to be the guest of the West Urbana Republican Club at the Doane House. On the 24th the club and citizens in mass are to meet in the Park or Public Square at 10 A. M. to form in procession and escort Mr. Lincoln to the fair grounds.

Thirty-two couples on horseback, ladies and gentlemen, are to form in procession and proceed to march to Urbana with music and banners, and will be joined by the citizens of Urbana and vicinity, from thence to the fair grounds—here a basket picnic dinner will be the order, after which, at 2 o'clock P. M. speaking will commence.

Mr. Lincoln will reply to the speech of Mr. Douglas of the 23rd. Come Republicans, Come Democrats, Come everybody, and hear the two leaders and champions of the two parties, and judge for yourselves. Let us have a good friendly time. On the

evening of the 24th, Mr. Lincoln will be the guest of the Urbana Club. Trumbull, Thompson and Lane of Indiana have been invited."—*Central Illinois Gazette*.

No report of the speech was made. The *Gazette* for September 29th contained the following brief account of the meeting:

"On Friday, succeeding the last day of the fair, a large and enthusiastic crowd assembled around the grand stand to listen to Mr. Lincoln, the procession, that part of it composed of lady equestriennes in particular was one of the finest things we have ever seen, and was over two miles in length. The friends of the speaker expressed themselves as pre-eminently well satisfied with the demonstration and with his effort."

It was at the dinner before the meeting that Mr. Lincoln showed his simplicity and kindness of heart by giving his seat at the head of the table to "Granny", as he addressed her, whom he knew as a waitress at the hotel. The guest of honor made himself comfortable at the foot of an adjoining tree. This incident was told to me a number of years ago by Judge Cunningham, who was a marshal in the procession as well as secretary of the club.

SUGAR

By Lem Phillips

Niggers sweating under the burning sun
In Cuban cane-fields,
Guinea stevedores in the stinking hold of a sugar
ship—
Stumbling under three hundred pound bags,
Polacks shuffling, heavy footed,
Changing shifts at a refinery,
Girls in a long row—
With tired eyes
And drooping shoulders
Filling gaudy colored boxes,
Another girl
Leaning back in the soft cushions of a limousine
Offers Fido a bonbon.

An Original Lincoln Letter

Clinton, De Witt County, Ill.
 Mrs. Clarissa Bishop
 Madam.

A friend of yours
 Dr. Leoney, has been consulting
 me in your behalf about the estate
 of your late husband. It is not im-
 probable that I shall pass through
 Le Roy next Sunday, and if I do, I
 will call to see you.

I understand your husband died
 without making a Will, and without
 any child, and if this is so, there
 is no doubt that you, as his widow,
 are entitled to half his real estate,
 and all his personal property,
 after the debts of the estate are
 paid. Give yourself no uneasiness
 about this whatever, and be tempted
 into no bargains or agreements, with in-
 terested parties, about the matter.

Oct. 17, 1855-

Yours &c

A. Lincoln.

The letter reproduced above was written by Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Clarissa Bishop of Le Roy, Illinois, for whom he acted as attorney, in regard to the settling up of the estate of her late husband. It is now the property of C. B. Davis, '19, managing editor of the Daily Illini in 1918-19, grandson of Mrs. Bishop, and reproduced by his permission. The letter, which has never been published before, reveals, in spite of its brevity and the routine legal business with which it deals, the distinctive qualities of Lincoln's literary style, forcefulness, simplicity, and a rigorous economy of means.

Alpha Sigma Sigma

BY MAX MCCONN

The first week in January is a horrible time at Urbana. The gloom of the regular grind is blacker than ever after the bright holidays past, and blacker also because of exams threatening near. And it is usually bitter cold besides—Nature mercilessly intensifying the misery of student humanity.

For none had that week been more dismal than for a certain unhallowed David and Jonathan, fraternity brethren and roommates and habitual fellow-conspirators against the "Regulations for the Guidance of Undergraduate Students," whose identity we may disguise, thinly perhaps, under the names of Jack Stripes and Fatty Whalen. They had spent their holidays not wisely but (in a certain sense) too well, and had ample reason for forebodings about exams, and besides the pipes at "the house" had burst on New Year's night, so that they had been partially congealed for five days.

"And then came Rose-in-Bloom"—I mean Saturday, and a gorgeous thaw besides, and the reaction was too much for them. This must be their excuse, though they did not "know themselves" sufficiently to urge it before the Committee on Discipline.

On that beautiful mild Saturday Jack and Fatty inevitably found themselves established, as by a law of nature, on the comfortable bench that adorns the facade of the Arcade. (I never tried that bench myself, but I know it is comfortable from the length of time it can be sat upon by persons who find the Library chairs much too hard.)

For Jack and Fatty it served as a proscenium box from which to view the spectacle of campus life. The sunny prospect before them was really beautiful—the broad stretch of the "front campus," with patches of green emerging through the drifts and the graceful trunks and branches of bare trees casting grey shadows on the snow; on their right the Library Tower and the white Colonial portals of the Law Building, and in the distance the red mass of "Natural History." But while this beauty of setting contributed vaguely, no doubt, to the renewed satisfaction with life that glowed in the bosoms of Jack and Fatty, it was chiefly with details nearer the footlights, so to speak, that their conscious minds were occupied—with the passers—by on the two sides of Wright Street. On the far side, particularly—the campus side,—a stream of coeds passed up and down, and such of these maidens as

were glowing of cheek or light of step were honored, during the bright intervals of their passage, with the discreet but undivided attention of our two spectators.

It may be remarked here we shall not have time later that Jack was slim, dark, nervous, and quick spoken, with horn-rimmed spectacles and, generally speaking, a cigarette between his lips; while Fatty was all that his nickname implies: rotund, placid, with mild eyes vaguely blue and thin hair vaguely blond. Fatty did not smoke, but chewed Spearmint, usually, with an assiduity which, applied to electrical engineering, would certainly have earned him Tau Beta Pi.

"That was Olive Lambert," remarked Fatty after an extended silence and with a slightly supernatural intake of breath, conventionally called a sigh.

"Well, you ought to know," returned Jack, "after watching her a whole block. Get an eyeful?"

But Fatty was spared the necessity of retort, for Jack's question was abruptly followed by an exclamation:

"Look who's here!"

The newcomer, who paused hesitating before the entrance to the Arcade, might have been Abraham Lincoln made up as Channcy Depew—a lanky youth with massive nose and jaw and massive hands and feet, in brand new store clothes—the crease of the trousers was really painful—and brand new shoes and a gorgeous "made" tie of green and yellow and a derby hat.

Was it possible that this delicious spectacle had enriched the campus scene all fall without coming under the attention of Jack and Fatty? It was not possible. Jack's quick wits solved the problem.

"Shorthorn!" he ejaculated, *sotto voce* .

"You've said it!" breathed Fatty contentedly, released from an unwonted concentration of mind.

The visitor conquered his hesitation and entered Thornhill's emporium of refreshment.

Jack turned to his chum:

"Don't we need a coke?"

There was a twinkle behind his horn-rimmed spectacles which vaguely alarmed Fatty. That twinkle had landed them in the Dean's office before this. But a coke sounded innocent.

"I'll say we do," he assented, and added thriftily, "your treat."

Inside Jack perched himself on the stool next to the "shorthorn" at the counter and promptly nodded to him:

"How do?"

"How do?" returned the visitor composedly, looking up from a chocolate malted. His eyes wandered over the magnificence of Thornhill's Circassian walnut. "This is a fine place," he volunteered.

"You bet it is," said Jack.

And then he plunged boldly:

"That's a great tie you got on."

The "shorthorn" was in no wise offended.

"Yes, aint it?" His glance fell with satisfaction on the painful crease and the shining boots. "Had to have a new outfit to come to college!"

Fatty joined in the chase:

"Howdya like college?"

"Fine! I won a scholarship. But—"the big fellow eyed the two friends with a maddening calmness of self-satisfaction—"I'd like to get acquainted more."

"Um—huh!" said Jack, heroically suppressing a wink, and demanded: "What scholarship?"

Then it all came out. Some agricultural paper had offered a "scholarship" at the Short Course as a prize for an essay on steers, and Abraham-Chauncey had written an essay and taken the prize. The "scholarship" covered all expenses of attendance at the two-weeks Short Course, including railway fare from any part of the State. And Abraham-Chauncey had bought his new clothes and come, considerably set up and confidently expecting new triumphs at the University.

All of which, of course, was distinctly to his credit, except perhaps his excess of self-satisfaction; and even that, to a mature, considerate eye, was hardly amusing—it was so human. Certainly it was no funnier than the similiar mood in which three-fourths of the regular freshmen arrive on the campus, and less provocative of mirth than the half-baked sophistication of fellows like Jack and Fatty. But we are working at present from the standpoint of these latter worthies, and to them the "shorthorn's" combination of superficial rawness with complete self-confidence was irresistibly humorous and tempting.

Jack pursued the conversation, actually buying drinks. Names were exchanged. The "shorthorn's" was Albert!—Albert Johnson. And it ended with an invitation from Jack "to come over to the frat house to-night and meet the fellows."

"They'll be proud to meet a fellow that's won a scholarship. And," he added brazenly, "they'll be awfully interested in that tie! They'll all be wearing 'em in a week!"

"What frat is it?" asked Albert calmly. He had

evidently heard of fraternities.

"Why Alpha Sigma Sigma!"

This time Jack could not deny himself a wink, but he managed deftly to convey it to Fatty exclusively.

The significant initials were, of course, outrageously give-away, but Albert, though he had heard of fraternities, was too much occupied in catching the names of the Greek letters to have any room left in his mind for suspicion.

"Is it a good crowd?" he asked.

"I'll say it is! Best frat on the campus! And the biggest!"

And Albert, with his complacent composure, agreed to go.

The fraternity which Jack honored with their membership may be called Alpha Omega, but no language is adequate to describe the joy that reigned in the A. O. chapter house that evening.

Albert himself enjoyed the occasion immensely. He sat in the middle of the davenport before the fire, the center of an admiring group, which plied him with flattering questions, and fed him with every known delicacy from life-savers to pumpkin pie, until the commissary revolted and the chapter tactily voted him untillable.

The questioning, under the leadership of Jack, related to his scholarship, his essay on steers, the merits of the Short Course and the University in general, his clothes (in much detail), his home town, and the farm of a thousand acres, in a rich county, of which he was apparently the sole heir. Albert answered freely, boastfully, no doubt, but in general far from foolishly. He was, in fact, by no means such a fool as the chapter took him to be. His comments on the Short Course, if they would have been conveyed to the authorities, might have been genuinely helpful. But Jack and his confreres were not alive to such points. Their motives were exclusively hedonistic, and they were having the time of their young lives.

The evening ended much too soon for all concerned, though Albert at ten o'clock protested that it was "long after bedtime." He readily accepted an invitation to have supper with "the bunch" at the Innan the following night (Sunday), and to bring his essay and read it to the chapter at the house afterwards, and he did not demur when Jack, who accompanied him to his temporary lodging, tied a bit of green ribbon in his button hole, pledging him to "Alpha Sigma Sigma."

The Innan dinner was a great success—Albert's frank (and sensible) comments on the multiplicity of forks are still household words in the chapter,—and the essay afterwards was better than a whole program at the Orpheum.

So the next night (Monday) witnessed still a third gathering in Albert's honor, to which choice spirits from other chapters were invited to share the fun, including several favored girls. Among the girls, on Fatty Whalen's invitation, was Olive Lambert. And Albert, to the great delight of all, including Fatty, immediately and openly "took a shine" (his own expression) to Olive. Olive played up, and the others took keen satisfaction in giving them an opportunity for a long *tele-a-tete* in the deserted billiard room, in the course of which Olive had to use her best wits to divert a proposal of marriage into a bare agreement for an exchange of photographs and locks of hair. For Albert knew what he wanted when he wanted it, and was not, as has been indicated, afflicted with shyness.

"What next! What next!" groaned Fatty, rolling on the bed with glee and holding his tortured sides, when he and Jack were alone in their room after the departure of their guests.

Jack sat at his study table, grave as an owl except for the twinkle behind his horn rims. He was really studying—not the abstract calculus in which he was daily more likely to flunk, but the live, concrete problem of "keeping the shorthorn going."

"I've got it!" he announced, and proceeded to unfold a plot which caused Fatty to come near breaking down the bed in his paroxysms of appreciation.

So the following day Albert was invited to come once more to the chapter house, "to meet President James."

"The President," said Jack with due solemnity, "has heard of your essay and is very anxious to know you."

And that evening "President James" (I omit the impersonator's name; his make-up really was not bad) paid an extended call at the A. O. house, accompanied—somewhat oddly, perhaps, but it was explained that she was his niece—by Olive Lambert.

Albert himself, after "President James" had departed with Olive, gave Jack the cue he needed for the next act.

"When do I get initiated?" he asked, and added sadly, "The Short Course will be over Saturday, you know."

"Friday night!" said Jack promptly, though the idea had not occurred to him before.

But what to do for the "initiation?" Mere paddling was not good enough. Simulated hot-iron branding was old stuff and not appropriate—and so with all the usual box of tricks. So they fell back on vice. Albert had been rather offensively moral. He had steadily refused tobacco in all forms, had insisted on going home early, had absolutely refused to "cut" any of the lectures or demonstrations of the Short Course, had even declined to laugh at

shady stories. Jack and Fatty decided with enthusiasm that they must do something "to make a man of him"—"man" being evidently synonymous in their vocabulary with "reprobate."

On Friday night Jack and Fatty went to Albert's room to escort him to the great occasion. They blindfolded him and led him to the street. There they walked him around several blocks, and Jack exhorted him.

"You see, Albert," he said, "before the actual ceremony—the ritual and the vows—there's to be a kind of test. This time it takes the form of a poker party. Some of the fellows think you are just a little bit—oh, well—green—that you don't know what's what—among men, you know. You must show 'em. Take a cigar. They'll have beer. You must drink a glass or two, and take a hand in the game. I know you don't approve of such things. Neither do I." (Alas, for Jack's veracity!) "But just this once you must show 'em—that it's not because you can't, or don't know how—not because you happen to be from the country, you know. Afterwards, after you're in, you can reform the bunch all you want to. But to-night you must play up."

And Albert, excited and flattered, agreed on this one occasion to countenance evil.

He was brought finally to a certain office above one of the stores on Green Street, which had been borrowed for the occasion, and introduced to a smoke-filled room, where white-gowned and hooded figures sat solemnly around a large table, which held a box of cigars, various packages of cigarettes, an imposing cluster of brown bottles—they were in fact Bevo, but Albert didn't know the difference,—a number of highly ornamented steins, packs of cards, and piles of red, white, and blue chips.

The white-gowned, white-hooded figures rose as Albert was led in. One of them reached for the box of cigars and extended it.

Albert nervously took one, and Fatty held a match.

As Albert's first puff ascended into the air—

"'Tis well!" chorused the white figures in their deepest bass.

The steins were filled, and one was handed to Albert.

"To Alpha Sigma Sigma!" chorused the figures, holding the mugs aloft.

And Albert raised his and quavered:

"To Alpha Sigma Sigma!"

"'Tis well," chanted the brethren.

Simultaneously and solemnly they sat, and one, who acted as banker, began to sell chips to the others. The sums mentioned certainly made Albert open his eyes. The first purchaser casually asked for

(Continued on Page 30)

In Praise of Wandering

By O. D. BURGE

For all his negative value to society at large, no one is more secretly admired than the "vagabond." By this I do not mean the common tramp, that weak, willy-nilly blowing piece of humanity, who is totally unable to cope with the circumstances of his daily life, tossing helplessly on the waves of fate. That sort of being were best dead, both for himself and for his fellow men. At best, one can only pity him. Nor do I mean the rogue, who is altogether a sly devil, and would rather die than turn his hand to honest work. Of course, he does have a certain picturesque quality, of nights in a wayhouse, with a pint of 'arf and 'arf somewhere in the internal regions above the line of his belt (as often of hemp as of pigskin). Nor is he, as the English statutes have it, one of "such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and haunt customable alehouses and taverns, and rout about." The English language lacks a finesse in definition that many of those on the Continent possess. To the Anglo-Saxon "tramp," "rogue," and "vagabond" all connote the same thing, when they really don't.

No, he is just a vagabond—one who has felt and answered the urge to know other climes than his own. He has wanted the smell of warm rain and hawthorne in spring, to see ships come in to dock in winter, covered with ice; to know the squalidity of some aged Chinese city-kingdom in summer; to visit his homeland in autumn, perhaps. His is the desire to see far lands, to slake his parched throat "with sugared mulberries" in the Caucasus, or to buy water from the skin in Shiraz.

Again, I say, we all love this free-born spirit, the vagabond with his ragged coat and his smiling mock of fate. Perhaps this is due to some extent to the fact that he stands for a freedom that we all want at times, a liberty from convention and duty, the power to lead an unfettered existence. *He* doesn't have to shave every day, nor to give to every charity that may happen along, nor to listen to various inane harangues because of what his neighbors may think. And the open road is his—he doesn't have to be at work of mornings at eight, nor to commute each night. So it is, then, that every man looses his mind from its chains of convention, occasionally, and roams a bit himself, especially after a good dinner, when he is sitting before a wood fire, the cigars lit and nothing to be done. Psychologists

call this wandering of the wits "passive attention," but that need not bother you; it's really quite harmless. Perhaps it is the vestigial remnant of race character, from the days when our tribal ancestors were wanderers, going from one place, as food got scarcer there, to another. Or, perhaps, we all have a little of the blood of the Wandering Jew in our veins, a sort of visitation, so the godly might say, for the sin of a man, committed long ago.

We all build our castles in Spain, and make our "ideal tours" often. We feel that our surroundings oppress us, that they are dead, and unlike many dead things, they hold us no longer. Somehow we are never content, and can never be, for, despite our mystics and romanticists, happiness will not be attained. It is a negative quantity, a *fauz feu* that leads us wandering, sometimes into pleasant byways, but always futilely. The best we can do is to approximate happiness, to find the things that we most immediately desire, and to crush the unattainable into the shades of consciousness. We dream of something fine, and get it, and by the time it is vitiated, another more pressing desire has arisen, and we pass on to it, in a long succession of dead loves and new.

A great many of us, in visioning and mentally traversing lands foreign, and more rarely in going to them, find some suggestion of this will-o'-the-wisp happiness. More and more, this longing seems to assert itself, for our age is increasingly restive under the unchanging laws of society and the scenery of its proper vicinity. More often is a *Wanderjahr* taken. There seems, indeed, to be a heartening rebirth in the generation of the spirit called "Elizabetan," the desire to go a-journeying. Frequently we hear talk of going to China, where the jade gods are, or to Africa, with its diamonds and ivory, or to Seyros, where poppies and wild thyme grow, and the Grave is. Sometimes, too, we ourselves hear eagerly those who have gone and returned, and more eagerly, those who have gone many times. They are the ones that know, for they have not "done" Europe in three weeks.

Here our vagabond comes in. He can tell us about the stage door hangers on at the Theatre Royal in Copenhagen, or about the bookstalls on the quays of Havre (the last one I knew had a volume of

(Continued on Page 29)

Four Infinite Miles

By T. P. Bourland

When the Doctor announced that we, his class in Geology "I", would, at six-forty-five in the morning of the next Saturday, foregather at the Urbana station and proceed therefrom upon the inevitable field trip, we felt and looked depressed. As amateur geologists engaged in the academic pastime of eliminating our "science group" requirements, we were more than sure that the chilly hand of discipline had squeezed us, for once, too hard. To be abroad at such a ghastly hour, on such a day as Saturday,—heresy! imposition! When the Doctor observed this shocked dissatisfaction of ours, he assured us, with some quiet irony, that such procedure as he had spoken of was "being done"—that it had been done since the science of geology was first taught at this university. The Doctor further assured us that there were no discoverable ways, short of the way of Peer Gynt's trigger finger, of avoiding this trip and, at the same time, receiving credit in the course. Then, having instructed us as to the necessary car-tickets, tools, and lunches, he dismissed class.

Before the advent of Saturday I went through several phases of injured disgust. Like most amateur geologists, I intended to while away Friday evening at a dance. I pictured to myself the horrible weariness I should experience when, a scant six hours after that dance, my borrowed alarm-clock should rout me out. I imagined the dun gray of the corn belt as it would appear on that dreaded morning. I pitied myself by the hour. On Friday night I poured my grief into the hidden ears of my graceful partner, to the tune of Avalon. She was as sympathetic as might be expected of one who rarely saw daylight before eight. She said to me that the university was becoming Prussianized, and that the orchestra was keeping poor time. Absent-mindedly I agreed with her, and stepped on the heel of a total stranger. After midnight I retired, crushed, a martyr to science.

Saturday dawned as soon as it conveniently could, and the borrowed alarm-clock jangled my senses into activity. Semi-conscious, I groped my way to the shower, and there committed my body to the blank terror of cold water. In two splashing, puffing minutes I was a new man, with a new philosophy.

Be it said at this point that the phrase "to throw

cold water upon"—this or that is incorrect and inexpressive in its accepted use. "To throw cold water" upon a thing should express the idea of revivifying that thing, of giving it tone, vivacity, color—pink, healthy color. Cold water is a blessing, be it for bathing or drinking or filling oceans; but I digress.

I glanced through the window, and saw a clear gray sky which promised a fair blue day. My spirits rose and rose. I arrayed myself in wool and corduroy and flannel; I brewed black, aromatic coffee; I loaded my pockets with sandwiches—fine, oily bacon contraptions—and note-books, two pencils, two handkerchiefs, a copy of the Bab Ballads, and that murderous little pick-axe so dear to the soul of the seeker after rocks igneous and metamorphic. At the appointed time, six-forty-five or better, I came to the station, where some few of my fellow students had gathered before me. The Doctor was there too, dressed in stout garments and looking very boyish. Lined up at the ticket window, we were a varied group as far as appearance went, but in the matter of lightheartedness and joy-in-novelty we were homogenous. We giggled, we spoofed one another, we traded banalities. The car came in; we boarded it like pirates, and headed for Gray's Siding.

Mr. Gray, of Siding renown, also has a coal mine which he sponsors. Entrance to this mine, which is of the "stripping" sort—not the mysterious catacomb affair of shafts and tunnels—is made by way of a long inclined road, double-tracked for ore transportation. Down this incline we trooped, stepping aside for the passing and repassing ore-trains, stumbling over slabs of the shale which rose, in regular strata, on either hand.

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road!" quoted the Good Scout who strode beside me. I grinned agreement and relit my pipe. God was good. The dawn-predicted blueness of sky had come to pass; the air had a cleanly life about it.

The Doctor called a general halt, and, hammer in hand, climbed the sloping track-side a little distance.

"What rock is this?" he asked, chipping off a bit of flat, soft, gray stuff from the slope.

"Shale!" cried a voice from our ranks.

"Shale, yes;" continued the Doctor. "We discussed shale in class, you remember. It is very soft,

you see; it crumbles. It is only dried mud, as you know; mud, deposited—well, how *was* it deposited?" The question was aimed at me, and I replied:—

"It was laid down by the sea."

This fact I had learned from the book. It was shelved in my mind beside a fairish number of other facts, geological and otherwise, all procured from books and all ready to be trotted forth at an instant's notice. I had been asked what laid the mud down, and I went to the "mud" card in my mental index, found the answer, and brought it proudly forth, much as a faithful spaniel retrieves a stick for her master.

"The shale was laid down by the sea."

The Doctor passed on to other considerations, but my mind would not follow them. That fact which I had learned from the book refused to go back to its proper place in the index; it repeated itself to me—"the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,"—"shale laid down—here—by the sea"—; it varied its theme,— "here was the sea; here,"—"the sea was here, here." The words, the thought, became nearly meaningless through repetition, and I verily believe that another five minutes of that childish lunacy would see me hypnotized; but my mind suddenly ceased treading water, so to speak, and began to swim. That is: I woke up. "To be sure," said I to myself; "The sea! Right here, where I stand, there was once, ever so long ago, an ocean! A *real* ocean! Time passed, the water fell back, the land appeared, solid and dry."

Intent upon this new conception of reality, I peered curiously into the faces of my companions, seeking some outward evidence of a like vision. I saw only good health and courteous attention in those faces. They all had learned that the shale was laid down by a sea, but that sea, I fancied, was to them dry enough and small enough to be encompassed within the two covers of a book. No great archaic ocean, theirs, roaring and tossing on the edge of time,—but a still, small, theoretical pond of printers' ink. I decided to pay strict attention to the Doctor from then on.

We rambled *en masse* about the mine, taking notes of observed facts, tallying them with facts from our remembered books. The Doctor explained and questioned, led and suggested. We noted the coal, we noted the sand and gravel deposits, we noted the shale, we noted the soil. When we had "done" the mine we trooped back up the railroad incline and into the open prairie again, and down the road to the westward.

I swung into step beside a fine tall girl in a fur coat; I had seen her at the dance the evening before. She looked as sweet and fresh there on the country road as she had looked ten hours earlier; her hair

was perfectly marcelled. How a marcel is made to last over a night of slumber is a great mystery to me, but I have noted maidens from day to day who could make the decorative crimp last for a week. I felt strongly impelled to ask this class-mate of mine how she did it, but I am diffident in such matters; instead, I said:

"This isn't so bad, after all, is it?"

She gave me a sidelong, appraising glance, found me harmless, and replied.

"O'you mean this Cook's Tour? No, it isn't so *bad*—as it might be. It might be raining."

I felt a bit taken aback, but I tried again.

"Saw you at Bradley last night, didn't I?"

"Guess you did. I was there, all right. Rotten time. I kept thinking about this picnic all evening. The music wasn't so good, I thought."

I averted my face in shame. This was my own history she had been reciting. She continued:

"This whole business gives me a pain. They make you take science before they let you graduate, and on top of that they break into your beauty sleep to lead you around the state after a lot of rocks. If this wasn't a five hour course I would drop it."

"Well," I ventured, "I felt the same way you do about it until this morning. I guess I must be feeling extra well today. Probably you ate something that didn't agree with you."

She laughed. "You've got a funny line!" she said. "I rather like it. Tell me some more."

I was saved the embarrassment of saying that there wasn't any more to that line, by the voice of the Doctor, who had been striding ahead of the rest of us.

"We'll stop here just a minute."

We gathered around. The doctor stood by a small, dark gray bowlder, and addressed us, hammer in hand.

"What kind of rock?"

No one ventured a reply.

"We cannot take time to test it," said the Doctor, after some bootless questioning. "It is a quartzite. There are no quartzite deposits in this area. How did this bowlder get here?"

Somebody remembered the book again, and said "It was probably transported by a glacier."

"Correct, Mr. Smith. The fact of the matter is, the nearest known deposit of quartzite is in Canada. This quartzite bowlder has in all likelihood been carried from there by the last glaciation—twenty-five or thirty thousand years ago."

My class-mate powdered her nose.

In such a fashion we proceeded from point to point, listening and looking and learning—and taking
(Continued on Page 26)

A Dream City

BY GILBERT OSBORNE

SOMETIMES it is that we all dream, - of wondrous mystic cities visited, of strange peoples beheld, of vast waters, shimmering blue and white at our feet

So too have I dream-wandered. I have beheld vast domes, suffusing infinite realms of purple and silver with all the intangible radiance of an eastern dawn. I have seen pure maidens, regal in virgin white, with eyes that besought, and lips pleading, reclining in lonely beauty, amidst all the world's opulence; great jewels, sparkling sometimes with the glitter of serpent eyes, or gasping amid perfumes from the Hyrcan Fields, before draperies sheer as a moonbeam . . . Aye, all this, and myriad more.

But, while others dream a vast infinitude of things, there seems but this single vision allotted me,

a most powerful one, one whose sadness often brings me from my slumbers with an inchoate wail of sorrow on my lips.

I call it my city of the Days That Were to Have Been

It is there that I see ragged Youth bearing away gifts of silk and opals; Senility, (in the guise of youth), wandering through May-fields, as a merry troubadour; venerable Scholars, discoursing to great, attentive throngs. I see the Once-Blind (new children of this Arcady), beholding gay flowers and brilliant birds, in speechless ecstasy. And many more

But always last I behold a Lad, perhaps not beautiful to look upon, yet whose pipes seem to fill but with a plaintive burden in stately symphony.

BEFORE SAILING

By Lem Phillips

Let's drink a toast to ourselves, then, brothers,

A toast to men of our kind,

For we'll see no more of the others

When the pier head's left behind.

Let's drink a toast to the sailor man

In a draught of fiery liquor,

For we'll soon have done with the landsman clan

When the salt sea crusts our slicker.

The landsman's kind is not our kind.

He is bound by an earthen fetter,

And we are as free as the heaving brine,

And we count our freedom better -

Aye, better than the glowing hearth

Are the blue-green seas we roam,

And better the stinging gale from the north

Than the love of a lass-and home.

Aye, a loving lass, and a hearthstone warm

Are the strength of a man ashore,

But the strength of a ship in a rocking storm

Is ours, and we ask no more!

So drink! On the next tide we are sailing,

We who were born to roam,

And our lives like a white frothed wake go trailing

Till the sea has claimed its own.

THE ICEBERG

By Arthur R. Curry

We heard a call; we went on deck
 And saw a wondrous sight:
 A splendid mass of glittering ice
 Lay off upon our right.

Its top, as white as driven snow,
 Reached up into the clouds;
 Its base, also, with frozen foam
 Was whiter than our shrouds.

The mass itself was mainly blue,
 And as it rose and fell
 It drifted toward us, casting on
 Us all a kind of spell.

We watched it through the afternoon
 And on into the night,
 The pinnacles among the stars
 In motion! What a sight!

We sailed on south; it drifted north
 And left us on the lea.
 So passed in majesty sublime
 This monarch of the sea.



ETERNITY.

By ARTHUR R. CURRY

The morning, noon, and evening make the day;
 The summer, autumn, winter, spring, the year;
 Then after decades, centuries appear.
 Millenniums of time have passed away,
 But long before the planet's primal ray,
 So far that all creation surges near—
 And on as space extends beyond a sphere,
 The might of God had universal sway.

And after that which *future* now implies,
 When planets lose their heat and cease to be,
 The eons of eternity shall roll:
 And categories now beyond surmise
 Will help us comprehend infinity—
 The love of God in unimpeached control.

The Man Who Keeps the Uni in Hot Water

BY DOUGLAS HYDE

"Ladies 'n' gentlemen—" meet Mr. Joseph Albert Morrow, better known as "Joe." He is the man who is responsible for a part of the hot air we get in the class rooms. For he is officially known as the "Superintendent of Building and Grounds," whose duty is to keep the university in hot water, and see that the lights don't go out at Woman's Building dances, and to do many other useful things that no one else seems to want to do. He is the man who gets it in the neck if one of our morerotchety instructors does not like the particular brand of jazz that the radiators are playing, or if the telephone persists in getting the Department of Animal Husbandry instead of the Museum of European Culture. Job had nothing on him—"Joe" Morrow.

Like the Semitic merchant, he was born—"Yes"—and after a short sojourn in this vale of tears, he came to the University,—to work while he did a number of things. His chief duties seem to have been those of speedy plumber's helper, and furnace boy-in-ordinary. He says that it was only thru a sound knowledge of the Scriptures that many an obstreperous pipe joint, or clinker was overcome.

In those days there were two heating plants, one behind University Hall for the heating of the Hall and the Law Building, then devoted to the gentle art of pursuing the elusive Cl ion to its chlor-

ite, and the other for heating and power for the old Armory, standing where the present wood shops are. The Armory was used for other things than a drill hall; the shops were there, and the office of the *Illini* as well. It was "Joe's" duty to make things warm and moving for them, and very often of Saturday afternoons his none too princely salary was added to by the extent of a half-dollar or so as a persuasion to

keep the boilers going until the edition of the *Illini* could be run off by other than foot power. This, my children, is what is called "beginning at the bottom."

Finally, in 1900 he was appointed to the position that he now holds. His ability to see that all the freshmen's ink was scrubbed from chair arms, as well as to keep running expenses down to the minimum



(which seemed as enormous then as they seem small now) gained him a permanency which he has since administered well. For those were the days when janitors received sixteen cents for each hour's honest toil, and had to say "Yes, Sir," and "No, Sir," and "Please, Sir," and,—steel yourself,—tailors hesitated to charge twenty dollars for a suit of clothes.

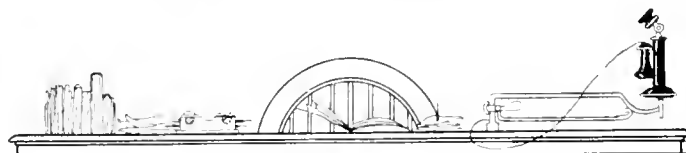
To call a man "self made" nowadays is a ticklish proposition, but one may safely call "Joe"

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THE · · · ILLINOIS · · · MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

GERALD HEWES CARSON
Editor



EDWARD F. LETHEN, JR.
Business Manager

Examinations

The semi-annual discussion of the fallacy of examinations as an institution, and of the obvious unfairness of those to which they have just been subjected, has been occupying the minds of the undergraduates for the last two weeks.

One often feels in these earnest discussions, which show so clearly and impartially how the system violates all the tenets of pedagogy and psychology, and how universal is the malign spirit among instructors which prompts them to spend endless ingenuity in devising trick questions, questions not touched upon in class, etc.,—one often feels that under the impressive exposition there is at work no more than an unenlightened self-interest. Life would be so much easier without exams! What eloquence does that fact, resting cosily in the back of the mind of each of us, lend to the discourse!

It is easy, with this attitude of mind, to say that examinations are a kind of threat, and that threats only awake the instinct of evasion; that examinations only require, as a contemporary has it, "a parrot-like reproduction of a certain number of assigned pages of reading"; that "the college should train its students to think rather than to memorize".

It is easy to forget that there is probably not a professor in an American college who would not reply to the latter assertion with, "Yes indeed; but how?" These sins cannot be charged against the system of examination. The abolishment of exams, unrestricted electives, the freedom of Continental universities in regard to class attendance, a faculty composed only of rare, vigorous, eloquent personalities,—in other words, all the appurtenances of an academic Utopia, will never be able to initiate one thought in a mind which shirks thinking.

We do not present the idea as a discovery. It is an old one. But we object strenuously to the practice of tricking out the aboriginal impulse to escape work whenever possible in the fine plumage of pedagogical theory. And we do object to criticism based upon the failure of examinations to inculcate a love of intellectual travail. That would be to expect the impossible. It would be far better to leave student thinking in the future, as in the past, a matter of individual choice and initiative; and concede to examinations, in so far as they help one to correlate, arrange, and assort his information, and to get a general perspective on the subject, a useful and necessary, if not particularly pleasant place.

Let's Try Laughing

We have alluded before on this page, in a mildly critical spirit, to the Representative Student. This mythical, yet, in a sense, vividly alive creature, entertains in common with the rest of humanity, a large and thriving flock of fallacies. But one of them which is peculiarly his own, and which he cherishes with stubborn affection, is based upon an error of thinking so blatant, that its riddance is devoutly to be desired, whether accomplished by the familiar, timely, and frequently unsuccessful act of resolution, or by act of God.

It has to do with the co-eds.

One of the current and pleasant assumptions of the Representative Student is that he is at once the spiritual guide and flagellation of the attractive sinners. Starting out with a keen awareness of all their little absurdities he runs the gamut from light satire through

more or less devastating epigrams and cynical witticisms to stupid, melodramatic denunciation as devoid of humour as Isaiah's celebrated remarks upon the daughters of Zion who walked with wanton eyes and tinkling feet. He hits off the little sins of the coed with a flippancy grown elephantine, tragic. He sighs dolorously over the fashions. The lightness, the incomprehensible preoccupation with trivial things in the woman undergraduates strikes him as monstrous. Like the hero of "Seventeen" he cries "Ye Gods!" at each new sign of feminine frailty: the sight of a rouge pot, the tale of a date ruthlessly broken, some new tiny manifestation of artifice.

He falls into his error because he views all these things as potent, and full of ominous significance. He has an interest in the coed which is second only to that which she has in herself. Her vital importance to him has given him astigmatism.

Don't tell her "*You mustn't do that!*". The reproof of childhood will probably call forth some such reaction of infancy as a pink tongue, impishly and insolently thrust out, and wiggling. Do not argue with her. It only flatters her in a new way, and may send her off at a tangent in search of all kinds of *intellectual* rats, galoshes, marceles, hairnets, and the rest. Don't refer to the Bible. It will only scandalize her. Don't speak of maternity. She will powder her nose. But there is still one shaft which spreads horror and tremors from the first twang of the bowstring—*ridicule!*

Let's try laughing!

The Symphony Course

Of the symphony, it may be said that there are those who go—and those who don't. Of the former—very much in the minority, as one would expect—there are those who listen—and those who don't. Of those who listen—very much in the minority, as one would expect—there are those who really understand what they are trying to appreciate—and those who don't.

To those of us who go, listen, and appreciate, the indifference of the great majority is inexplicable. It is not that we would urge it upon them that their very presence here confesses to a desire for an education, and that an important phase of that education might be more fully developed in watching Mr. Oberhoffer play upon (the figure is a good one; let it stand!) his symphony orchestra. No indeed! Such a breach of taste would scare the timid seeker after self-development into the fastnesses of the pool halls, and the inmost recesses of the confectionery booths.

It is not that we have been infected by the insidious "reform" virus. The whole matter is merely this: in passing up the humanities entirely for the billiard cue, the tea cup, the chess board, the vaudeville and its silent sister, they are missing something which we look upon and find good, and listen to and find stimulating, and which, after all, is as near free as good things can possibly be in an admittedly imperfect world.



On Being Funny

By G. V. Buchanan, *Editor of the Siren*

Go on reading—it isn't what you think its going to be at all. Your orator is neither pretending he is humorous, nor is he intimating that he can produce humor on the printed page—he edits it, and in this exercise he merely discusses the pits and pit falls that till the path of the editor of a campus humorous publication.

It is, as a rule, better to write post-impressions on a subject such as this. One feels so much safer, as if the state of being such and such a thing existed in the dim past rather than in the glaring present.

But to tell now, just what is what behind the scenes in the mythical office from which the *Siren* is published—Ah! that is yet another thing.

But—having started the impressions of the present—let us continue. Every rose has its thorn, every diamond its sharp edges, and every *Siren* her tins. So be it—we can't change it ourselves. When one discovers that he has been elected an editor, not of the *Siren* in particular, but of any publication, the first thought is "where can I get some of the 'mighty fine'," which of course means that with which successes have been celebrated since time immemorial. Now-a-days, that being non-procurable, or nearly so, he doesn't find it and therefore has to start his editorial life under a handicap.

He repairs to his new office (provided there is one) and prepares for the deluge of copy and contributions. That is his first mistake. He should have known better.

For days he waits, like a lawyer who has just hung up his shingle, or a spider cogitating on the probable entrance of a fly. Like both, he is bound to be disappointed. The "dead line" arrives days before he even knew there was such a thing, and there is no copy to be had. Therefore he writes the edition himself, draws half the pictures, if he is cursed with a little ability to draw, and the public howls in disapproval. That is customary, it has happened since those days, some eight or nine years ago when "B" Ward and Poe Field and several other fellows got together and started the *Siren* on her path. It will probably happen for many more years—or as long as there is a *Siren* and an editor.

The second edition, the editor assures himself (they are always optimists) will have plenty of material. So he goes into the high ways and by ways of the campus and culls copy—he wheedles, begs,

steals and even hints at buying copy. Then he repairs to the sanctum to edit it. The first sheet goes into the waste basket, and the next and the next receives the same treatment. When all have been read and rejected, the editor tears his hair madly, then reaches into the basket, re-reads the manuscript and accepts it. The edition appears.

The third edition, the fourth and (but we haven't got that far in experience yet) receives even less copy—some is turned in, so poor that it cannot be used, and the rest so good that the editor is afraid to use it for fear he will lose his own small reputation as a humorist. This fact can be ascertained by a few moments of conversation with almost any unsuccessful contributor. So the editor writes the rest—or better still (for the reader) "lifts" it from some contemporary. After the fourth edition—well time will tell, we hope it tells in volume of contributions.

Editors are a cheerful lot as a rule. They use the word "damn" and the faculty doesn't like it. They fail to use it and the students don't like it,—and the editor smiles, a sickly sort of a smile and say "*C'est la guerre*," then laughs raucously, not knowing what it means. (We have intimated that they are cheerful.)

The shyest of the co-eds trips in with a simple wheeze that would make Boccaccio blush with shame. Printed, it would make the editor flush with blame, and rush for a train away from the vicinity of the powers that censor. Therefore, his collar being in the laundry, he doesn't print it.

The loud mouthed, self-pushing campus celebrity comes up with a wheeze that wouldn't give a nit-wit a rise and seeks its publication. It is usually "something in the way of poetry," he explains; it is usually "*something in the way of poetry*." For example:

*The moon shone on the levee,
And on Marybelle and me;
But we only made one shadow,
How, tell me, could that be?*

If that isn't *in the way of poetry*, nothing is in its way.

On the whole, poetry flows in by the yard—and so, through the editorial window. It is good, bad and indifferent. Some of it fails to come under a classified head. It is neither good, bad nor indifferent, it is *vers libre*. Delicate bits like:

*"In the fields flit butterflies, In my heart songs:
Behold, I have caught one."*

Which is neither poetry, prose nor common sense. If he has caught one of the songs, as we take it he means he has, why doesn't he sing it instead of telling about it like a man who has just made Scull and Crescent or Theta Nu Epsilon? Anyway, if the verse is free that's bad enough, the poet shouldn't be. Which may mean either one of two things—or both.

Then there is the conscientious youth, who having procured a *risqué* photograph of some campus feminine in a compromising pose, gives it to the editor predicting that it would be a "scream" in the *Siren*. And he's right—it would also cause a vacancy on the editorial staff, a—(we flatter ourselves)—a serious vacancy. Those photographs we are reserving for a strictly private project-o-scope demonstration on the last day of school.

The student who came from the east to attend a real university, comes in with one like this:

I started out to study law,

To take my place before the bar;

But met a poetess from Lima

And so became a Lampoon rhymers.

The lines of which are supposed to rhyme aa, bb,—but don't.

An instructor holds one after class and whispers, "I have a remarkably witty contribution," and proceeds to tell one that is musty with age. The man who sits in the next seat in the laboratory comes out with a scintillating bit about rolled hose, thinking he has a remarkable idea. The girl you take to Mosi's puts in a bit she read somewhere, she isn't sure just where, and the one you know only slightly whispers

a contribution that even Captain Billy would consider long before publishing.

The editorial waste basket receives many bits that are startlingly good—yet equally as startlingly indecent. Those pages of copy kinda stick to the fingers and drop reluctantly into the basket—but what's the use? We are in a period of Puritanical journalism.

But—these things being counteracted by the few willing hands who do turn out acceptable copy—and there are some shining lights, the next question is with the art department. Business, thanks to the powers, is taken care of elsewhere, which is the reason money is made in the publishing game. Also the art department as a rule, takes care of itself. Strangely, one who can draw, thinks he can, and does; while one who can write too often fails to see the goodness of his writing and hesitates to submit it. So—the art staff usually does its work and if the art editor doesn't fall in love and forget to take the copy down, it usually turns up in time for the edition.

The reward, if reward there be to a non-athletic campus position, comes when those few persons who happen to know the editor (there are many who don't know there is such a person) clap him on the back and say, "A darned fine issue old fellow." They may be spoofing, probably are, but nevertheless a glow of warmth goes down the editorial spine and the editorial one has a great desire to write poems about the greatness and fineness of human nature and to embrace the universe.

And that's that.

HOMO SAPIENS

By DWIGHT DRISCOLL.

O h, mountains strong and roses sweet!
By G. V. Buchanan, *Editor of the Siren*
And deserts' wastes and oceans' sweep,
Are one to me in name!

I am part of the fairy cloud,
I'm the son of the roaring sea—
And Desert's wind and changing sands
All Nature's kin to me!

I'm the depth and summit of Life,
I'm all that was or is to be,
I'm the start and finish of all,
I'm the soul and end of Destiny!

The Boneyard

By Malcolm Bryan

To the average student at Illinois, the Boneyard is not a thing to wonder at, nothing in fact at all remarkable; Champaign's bubbly creek, that's all; an eyesore that should be removed or submerged or decently eliminated. But like most drab things, it has a romance behind it, invisible to the unpracticed eye, but nevertheless there. It is with the hope to wave a wand over this Cinderella of creeks, (stronger than roses but no sweeter), and transforming it, if not to a thing of beauty, at least to something a trifle more refined than now serves to sweeten the imaginations of most of us when we hear of the Boneyard, that this article is written.

Once upon a time, before Gillette and his safety, before Sitting Bull stole horses, even before that bold man, M'zuma, was a king in Mexico, there was a Lake hereabouts. Roughly, it extended from Third Street on the east to the city park of Champaign on the west, a distance of about eight blocks; and from north to south, it covered the territory from the Big Four tracks to a line parallel with the southern boundary of the University golf links. As lakes go, it was not much in size, and yet, in comparison with our present "Crystal" Lake, it no doubt had a number of creditable distinctions. At any rate, it quite unwittingly left the campus with one of its most widely-heralded and thoroughly-notorious features. For all well-behaved, self-respecting lakes, you know, must have either an inlet or an outlet, and sometimes both, according to the current style. Lake Mud, let us call it (conjectural restoration), had an outlet. This outlet flowed eastward through a gap in the glacial morains enclosing the lake; and this outlet, in most of the University district, flowed in the form of a wide, shallow slough between what are now Green and Healy Streets. He is a poor guesser who cannot tell that this was: the Boneyard! Yes, the very same; with the one exception that it ran on the surface of the ground, and not in its present artificial channel.

Now, of course, the first question of interest is how the Boneyard got its name. There are several stories, some more absurd than others. One is that our worthy predecessors here established Urbana on the site of an ancient Indian village of the Illini tribe, and that when they excavated for some of their business buildings, the Flatiron building for instance, they found a number of graves. The discovery

led them to give the district the name "boneyard", a name which gradually attached itself to the swamp around there, and particularly to the slough. As for this story, perhaps the best word of comment would be that now famous Wilsonian eruptive, "Tut! Tut!" For while there is considerable evidence to show that Urbana is located near a former Indian village, possibly of the Illini, and while a number of Indian graves have been discovered in the outskirts of Urbana, there is yet no good reason to credit these few yards of bones with the origin of the term, "boneyard." In the first place the name of the stream antedates the construction of the Flatiron building, or of any of the Urbana business buildings, by several generations. In the second place, my own corps of highly-paid, expert geologists assures me that the outlet of Lake Mud flowed precisely over the spot where the Flatiron building now stands; so that it could not have been profitably used as a graveyard, even by an ingenious tribe such as the Illini was and is. So much for that. Other people, very ignorant ones probably, have cynically suggested that our creek derives its cognomen from the annual assembly of several thousand boneheads on its banks. This explanation I, for one, choose to ignore. That it is a base slander, any Indian stalwart can emphatically inform you. There is, however, another story of the origin of the name Boneyard, which is well authenticated. Here is the tale as nearly as I can get it:

Lake Mud lasted until comparatively "modern" times. When it evaporated, it left two legacies: a very swampy swamp, and the afore-mentioned slough, which formed a sort of central trough through the swamp. This swamp was not important because of its size, or its beauty, nor because it was to become the site of one of the world's greatest universities. Rather it gained prestige from the fact that it was located in a prairie country, with a few streams and fewer lakes, and had, therefore, to serve as the watering place for a great many animals. Among these were large herds of buffalo. Now, since the buffalo came in unwieldy herds and because the Creator made him an awkward, unintelligent brute anyway, it happened that every year, when the rainy season began, there were hundreds of these beasts who became permanently mired in the mud which is now our Campus. Their "bones" remained. This

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The Editor's Holiday

The Dartmouth *Bema* prints in a recent number, with appropriate apologies to the editors of *The Smart Set*, an extended *resume* of some of the popular beliefs of the Dartmouth student body. There follow what I believe to be some of the typical beliefs which one encounters in the student body of Illinois—all of which are general enough for serious consideration, and whose separate and distinct varieties of error and degrees of absurdity are to be accepted as matters of fact.

THE ILLINOIS CREDO

1.

That all sorority girls will "pet."

2.

That the climate of Illinois is abominable, but that it is nice here in the spring.

3.

That people who don't live in Chicago are rather to be pitied.

4.

That all Orpheum chorus girls are homely when you get close to them.

5.

That there is a fine thing called "Illinois Spirit" which is peculiar to this institution.

6.

That the only place one can get an education is at a big university, and that this is the biggest one on earth.

7.

That symphony concerts are a bore.

8.

That concerted rooting from the bleachers wins football games.

10.

That there is no such thing as snobbishness at Illinois.

11.

That our co-eds are below the average of other colleges in attractiveness.

12.

That each new dean of women is more incompetent than her predecessor.

13.

That Michigan is egotistic, Wisconsin frivolous, and Indiana immoral.

14.

That the university isn't what it used to be.

15.

That the profs are the natural enemies of the undergraduates.

16.

That each new crop of freshmen is more verdant and more sublimely unconscious of its innocence.

17.

That Dean Thomas Arkle Clark knows every man in the university and whether he plays poker or not.

18.

That only underclassmen plaster their suitcases with rah-rah pennants.

19.

That the wives of all profs have to do their own washing.

20.

That people who talk about Illinois' cultural deficiencies would be of more service to the alumni mater if they would learn to sing "Oskee-Wow-Wow" correctly.

Outpost Duty on the Border

By H. L. McEldowney

Months of routine in a cavalry camp had grown more than monotonous. So it was with delight that I learned from the first sergeant, as I pried Arizona rock from B Troop hind feet, that I was to relieve Charlie Woods at outpost duty. I packed my equipment, saddled little 25 horse, and headed for Slaughter's ranch, some twenty miles from Douglas.

We took up a smart trot till we had skirted the rifle range and commenced the ascent up out of the valley and into the hills. Sub Caliber mountain rising on our right, with Washington's Nose lying off to the left. (I say we, for little 25 was a buddy as well as a beast of burden). Another half hour in the saddle and I found myself in country altogether new to me. The trail led, twisting, thru the ravines, steep, rocky, and cacti studded mountains rising abruptly on either side. We dipped down into and clambered out of dried up stream beds, and now and then we were forced to leap washouts left by the torrents of the rainy season. We paused once,—I dismounted, took a swig from the luke-warm canteen, moistened the horse's nostrils with a dampened cloth, mounted, and rode on.

The country became rugged as we pushed forward, the mesquite more sparse, the cacti varied and rank, and there was never a sign of water. Dust rose in little puffs from the tired horse's hooves and the creaking of saddle leather was the only sound, heat waves the only movement. Then the sun dipped behind the rugged peaks and riding became more comfortable. Shortly the first sign of life in miles appeared, up a gully to the left, a slab-sided range cow, looking much as the country about her,—drab, dry, and lonely, run largely to horn and shank with a knot of whang-leather beef here and there beneath a cacti and rock scarred hide. Not much resemblance to the fat cattle seen in the pastures of God's country.

We had become heartily tired, little 25 and I, when without warning the trail cascaded from the mesa into a valley. There lay a ranch house, nestling among great cotton-woods, back of it the corals, and there, wonder of wonders, was *water*, cool with the flickering shadows of the whispering cotton woods, a shimmering path of gold leading across it to the setting sun.

I reined in the now impatient horse, stretched in the stirrups a moment, and looked about satis-

fied that it was a pretty fine old world after all. There lay the ranch house, trees, water,—further down the valley I could see the white shimmer of a narrow stream, another clump of trees, the khaki tents of the detachment, the picket line with a score of horses munching their evening meal—tossing nose bags and stamping hooves—and there, off to the right, where the floor of the valley widened, were green fields of alfalfa, ponds, adobe shacks, a truck patch, and back of it, purple against the skyline rose the mountains of Mexico.

I gave little 25 his head and we dropped from the sunburnt mesa down into this valley of life and growth. We drank at the spring, and then on into camp. Soon 25 was tossing a nose bag with the best of them and I—well, there was lots to talk of but the blackbird slum-gullion wouldn't permit of speech. But there is a limit to all things, even to the capacity of a soldier, and soon I was squatting at the mesquite-root fire, lending ear to tales of fact and fancy. There were accounts of life inside and outside the army; fish stories that put to shame all precedent yarns that grew as a snow ball, with repeated telling. There were experiences with bad men and bad horses; tales of shooting and stabbing; and Profit related an incident that occurred during the Mexican Expedition of '16, wherein nine men encamped in a lone shack were surprised in the night by guerillas, and seven massacred, while two crawled away in the dark and confusion to set the relief detachment that arrived next day, out on the trail of the Greasers. They penetrated two hundred miles into Mexico but the trail was a blind one and the expedition, like many another, was a failure.

The days that followed were filled with interest and action. There were rabbits, ducks, and quail to be transplanted from native haunts to Joe's slum-gullion kettles. Back in the Chiracahans there were deer,—scarce, but still there, for we traded old Estes a tin of bacon for a quarter of venison. And there were rattlers among the rocks, and a coyote chorus rose and fell with the dusk and dawn.

But it wasn't just one round of pleasure, for there was work that had to be done,—grooming, horse exercise, stable police, and kitchen police, the same as in Douglas, though lighter and more agreeable here, with picket-line and camp guard. There was a patrol to be made every day over the fourteen



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rugged miles, thru the mountains, to Estes' ranch. Three men made the patrol, riding over in the forenoon, chowing at the ranch, and returning by dusk. Old Estes owned a few hundred head of cattle and the patrol was maintained both to safeguard his property against cattle thieves from across the Border and to form a connecting link between civilization and this little ranch where the man carried a Winchester in the crook of his arm, the boy ran always barefoot, and the old lady smoked Bull Durham and rolled her own.

There were jack rabbits' and quail startled from their retreat by the pounding of iron shod hooves on the rocks, and we learned to watch for a bald eagle that soared and circled overhead as we mounted the highest point of the trail. We brought old Estes and his wife tobacco, and they repaid us with cold biscuit and milk.

Both at Estes' and Slaughter's we saw roping and branding. Old Slaughter, one of the last of the old cowmen, owned forty five thousand acres, in Mexico and out, over which ranged thousands of lean cattle, and the old man, well into the seventies, covered many miles between sun-up and sun-down, always astride the same roan pony, with a well worn stock saddle and a pearl handled .38 hung at the horn. He was quite a character, had been in this Border country for over thirty years, and from a small start of a few score cattle, largely run in from Mexico, his lands and herds had grown to their present size. It had not been all peace and quiet,—there had been border raids, greaser and gringo rustlers and this old man short, slight, and stooped, with small guarded hands was credited with having "planted" twenty odd men in his border career. And when we think of the Border as it was in the later eighties,—theft and blood shed,—this isn't so strange nor hard to believe.

It is love of nature and a lively imagination that has made these days spent in the open mean so much to me,—remain so vividly in my memory. Stand upon the look-out post at Slaughter's ranch, as the east flames red with the coming day, and look for miles in any direction, the air clear as crystal. Hear the cries of wheeling snipe, the whirl of startled quail,—see the bounding jack or cotton tail, or the teal and mallard beating by, high over head, toward the marshes. Feel the presence of life,—the darting lizard, its rapid movement alone making it visible against the protecting rocks, or hear the gliding coils, perhaps the tensing whirl, of a rattler. Then as the sun rears in the east, and the shadows of brush and rock dart out, dark blots upon the gray brown sands, look to the south. There lies old Mexico, purple tinted sage, with the frowning

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had been the immemorial drama of nature for generations. When the white man began his invasion of the continent, a change occurred. Civilization began its westward march, and the Indians and buffalo were crowded more and more to the west. So it was that around Champaign the herds kept coming in ever increasing numbers, and though crowded into a region too narrow to support them, they survived for a time. Finally, however, after successive years of drought, which even the Prayer for Rain commemorated in the statue of our Champaign Indian could not allay, the demands on the little swamp became too great and it was turned into a huge muddy wallow, devoid of food and without water. It was a tragedy for the buffalo. Thousands of them starved to death, or died of thirst. For some miles around, the land was, here and there, dotted with their skeletons. It was indeed a yard of bones.

Thus the Indians and the early white travelers came to designate what is now Champaign County, and parts of adjacent counties, as the "boneyard." Gradually, however, when the pioneers took up much of the land about here as farms, the bones were cleared away, and the term lost its significance for the greater section of this erstwhile swampy territory. The name was now applied only to the swamp proper. Then, Urbana, for some unaccountable reason grew up on the edge of the gradually narrowing morass; and with the growth of Urbana more land was drained, and the debris of bones removed, thus further narrowing the region known as the bone yard. When the townspeople spoke of the Boneyard, they referred to it as the slough proper, and not as half a county which had been cleared of its grisly relics. So it was that like a shrinking frontier the swamp retired, and the boneyard grew narrower and narrower, until today nothing is left but an artificial little stream which cuts through the Campus, and is always soapy on Mondays, nothing, that is, but a name. And even the name outlawed; for Dr. Gregory, first Regent of the University of Illinois, so admired our water course that in a topographical flight of fancy he dubbed it, with its now official name,—*"Silver Creek."* And so, disreputable though it now seems, let it be remembered that the Boneyard has had a notable past. Over its waters now little more than the nemesis of the effete freshmen, or at best a minor problem in draining engineering, have swept the generations of life, races of man and beast, and the refining hand of European civilization. Of the Boneyard, the men of the newer Illini tribe, palefaced and effeminate maybe, have created the Campus we admire and the University we revere. Is not this, after all, an epitome of life, the struggle with a frontier, the subduing of savagery, the clip-



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ping of nature's bloody claw, the elimination of the grosser horrors of earth's rough, rude boneyard, and the establishing in its stead of learning and labor and the refinements of life. And so, dear readers, Hlini living so peacefully by this now decorous river Styx, when you regard the Boneyard, look not merely at its meanness and squalor, but cast your eye toward the past, and in the dark backward and abysm of time behold the grim processional of animal and man across its primaeval wallow, their struggles, their failures, their monumental yards of bones, and read in the better destiny of our paved, electric-lighted, and steam-heated age the record of our liberation, our rise. Is it not a drama of interest that fate has unrolled here by this shallow stream? And are we not minded of our origins to think what we have done and are doing with what for the earlier Hlini was nothing and could be nothing but indeed a Boneyard?

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Morrow by that name. He knows his field. Nothing pleases him more than to catch up some one of our engineering professors on a technical question. In the scramble he has found time to accumulate a family (two of his sons are in our happy midst), as well as property, for it is rumored that he is some-

thing of a gentleman farmer. Others have seen his worth, but somehow he has preferred to stay here and be the Father, with Shorty Fay as the Son, and the University Appropriation as Holy Ghost, and "D. O. B." and "Missus" Richards among his chief prophets.

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ing notes. As we delved into the evidences of dead ages I experienced a mounting sense of remoteness from things of the present. I was, exteriorly, alert enough to take notes, and to listen to the Doctor's remarks. Subconsciously, however, I subsided gradually into the state of some ageless sprite, with the power to wander back into the misty youthful days. I sensed the presence of vanished mountain-chains, and the surf of a vanished sea.

By noon we had covered the four-odd miles between the Siding and the station of Hillery; we found ourselves at the base of a sizeable mound, in the middle of a well-kept cornfield. The Doctor spoke, amid a general poising of pencils.

"You have not taken up any such feature as this in class, but you will next week. This is called a kame; it is a feature peculiar to terminal and sometimes recessional topography."

These were long words, but we knew what they

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meant. We had learned them from the book. The Doctor continued:

"At the edge of an ice-sheet, the melting ice in places forms rivers which issue from the glacier and flow out over the plain. The sediment from the water collects and forms a delta at the foot of the glacier. When the glacier has melted away, the low, rounded hill of sediment remains. That is what this is," and he indicated the mound with a sweep of his hand.

I, dreaming, looked at the mound, all planted with straight rows of corn, and I fancied that, above it, I could see a great chill cliff of dirty ice, and a river hurling itself down from the height of it, and—on either hand, a desolate arctic vista of ice-encrusted hills and ravines; no animals, no men, no growing things.

.

The Doctor looked at the sun, then at his watch.

"That is all," he said. "There will be a car directly. Let us go to the station."

We'd but a few moments of waiting in the dirty little track-side shelter before the Danville car whistled in. When I had settled myself in the sunny side of that car, elbow on sill, eyes on horizon, the past few hours receded like a day-dream. Where had I been? In the archaic past, surely; now I was

returned to the known things of the present; I sat by a window of miraculous transparent glass, in a vehicle which was the magical product of modern ingenuity. I had been considering the crawling, frigid glaciers; I sat in the flying little interurban car. A far cry—. Mentally, I shook myself. There I sat, on dusty red plush, just awakened from a dream that was a journey of four miles; four miles of coal bed, cornfield, and quiet meadow—four miles of eternity and eternal history—four miles, or four million years; what matter? I suddenly felt the wind blow cold from some chink in the window-frame, and I gathered the collar of my mackinaw closely about my neck. My erstwhile companion, three seats ahead, delicately adjusted her perfect hair. The car scurried busily on toward Danville.

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gray of rugged peaks jutting the distant horizon. Mesquite, sage, and cacti throw a threadbare cloak over the naked sand and rock.

Face the north,—the belching stacks of the Douglas smelters twenty miles away loom clear. One feels that but a few minutes in the saddle would cover the intervening distance quite easily. From the stir of civilization turn again to the south. There stretches the wilderness, unchanged by the hand

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of man. Vast, rugged, cruel, lie the plain expanses and the mountains, destitute of life, but for the lone Texan longhorn seeking the protection of the distant water hole e'er the tortuous heat of noon overtakes it.

What is that which moves quickly across the distant skyline and then slowly down the nearer slope? Adjust the glasses and four riders, in single file, appear as though by magic. Distinguish their features, note the dress, although they are still miles distant. They are Yaqui Indians, riding in from their mountain fastnesses far to the south, to barter for the rancher's tobacco and canned goods.

The sun climbs higher, the heat increases, the eyes dazzled and vision blurs. Lay aside the useless glasses, and take one last view of the plains no longer purple, now a glaring yellow under the blinding sun. —Old Mexico, the land of mystery, where many have gone never to return, for they know not the paths.

(Continued from Page 10)

Fichte that he bought there), or of the dancers of the Café Gris in Port Said. And that is what we all like. We don't want to know how high Mont Blanc is, nor just why the *Arc de Triomphe* was built, but we do want to know whether the guides on the Mont get drunk and beat their wives, or not, or whether

the Arc is still firm on its foundations. To be trite, the vagabond has the common touch, and we listen to him, therefore, and envy him.

But as a matter of fact, is there any real need to envy him? We can be like him too, if only we dare to take our hearts in our hands, and do one-thousandth of those suppressed things we would like to do. Suppressed desires, many of them proper, are one of mankind's largest burdens. And too often the *Wanderlust* is a wrongly suppressed desire. Despite the many platitudes about the matter, I reiterate that travel, as a vagabond, does broaden a man. It gives him a store of memories which in future days will suffice his last feeble years immeasurably.

Come on, then, let's don corduroys and velvet vests, and go to seek the Flaming Tinnan, and by all events buy us Barcelona handkerchiefs for our necks, and red caps for our heads. Where shall we go? Small matter—we can search the copses and dingels for Isopel Berners, or go to India, for Jasper Petulengro came from there, or happen into France at Noel-time and drink hot, spiced wine with the peasants. But first of all let's take

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(Continued from Page 9)

two hundred dollars' worth, the second for five hundred. No coin was indeed produced, but a check book was passed around, and one after another they wrote checks for appalling sums.

"Better take a hundred to start with," whispered Jack as Albert's turn approached.

"Twenty-five dollars' worth," he said.

Low groans and a hiss or two greeted this parsimony.

But Albert, though much abashed, stood firm. He filled out a check for twenty-five dollars, "changed-over" to the bank in his home town.

The game began. Jack had previously ascertained that Albert was acquainted with the cards and with the simple rules of poker. As a matter of fact, with his superb self-confidence, he played rather well. He began to win. Whether it was really skillful bluffing and beginner's luck, or whether it was part of the plot and the others played into his hands, before an hour had passed putative thousands of dollars' worth of chips were stacked before him. Naturally he was excited. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes gleamed. The others bought new piles of ivory, again writing huge checks, while all he had to do was to return half a dozen counters to the banker and receive his own check back.

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The game went on. Just why the white-garbed brethren enjoyed it so much is not quite clear, but they certainly did. Albert drank deep of Bevo, and puffed, more cautiously, fortunately, at his cigar. And still he won.

The others began, apparently, to grow peevish over their losings. They eyed him darkly, suspiciously.

"It's d—d funny!" was the burden of their audible asides.

At last one of them, cleaned out again, was outspokenly angry:

"See here, young Reuben! Are you playing straight?"

"Of course I am," said Albert truthfully. "It's just my luck." He was deprecatory, but not in the least intimidated.

"Well, I'll see about that!" returned the other. He produced a revolver and threw it on the table.

"If we catch you in any phony business—" he threatened.

But the others suppressed him. Another hand was dealt. They began to play it.

Suddenly:

"Aha!" cried the truculent one.

He reached across the table and snatched a card from Albert's sleeve. (How it got there Albert never



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knew.)

"Caught!" shrieked the snatcher. "A blackleg! And you posed as such a goody! Ha! I'll show you!"

He caught up the revolver, aimed it at Albert's head, and fired. And the lights went out.

Albert felt a pressure on his arm and caught Jack's loud whisper at his ear:

"Skip! Run for it!"

And, grasping the fact that he was somehow still alive, he scrambled for the door, tumbled down the stairs, and disappeared.

Then Fatty turned on the lights again, and the choice spirits of Alpha Omega, discarding hoods and gowns, hugged one another in tempestuous glee. For a long merry hour, with laughter that reduced some of them to tears, they rehearsed all the funniness of Albert—and finished the Bevo.

But he laughs longest who laughs last. Olive Lambert, with a girl's greater maturity, had perceived the solid worth in Albert, which the light-minded A. O.'s had overlooked, and when the beautiful climax was uproariously related to her, she took it rather soberly. Eventually she wrote to Albert and explained the hoax, with softening allusions to the fact—and it was a fact—that, though completely taken in, he had borne himself well throughout. And the next fall Albert returned to the University as a

regular freshman. With his huge strength he made the Freshman Varsity. He soon acquired, with some hints from Olive, the sophistication he had lacked with respect to neckties and forks. In his second year he was actually taken into Alpha Omega, where he set a standard of scholarship that made things uncomfortable for Jack and Fatty. And two years after his graduation—alas, poor Fatty—he married Olive Lambert, who now reigns as queen on his thousand acres of cornland and is planning to enter Albert, Jr., at Illinois for the class of 1930.

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The ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

March

Vol. XI

Number 4

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Published by the Illini Publishing Company during the college year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois. Office, 106 University Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Subscription, \$1.50 per year. Out of town subscriptions, \$2.00. Single copies, 25 cents.



Drawn from a photograph by C. Earl Bradley

Thomas Arkle Clark, whose most recent achievement has been his successful campaign against Theta Nu Epsilon at the University of Illinois. Dean Clark tells on page 6, how it came to pass that he held in his hands the charter of Alpha Chi at Theta Nu Epsilon within two weeks after he started his public campaign against the organization.



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Pianist--Financier--Philanthropist

An Interview with Arthur Shattuck

BY JAMES CLINTON COLVIN



WHEN Arthur Shattuck walked out to his piano on the stage of the Auditorium at eight fifteen—or thereabouts—on the evening of March ninth, to play the fifth number of the Star Course, I said to myself, as I watched his quick step and the energetic, business-like bearing with which he seated himself at the piano, "Truly, here is an American". The total absence of affectation in his bearing, and the efficient way in which he got down to the business of the evening, without the dalliance so inseparable from the stage "business" which the virtuoso usually insists upon, affected me pleasantly and deeply. And when I went to see him after the concert, I found one of the most interesting men I had ever met, and one who measured up to his stage appearance to a most surprising degree.

Fineness, excellence, feeling; these are the three words which come to one first in describing his playing. One finds the same qualities in his personality. For his is a most sympathetic one. I could not but wish that Stuart Pratt Sherman, part of whose business as a critic has been the ferreting out and definition of some of the finer qualities in Americanism might have known him. To me he appears to be not a typical, but an excellent example of the capacities for refinement and productive art

which we like to think are a part of the "national genius."

"We could have told that you were an American simply by your manner", I told him, after I had been introduced.

"And there is nothing of which I could be more proud," he replied. And then: "I had a distinct feeling tonight that I was being followed with exceptional attentiveness. It was an inspiration. It was an unusually appreciative audience, though sometimes the appreciation was expressed in an unusual way."

Then he smiled. I do not wish to be thought sentimental. But his smile was actually sweet; so sincere, so complete was it! Most artists, I have noticed, have the firefly smile. They flicker beautifully at you, and then die out as suddenly as they came, leaving the face in darkness. But this was a smile that was irresistible. If smiles can be classified as to continents, because of its openness, frankness and straightforwardness, I like to think of Arthur Shattuck's smile as distinctly American.

"How do college audiences rank with others?" he was asked. The question seemed to perplex him.

"A gentleman asked me that this afternoon," he said, and I was taken aback. I had not classi-

fied my listeners, you see, and I really could not say; but you people seemed to follow me better than did those in the Chicago audiences. You kept still through Mendelssohn, and that is always the test. That is always the one test. Is there such a thing as a clinic of musicians? I rather felt tonight that I was playing before that kind of a body."

Arthur Shattuck is tall and slender; he has a mass of iron gray hair, parted a bit on one side and waving down over his forehead; and he has a little way of smiling out of his brown eyes; a rather large nose for the rest of his features; and a "wilsonian" mouth. When I saw him from my place in the audience I judged that he was about fifty years old; but when I came face to face with him I knew at once that he could not be more than forty. The greyness in his hair must be in a large part natural color. Then too there are lines in his face which say that he has seen some of the hardships of Belgian women, laboring up to the door of his Paris home for refuge; lines which say that he has known some of the great pity that anyone must have felt at seeing merely the awful inanimate pre-maturely gray. So maybe the silver there is not all a natural inheritance. But Shattuck always smiles;—he radiates good will.

His personality is a combination of middle-west Americanism, of Yankee-ism and of the French. The one thing about him which irritates me is the fact that his father is a paper manufacturer. That I suppose, is really no fault of the pianist. No doubt if there had not been the wealth amassed from the publishers of this state and those surrounding, there would have been not pianist. Silver notes from the piano of Arthur Shattuck have been partly made possible by silver notes, contributed to the family coffers from the purses of our editors. But Arthur Shattuck is more than a pianist. He is a philanthropist.

"I always feel so sorry for the artist who is forced either to go into other work or to starve at the one which he loves," he told me. "I have aided American musicians of poor means a trifle during the war."

I learned afterwards that the "trifle" was \$60,000.

His father left him an estate of that value in Wisconsin, where the pianist was born, and Shattuck found that he could live with what he made from the recitals, even though the American artist is often received with the suspicion of a prophet in his own country. It is a strange thing that the Made In America campaign does not touch the realm of music. Well, I learned too that an elegant home in Paris had been turned over as a resort for war-

stricken refugees from Belgium, and that Shattuck himself helped with the work. Imagine being a convalescent in a hospital where Arthur Shattuck practiced.

The estate was sold at the first of the war and the Harris Trust and Savings bank of Chicago was allowed to apportion the money as its directors saw fit. All of his property in America, practically, he has given away. A big ninety foot yacht went to Uncle Sam for scouting work. He has also established a fund for the aid of young artists in this country.

Besides that he is a good business man, and has remained at the head of the corporation which his father helped to build. He is trying hard, he says, to get America to see that an American artist is just as valuable as a foreign one, but, being one himself, it is rather an embarrassing stand to take. The *St. Louis Globe Democrat* once spoke of him as being a keen financier. He has a group of warm personal friends in that city, whom he visits, I understand, whenever he is in that neighborhood. Most of these men are business men, not musicians.

That may account for his refreshing lack of mannerisms. I went to hear an American pianist, but I was surprised to find that pianist more of an American than I had expected. He was not affected as students are, I would say. And after fancy vests, and marcelled hair, and Roman-sandal shoes, and *simplesse*, I dropped in to hear a recital and found myself in the enchanted realm of *simplicité*. It was almost haunting. I spoke of it to the artist afterwards.

"That is so kind of you," he said. "One time when I was quite young I remember accompanying a young man who was a violinist, who had been on a concert tour and was appearing for the first time in his home town, back there in Wisconsin. He showed me just how he was going to take ten steps, bow, and begin his number. Well, there was a projection at about the ninth step and it was his literal downfall. I have never after that dared to notice how I appeared."

"I suppose that it is the gift of you men never to know what takes place off the rostrum" I remarked.

"Quite the contrary" was the reply. "I could have told you exactly how my audience was following me, during each number. Noise does not disturb me, but I can always tell where it is, and," he laughed, "why."

He regretted that he had to leave the following day and that he could not stay and look over the campus.

"I have always wanted to see your place here

"he said" and, now that I am here, I am afraid that I shall have to leave right away. There is never much time. I did not dream that it was as magnificent as it is. It is so different from the picture

which I had formed of it. It seems good to be about it—it is so refreshing."

I wanted to tell him how greatly refreshing it was to be about him, but—well, I had not been to Paris.

Still They Think of War

BY LEM PHILLIPS

Still they think of war,
And two healing years of peace
Have not yet purged the gore-soaked fields of France,
Empty trenches stretch half the breadth of Europe,
Like raw gaping wounds in the green earth.
Sightless eyes
Hideous behind dark glasses—
Coat sleeves hanging empty—
Mankind shattered, with bleeding bandaged head—
And still they think of war.

I lie in the sweet smelling meadows
Of my own prairies
To listen to the meadow-lark
Sing promises of Spring,
And over the rolling hill top
Down a narrow lane
Rides a squadron of cavalry,
Their sabers clanking,
Hungry for blood,
And the hoofs of the horses
Resounding on the soft earth
Like the beat of a muffled drum
In a dead march
Still they think of war.

Sonnet on My Dumbness

BY GARRETT H. BUSEY

Nature is all in rhythm and in tune
At dawn her feathered flock in measure trill
Their joy. 'Tis poetry when deep woods thrill
Beneath that monstrous, molten drop, the moon,
Hung o'er it, while across the lake the loon
Send's forth his wierd, unearthly cries that fill
Men's hearts with fear, and fright the whip-poor-will

Into a moment's pause. Were I a boon
By Nature offered, poetry were my choice,
Among her children, pray why should my voice
Alone be dumb, or faint and halting speak?
Despairing, everywhere I vainly seek
A subject fit, poetic phrases on it,
But only find I cannot write a sonnet.

"And It Came to Pass"

BY THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

THIS story of how a chapter of Theta Nu Epsilon was abolished at the University may be interesting and helpful to others who are, either consciously or unconsciously, in the same situation I was in. The story is of a local situation, but it is not local in its implications. There are perhaps forty chapters of Theta Nu Epsilon in the country. Fraternity and college officers all over the country want to throw it out. Most of the men belonging to the chapter at Illinois were fraternity men who violated a regulation of their fraternity when they joined. I believe that what has been done at Illinois should be done at other institutions, and can be done if the administrative officers will go at the job vigorously and intelligently. It was not a matter of spies and secret emissaries from my office or a renegade member that brought the hidden things to light as some undergraduates suppose, but of intelligently and constructively watching, waiting, and listening while the other fellows talked. The whole process was largely a psychological one.

"I am glad you did it," a recent alumnus of Theta Nu Epsilon said to me on the evening following the events with which this paper culminates. "Theta Nu Epsilon is an undemocratic organization whose methods and whose ideals are not in keeping with the true spirit of the University of Illinois. You have never done a better thing than to put it out of business." Other prominent alumni of the chapter have written me to the same effect.

Let me say at the outset that I have never wanted to brand the membership of this organization as wholly bad. Even the devil is said to have many admirable qualities of character; and Theta Nu Epsilon has always contained some of the strongest and most influential men in college. Had it not been so, it would have been less objectionable, for these men, even though violating, as they were, the regulations of their fraternities and of the University, seemed in a sense to justify the actions of

the weaker and less scrupulous, who argued that if men of character were willing to belong and to give their approval to questionable political methods, they might also do it.

"You don't think we are all criminals, do you Dean?" one of them asked me a few days ago.

"Not at all," was my reply, "but you bring about your political results by means that are not above board, that cannot be justified, that are not

in keeping with the ideals which we should like our students to carry away from college."

Theta Nu Epsilon came into the University of Illinois about 1894. There were no definitely written regulations at that time governing the establishment of organizations, and no approval of its coming was necessary. Its members were selected from the freshman class near the end of their first year in college, and its membership during

the sophomore year was kept secret. It was only at the beginning of the junior year that the well known skull and cross bones appeared on the bosoms of those who had belonged. Nobody was then responsible for the supervision of undergraduate activities, and not much was known about the organization. Rumors of its initiation ceremonies, which were rough and vulgar, floated about the campus. The older men boasted of a good many things that had been done, some of which, no doubt, were exaggerated, and for days following the initiation, the initiate went sore and limping to class.

It was not until the spring of 1899 that any real opposition appeared against this organization. At that time an attempt was made by the members to stuff the ballot box in an election of the Illio staff. This election was declared illegal, and a new set of officers was elected. From that time forward the operations of Theta Nu Epsilon were less open. A little later a regulation was passed by the University authorities prohibiting membership in any undergraduate organization whose membership is kept secret. Since that time the chapter has had a sub rosa existence. For twenty years it has been

HAS. T. N. E. A FUTURE?

DEAN CLARK SAYS IN THIS CONNECTION:

"Have I put an end to Theta Nu Epsilon at the University of Illinois? I hope so. I believe that the men who signed the agreement will keep it, and I think the possibility of a reorganization of the fraternity by entirely new men is, for some time at least, unlikely; it is impossible if the members of the old organization have a sense of honor. The general opposition to Theta Nu Epsilon all over the country is undermining its strength and ultimately will defeat it."

possible to recognize the work and the effect of it, but, like many things that we know, actual membership was difficult or impossible to prove. Men wore their pins after they got out of college, rumors of initiations and hilarious parties drifted around the campus, but it was not easy to put one's fingers on anything. In 1912 or 1913 things were about as bad as they ever had been before or as they have been since. Theta Nu Epsilon was running everything and running it pretty badly. An article which I wrote at that time against the organization was widely quoted and brought me a threat from the officers of the fraternity that if I did not retract the statements which I had made, I would be prosecuted. Among other things, I said at that time:

"The chief or most immediate danger of Theta Nu Epsilon lies in the unworthy appeal which such an organization makes to the ambitions, or to the unsophisticated, or to the unscrupulous young man just as he is finishing his first year in college, in presenting to him the opportunity to be in things. It offers him political domination, the control of activities, the opportunity to get something for little or nothing. 'If you will come with us,' it says, 'we will elect you, or get you on the team, or appoint you on an influential committee, or put you next to some easy graft, or in some way bring you out,' some or all of these things appeal to the young fellow at a time in his college life when he is just beginning to feel himself getting on to things, about to escape from the chrysalis of the freshman year, and the impediment of high ideals. He has up to this time been subordinate, a novice, an underling, with a home-made antiquated standard of honor; but Theta Nu Epsilon comes to him, and reveals to him how he may easily become a dominant factor in college life, how he may be one of those among whom spoils are divided. The simple fact that some one is willing to recognize his talents appeals to his vanity, and to his desire for power. He does not see, as he often comes to see later, that he is yoking himself to a group of men with low ideals, and with little regard for college regulations, or college honor. If he does not accept their offer of false friendship they say to him, 'We will defeat you, or ruin you,' and they have often done both."

These things have been intermittently true ever since. They are in no small degree true today. Again in 1916-17 things were pretty bad. The war came along and the activities of the organization were minimized, but at the beginning of the present year they increased again.

For twenty years I have known that the organization should be eliminated from this institution. The difficulties were greater than most people would conceive. Membership is hard to prove. I knew that

if I went into it it would involve many of my closest friends among the undergraduates; it would involve my fraternity, perhaps. To what extent the *Daily Illini* and the undergraduates generally would support me I could only guess, and without their support the difficulty would be immeasurably increased. I knew that I should have to get the information myself, for in such an undertaking there may be many who are sympathetic, but very few, if any, who will get in and do the things that are necessary to be done in order to arrive.

Last spring, I was asked by the Chairman of the Inter-Fraternity Conference to make an investigation regarding the present status of Theta Nu Epsilon. I conducted a wide correspondence with fraternity and college officers, which showed me that Theta Nu Epsilon is strong, that its influence is generally recognized as detrimental to the best interests of fraternities and of the colleges. After the last Conference I made up my mind that since I had perhaps said as much against this organization as any college man in the country, and since possibly my investigations had brought me as definite knowledge about it as it possessed by any other person not a member, I was under obligations to get it out of the institution with which I was connected.

Though bluffing may be a desirable method of attaining certain results, it seldom, if ever, works unless the bluffer has a pretty definite foundation of facts upon which to stand. I realized that I must be sure of some definite things before I started out. I proceeded to make a catalogue of what I actually knew about Theta Nu Epsilon at Illinois, and by that I mean what I could actually prove. I know many people; I can call them by name. I know where they live and with whom they associate, and I know pretty accurately the general political situation. This knowledge I knew would help me in doing the thing which I had set out to do.

What did I know about Theta Nu Epsilon? First, I knew what is generally known about the campus, and what organizations had been connected with it since its institution. I knew, for instance, that Delta Kappa Epsilon, Delta Tau Delta, Psi Upsilon and Phi Gamma Delta and a number of others were generally recognized as not at this time having anything to do with it. I knew the president for this year and who had been president last year. I knew some members, because they had admitted to people at their homes and other places that they were members; they had worn their pins when off the campus, and they had talked too much.

From an alumnus I had learned the approximate number of members at the present time. I eliminated from consideration the fraternities that

had no apparent connection with the organization. I went through the membership list of each suspected organization and selected, as carefully as I could, the probable members including those concerning whom I had definite evidence. This gave me a working list. I made a list of all committees appointed during the present scholastic year and I recalled, so far as I could, the committees appointed last year. It was very interesting to me to see to what extent the names of the men whom I knew to be members of Theta Nu Epsilon and whom I suspected were to be found on these committee lists. My knowledge began to take form and definite organization.

I presented at once to the Council of Administration, the governing body of our University, the matter of the elimination of Theta Nu Epsilon, and we agreed upon a procedure and I was left with complete authority to modify this procedure as circumstances should determine, and, so long as I should succeed in getting rid of the organization, to make such agreement as seemed to me wise. The editor of the *Illini* agreed to publish such materials as I should present and to stand by the campaign.

I should explain, perhaps, that *The Daily Illini* is the daily paper published by the students of the University. The editor helped me not only by publishing what I wrote, but by pretty frequent and regular editorial comment. His first editorial, given below, indicates the attitude which he took with reference to the matter. He published at least every other day an editorial bearing upon the progress which was being made.

"The *Daily Illini* regrets most profoundly the existence of Theta Nu Epsilon on the Illinois campus. It regrets it because T. N. E. has grown powerful enough to hold nearly every phase of undergraduate administration in the firm grasp of its tentacles. It regrets it because the *Daily Illini* has an unpleasant duty to perform, the duty of continuing to fulfill the trust which the student body reposes in it by devoting itself to the fight against T. N. E. to the end of exterminating it.

The *Daily Illini* would much prefer that the tenor of things at Illinois run smoothly, that the crowded days of scholastic year be utilized positively, that progress be not halted for a time-out to remove impediments in the path of its forward march. It would prefer to see unity of effort at Illinois with the one end of bettering Illinois and not individual selves in view, to see constructive cooperation exercised among all the quarters of campus organization without the loss of time incurred in any necessary stops to clean house in that organization. The *Daily Illini* would much prefer to pull with the other powers than to pull against them.

But with the situation as it stands now the

Daily Illini has no choice in the matter unless it is between choosing the easy path to the hard one, between disloyalty and loyalty, between hypocrisy and honesty. In the fight on T. N. E. these are its only alternatives. It can sit by as a lukewarm spectator and thereby preserve some of its friendships it now enjoys in high official circles, or it can throw itself into the scrap, heart and soul, on the side of championing Fairness and Squareness in undergraduate procedure. If there is a choice at all the *Daily Illini* made it when it recognized its duty before publishing the first issue of the year."

Having done those things, I began operations. I had at hand some definite and well established facts. I could prove membership in enough cases to make things interesting. I knew, also, exactly what authority I had behind me, and I had the regular support of the *Daily Illini*. Every day I published some statements about Theta Nu Epsilon, its history, its reputation, and my determination to get rid of it. I suggested, though I did not state definitely, the facts which I had in hand. This excited a good deal of comment, not only among the members of the organization, but among students in general. I called no one, I talked very little, excepting for publication; but I kept my eye on what was going on. I saw the men whom I knew to be members and those whom I suspected of membership in earnest conversation. They gathered in little groups in the libraries, and on the street corners. They talked a good deal, and what they said came to my ears as what I said went to theirs. I was strengthened in my knowledge and confirmed in my suspicions. They were expecting all the time to be called to the office. They were nervous as to my next move, and this nervousness they revealed at every turn. I could see them hanging around in the hallway. They would drop into the office to talk about the weather or the prospect of extending their vacations, or anything else excepting the real things that were in their minds. They gave themselves away without intending to do so. They talked freely, as I had hoped they would do, and what at first I had only suspected I came very shortly to be able to prove. When I knew that I could prove all I wanted to prove and that I had won, I sent for the president of the organization and had a quiet talk with him. I asked him nothing. I told him that I knew he was a member and that I was convinced that he was president, and I asked him if he would not convey to the members of the organization certain statements which I would like to make and which I went over with him orally. He hesitated at first, but ultimately said that he thought that he could get the information to the members as I had asked him

to do. I handed him, then, the following statement:

"The purpose of the Council of Administration and of myself as its agent with reference to Theta Nu Epsilon is completely and finally to eliminate it from the University of Illinois. We have no personal feeling against individuals; we have no desire to cripple activities or to injure or unreasonably to discipline any one unless those who are involved in the organization makes it impossible to do otherwise in order to eliminate it.

"The matter can be settled with the minimum amount of disturbance and discipline if all undergraduates including those who are connected with undergraduate activities who are members or who have been members or who are or have been in any way connected with the organization will agree above their signatures to sever all connection with Theta Nu Epsilon now and forever and at once to surrender to the University their charter or such other documentary or tangible evidence of their membership in this organization or connection with it as they may possess. If they are willing to do this the Council will drop the matter excepting that it will reserve the right to ask for the resignation of such men in office as after consideration may seem wise and just.

"If it does not seem feasible or desirable to the members of Theta Nu Epsilon to accede to this proposal then the Council will be under the necessity of immediately taking such more drastic action as will rid the University of the influences of Theta Nu Epsilon."

This was on Saturday morning, December 18, and I said to him that I should like to have a definite answer from him and from his brothers before Wednesday noon. There was a good deal of hurrying of feet following his exit from the office. The clans began to gather; consultations were held between active members and alumni. In previous conferences, I am told, they had agreed among themselves to call my bluff, "to stand pat 'til hell should freeze over." I believe the agreement was; but this has been a mild winter and they began to fear that the temperature would not drop low enough for the accomplishment of the suggested result. Before Saturday night a few of the members dropped in to tell me they were ready to surrender. On Sunday others came to see me in the same state of mind.

These latter, however, inferred to me that they thought I was going to have difficulty. Some of the fellows, they were sure, were going to balk. I did not ask who, but during Sunday evening and while I was awake in the small hours of the morning on Monday, I tried hard to analyze the situation, and to determine who would be most likely to hang back. I came to the conclusion, as I knew human nature

that the men who would capitulate last would naturally be lawyers, who would hold out for a legal conviction and who would want to argue the case. Going over the list of probable members registered in law, I picked out three men. Perhaps one reason why I picked out these three was because they were rather close friends, and because last year two of them had done a good deal of talking about my methods of doing business and had expressed a determination before they got out of college to get on to my system and expose me. They even cherished the hope of putting me out of business. I have always admired a man who has an object in life. On Monday morning I called in one of the members of the organization and asked him if he would be willing to say to me that the three lawyers whom I had in mind were not members of Theta Nu Epsilon. He did not wish to say anything on this subject, he said. I asked him if he would be willing to say that they were not opposing my proposition. He again preferred to remain silent, and I respected his reticence. I asked him, however, to say to the three men concerned that I very much desired that they should lend their influence in bringing Theta Nu Epsilon to agree to the proposition which I had presented to their president. If they were determined to oppose a reasonable settlement, I said, I should be under obligations to suspend them and publish their names in Wednesday morning's papers with an explanation of the reason of their suspension.

Monday evening I was called over the telephone by an alumnus of Theta Nu Epsilon who has been out of college for a number of years. He had been reading what I had been publishing about the organization, he told me, and he thought that if I were willing he might be able to help me in the accomplishment of my purpose. He invited me to a conference that evening and said that if it were agreeable to me he would like to have me talk to two or three of the other members. I acquiesced quite willingly. I explained to him the present status of Theta Nu Epsilon among colleges and fraternities. I went over with him my objections to the organization, what I had so far done in an attempt to get rid of it, and my authority in the matter. I read to him the statement I had made to the president of the organization and explained that if the members would agree to the conditions laid down in that statement I would be willing to dismiss the case without prejudice against the any member except that if it proved that certain members of Theta Nu Epsilon were holding specific offices, which I named, they must resign at once. I agreed further that I would publish no names and so far as it lay in my power to do so, I would protect every man

with the officers of the national fraternity to which he belonged.

The alumnus pronounced my proposal eminently fair and said that he would advise the members to accept it. He asked me then if I would talk to the young men to whom he referred when he called me up and I said I would be glad to do so. I was not surprised when they came in to see that they were the three lawyers whom I had had in mind when I was endeavoring in the middle of the previous night to locate the source of opposition to my proposal. I presented my proposition, which they were inclined to argue with me. One man asked if I had not been bluffing; another was not sure that I knew anything definite; another was willing to agree to my proposition but refused to sign his name to anything. I said that I was not inclined to argue the question. If they wished to accept my proposition, well and good; if not, then I should have to try some other way to accomplish my purpose. I left them shortly, but in the morning I was telephoned that they had agreed to my proposition; they had signed a paper embodying the details of my proposition, and I was assured that the entire membership of the organization would ratify this agreement on Tuesday afternoon. With exception of a few members, who were ill or out of town, this was done. Thirty-three names were fixed to the agreement, the total number of members being approximately forty.

It had been a hard fight; it sounds simple in the telling, but it had taken all the intelligence and intuition that I possessed. It is not much to say that it was not without a certain feeling of satisfaction that within two weeks after I had begun my public campaign against the organization I held in my hand the charter of Alpha Chi of Theta

Nu Epsilon, an agreement of its active members to sever all connection with that organization now and forever, and an order for one hundred and fifty dollars, all the money in their treasury, which they gave to the Eastern Relief Fund. It had come to pass.

On the whole the members took their defeat in good spirit. Two or three were sullen and angry and vindictive. One even went so far as to say some pretty harsh things to me and to threaten me with everlasting enmity and bodily violence; he was a hard loser and a poor sport. On the other hand, some of them made me friendly calls before they went home for Christmas, some of them sent me Christmas cards, and altogether they played the game like gentlemen. Their greatest curiosity seemed to be with reference to how I had brought it about.

Have I put an end to Theta Nu Epsilon at the University of Illinois? I hope so. I believe that the men who signed the agreement will keep it, and I think that the possibility of reorganization of the fraternity by entirely new men is, for some time at least, unlikely; it is impossible if the members of the old organization have a sense of honor. The general opposition to Theta Nu Epsilon all over the country is undermining its strength and ultimately will defeat it. The fact that nearly a dozen different fraternities, my own included, who have regulations prohibiting membership in Theta Nu Epsilon were represented in the list of members of the Illinois chapter, leads me to the conclusion that these regulations are violated much more commonly than is generally supposed and that a stronger effort should be made to enforce them. If at the present time we could have a cooperative effort between college and fraternity officers, I believe we could strike Theta Nu Epsilon a blow that would put it out of business.

Spring Night

BY LEM PHILLIPS

Fresh is the wind in my face tonight;
Sweet is the breath of the new green sod;
Gold in the blue is the moon's fair light;
Soft under-foot are the paths I trod.

Old as the valleys, the song I sing;
Life in the mould of the earth set free;
Love born anew and the lark a-wing;
Spring in the wind and the heart of me.

Old is the song of the Spring and youth,
Yet would I sing it again to you;
Time is the gauge and the test of truth;
True is my song and my love for you.

First Gambol of the Lambkins Club

By JAMES CLINTON COLVIN

PROCRASTINATION, a professor is fond of telling me, is the mother of invention. One has to admit that as far as the routine of class room work is concerned, it is almost a feat. As related to campus activities there is a deal of truth in it. But, like the theory that punctuality is the thief of time, it does not always work. Procrastination built the new student Congregational church, it has won basketball games; it got the present editor of the *Siren* his job, it saved thousands of American lives in the war. But it does not help theatrical productions, on the campus or elsewhere.

It was responsible for most of the sins of omission and commission which may be charged against the production of "Sweethearts," given under the auspices of the Woman's Welfare committee, in the auditorium several weeks ago. I enjoyed bits of it; the minority of the audience went away saying the same thing. They always do. When a man named McGildea went out last year to see a campus play, found it lacking seriously in many ways, and ventured to say as much, he brought the vengeance of the multitude upon his head. A whit more said and he would have been tarred and feathered. He was a New Yorker and knew the stage. Perhaps he expected too much. But when one like myself, whose knowledge of such things is bounded on the north by Chicago, on the east by Heywood Brown, on the west and south by my native pastures of Saint Louis, sets forth to an opera and is disappointed then he begins to shift the blame up where they shift the scenes.

Don Erb vs. Father Time

"Sweethearts" was a new venture in two ways: it was the first time that there had been women in

the cast, and it was the first Illinois opera that had been presented without a professional director. Within the immediate reaction there came two outstanding comments: it was not as well done as it should have been; it should be made a campus institution. The two may seem contradictory, but the first must not be taken too flatly. The way in which

Don Erb managed to coach and criticise and pacify and lead the sixty who were in the cast or chorons was nothing short of remarkable. And there is no unassailable reason I believe, for saying that there will not be men in the years to come who have the same ability. But it took every pound of Erb's energy, put forth in these different directions, to get the production on the stage at all.

The question which puzzles me—it may be easy to answer—is just why, with plenty of time at their disposal, disregarding excursions on the south campus, trips to the inns of gossip, and work spent in literary societies—all equally non-essential—such a production as "Sweethearts" had to be raced to us in three weeks!

Of course there are some minor fallacies which

much he might have toiled. There were those few things which kept the opera from entirely measuring up to the collegiate standard of success, outstanding enough either to nettle one or to feed his sense of humor. One can disregard the fact that the members of the chorus looked at each other to find out what to do, that Erb had to sing some of the songs himself, or that there was a general hesitancy between parts. But when the little laundry maid with the wooden shoes appears ornamented with a wrist watch, when the cast forgets its lines and is forced to invent when its members are not inventors, direction. If it was some one who wanted to rob



A tender scene between Walter Tenney and Ruth Coverdale, "leads" in "Sweethearts".

when one starts to speak to another about a plumed hat and the plumed hat fails to show up, when one of the campus celebrities in the second act sings four notes above the orchestra, when the Prince is forced to elbow his way through the chorus like the old woman did to see Rip Van Winkle—then one begins to feel that perhaps the shower of roses over the footlights was, after all, not altogether spontaneous.

"Persons of the Play"—And How They Played

The young lady who took the leading part was beautiful. *Cela va sans dire*. She would have to be. Far be it from me to attempt to say how attractive the chorus was, although I must allow myself to say that the six little girls who were Dame Paula's daughters could not have been better chosen as type characters.

Walter Tenny, who took the part of the prince, can sing. He did not keep himself pent up, as one does in psychology class, and like most amateurs are apt to do. His stage bearing is really out of the realm of college dramatics. Ruth Coverdale's acting showed unusual possibilities, and with a trifle more power her singing would have been very effective. Her voice showed extraordinary sweetness, the part of Betty Barenfanger, as Dame Paula, could not have been better selected. Liana, the coquette, as Kathryn Baynes showed her, was charmingly ingenu. George Chandler played the role of Kikel Kikelovitz, the clown of the show, of course, and saved the play at several times. He was really funny, and that is saying a deal nowadays. Perhaps he was too funny. He got in the way with it sometimes, like a youngster when the hostess is trying to serve tea; but he was almost effervescent in one or two places, and was easily a favorite with the audience. Jerry Machamer (Lieut. Carl) recited his lines well, but I continually felt a desire to set a firecracker under him. M. C. Roeder, as Hon. Percy Algernon Slingsby, does not make as good an Englishman as V. P. Newmark, who filled such a role in Mask and Banble's "Tyranny of Tears", but was interesting on the whole. Barney Krelstein who was the little Frenchman, had the brogue down well as long as he remembered to use it. Although I persisted in associating Chet Davis with a murder trial instead of a scene in comic opera, it was no fault of his, and he did his little dance well; his song—well, not so well.

Bird's-eye View of "Sweethearts"

With the qualifications already made, one should be complimentary. But it was all tantalizingly slow. One suggestion was presented that the talent

was merely taking intervals in which to learn the lines. In mentioning one of the soldiers, one reviewer, with the generosity of Mrs. Wiggs toward her husband, said that he wore a "splendid uniform." It was neither the fault of the talent or of the director that the opera was not all that it should have been. It was the fact that there had been an attempt to stage a production in two weeks that should have been the work of six.

"Sweethearts" was nevertheless, something of a triumph. That the women in the cast have a new thing out of opera here is beyond discussion. The fight which has lasted more than five years, to convince the Powers that Be that a man's ankle was not made to adorn spangled slippers, that a pugilistic jaw does not add to the finesse of the stage, has been won by patient, persistent effort. Those who are responsible all down the line are the ones to be congratulated and thanked. Why this realization did not come years ago is more than I can see; but that, as we all are fond of saying, is another story. The immediate results were brought about by the woman's welfare committee, which in the interests of philanthropy has, perhaps unwittingly, lent its hand to the cause of dramatics and musical out on the campus.

Lambkins and Pierrots

It would be ridiculous to compare the idea of a classic in the realm of musical comedies, to the annual "student opera" which Pierrots stages annually in the spring. There are now two kinds of student presentations in the realm of music—classing them both musical for convenience. One is the standard opera, directed by students; the other is the home grown opera, directed by imported talent. Theoretically both are worthy. Home grown operas are things which might well be cultivated, but the soil seems to be getting a trifle sterile. It is not the fault of the individual—I do not wish to belittle either the merit of the student composers or the efforts of Pierrots. I simply recognize the fact that this Illinois mud is wonderful in which to raise corn; that it is exactly the place to find shocks of wheat, but not the place to look for shocks of musical originality. Comes jazz, and the comment may be made of collegiate music universally. A university community accepts jazz and the sentimental lyrics of the modern student opera and we bid individuality farewell. . . . Without that, say what you will, operas written by students have about the same substantiality as the center of a doughnut.

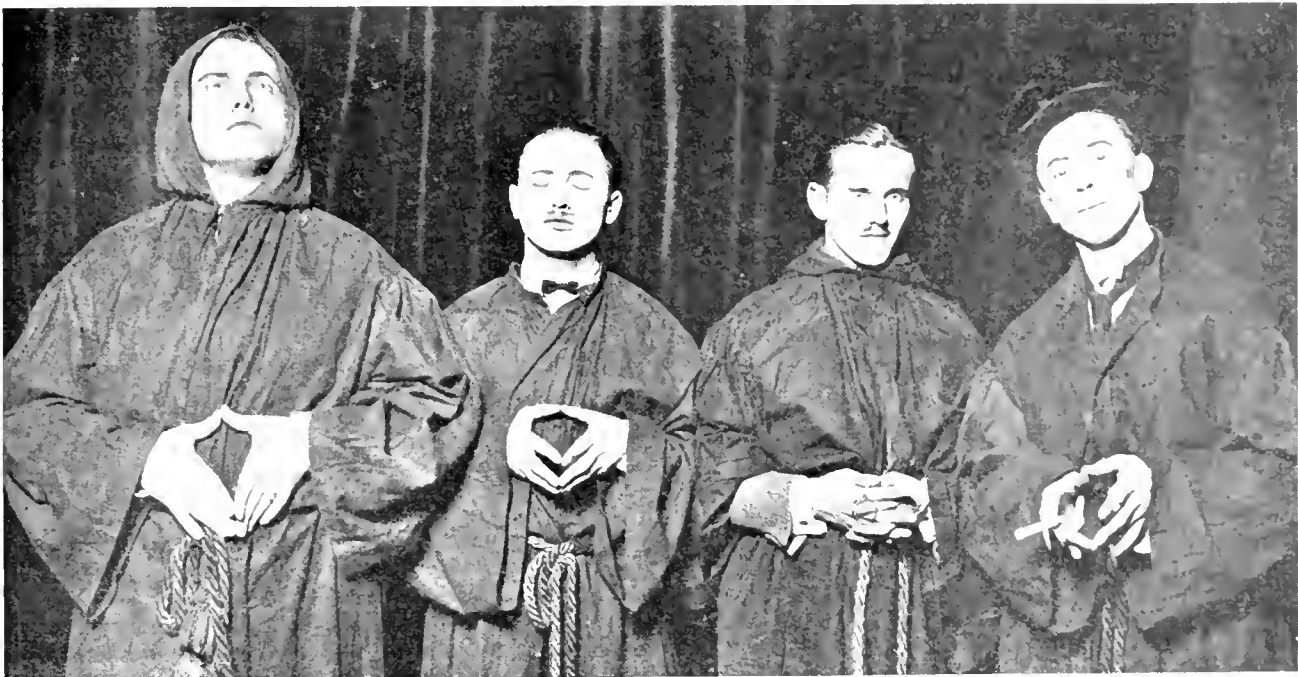
"Sweethearts" has long since passed the stage when people talk about it. It is a part of one's mental furniture—the wicker of the sunparlor; to

be sure—its tunes are those which we hum every day. They are sparkling sometimes; sometimes they are really sweet. I never hold them in relation to my store of classical tunes as I do the key of E flat to the other keys; they are never flat. They are never without color. The productions of such opera will continue.

Out by the Golden Gate, where balm gets into one's system and takes away from one the thought that there is any such thing as an engine or a problem in mathematics, the student opera, that is, classic light opera presented by students, has met with great success. San Francisco theatre-goers have

been delighted, so comes the word, with the production by the students from across the bay. The show has been running all this week. That is the work of a dozen years. Here the child is just born. It has been called by the pet name of Lambkins—the Lambkins club.

The Lambkins club, whose charter members are the members of the "Sweethearts" cast, will present one, and perhaps more than one opera each year. It is a club apparently aiming at pure dramatic and musical virtue. It is also a step up in the opportunities for wholesome amusement on the campus.



Opera Night

By H. GORDON HULFISH

JUST as the curtain went down for the last time on "Sweethearts," L. J., who had been assisting back-stage—hopelessly, wildly, frantically, profanely, yes, even ably—for two nights, gave vent to a half-uttered and half-swallowed "Thank God!," grabbed his coat and hat and made for the stage door. Having reached the door, he shouted to Dick and me to come along with him for a cup of coffee. Dick hesitated; not I, for I had enjoyed many a cup of coffee with L. J. before, not so much the coffee as the chatter we invariably indulged in. Yes, it was mere chatter, but satisfying.

Dick did not hesitate long, however, when L. J. sourly dropped the remark, "We'll drink a cup of coffee, pass a few cynical remarks and then home to bed." I had not hesitated at the start because I knew well our usual manner of brooding over a cup of coffee; Dick did not hesitate when he understood the intention because it seemed, somehow, to fit his mood.

When we reached Mose's the student crowd had already gathered; gathered for one last moment of joy, contact, not to mention one last chocolate Bost or coke, and then attempt in a mad flight to beat

the clock and the house rules. Never been in Mose's at this hour? You've missed much.

We fought our way through the unseated, hesitating couples, spied a friendly pair at a nearby table—friendly to themselves and to us—seized three chairs on which clothes had been piled, and joined their little party. Then, we began to criticise the opera—that student production, the like of which had never before been produced on the campus. This was the general verdict of all campus theatergoers:

"I may be sour," said L. J., "I may be awfully sour, but to me the show was surely crude in spots.

"I'll admit," he hastened to add, "it was a thousand percent better tonight than last night, but Lord, how some of them did fumble corking good lines; how some of them—O, well, what's the use. I guess it was a great production."

Dick dropped a remark or two that did not include words of praise, and I was just about ready to break forth with some scathing criticisms, when L. J. stopped me.

"Don't say it," he said. "We're all too sour on ourselves to crab. I'm willing to admit that I want praise, always, and I think some of the flunkys back-stage deserve more than they get. I'm sour, maybe I've got a right to be, maybe I haven't, but I can't see what's worrying you."

"I think it's just my general mental laxity," was the way that I came back.

"I'll tell you. I have been afraid all year to get down to work, afraid to tackle anything. I have stalled along pleading my health as an excuse. I have loafed. I have failed to pound out a line. And—I guess it gets under my skin to see these other people, who are just as busy as I am, get out there and do something worth while, something that will bring them praise—and I just mess along, sort of pitying myself."

We did not get further with this self-analysis because the aisles began to fill the "painted beauties."

And, then, for the first time, I realized what the opera meant to the participating students.

Girls, still wearing the beautiful evening clothes in which they had appeared in the final scene, still wearing the make-up of the stage, came trooping in with the men of the chorus, or with men who had rushed to the stage door with brisk anticipation. It was a wild moment.

Before they could all find seats, the comedian lead made his appearance and as he wandered among the crowded tables, he was given a great hand by admiring and opera enthused students. This man, a real star of the evening, had removed his

make-up—In some ways stars are different.

When he finally located, the deep voice of one of the lesser lights of the opera carried across to him, and the following banter ensued:

"O, Lena, where are you working now?"

"I'm working in a laundry, Zena, where are you working?"

"I'm working in a shoit factory."

"Like your job?"

"Yes, fine. Like your job?"

"Yes, fine."

"Who's your fellow now, Lena?"

"Olie Olson. Who's your feller now, Zena?"

"Yonnie Johnson. Like your feller?"

"Yes, fine. Like your feller?"

"Yes, fine."

"Well, goodbye Lena."

"Goodbye Zena."

Commonplace though this was, it was just the cock-tail that the crowd needed. The place was in an uproar, yes, just that.

Men of the chorus, with make-up and without, wandered among the tables singing little catches from the show and flirting with all of the girls. And the girls . . . well, from under the veil of make-up they flirted back.

The bubble had to burst and burst it did when some one started to "pound out the jazz." Tables were pushed back, wraps and coats were tossed in a pile on the floor, drinks were left untouched, and the dancing began. Did you ever watch the "painted lily" as it gave vent to all the emotions of the dance, that is, the dance as done on the campus . . . not the extreme dance of the cabaret, and yet the whole scene was that of a pre-prohibition cabaret. Male eyes were gazed into by the "other eyes," gliding feet were followed by "other" gliding—perhaps it would be better to say toddling—feet. Men without girls cut in on men who had girls, and they in turn cut in on others.

One man, who had played a hard part well, walked up and down the table rows, in and out among the crowd, shaking hands with everyone. He had acted well . . . he knew it . . . he was obviously seeking praise . . . he shook hands with everyone, congratulated everyone, and as he did so, frankly congratulated himself. And who could blame him? Who could blame anyone for seeking praise; all were doing it, and yet so naturally, so candidly, so eagerly.

Songs in part, songs complete, were sung and re-sung. The unfortunate girls who feared the god of the house rule left . . . but the opera contingent hung on. Weeks of hard work had been succeeded

(Continued on Page 30)

The Shadow

BY THELMA STRABEL

"SOME one shadowed me home from the station again tonight," Judson Latimer said abruptly, putting down his knife, with which he had been tracing on the tablecloth. "I think I got a glimpse of him this time—a stooped sort of fellow, crouching way of standing. Nothing familiar about him, though, I'd thought—" He broke off, pushed back his chair, and stared out at the blackness beyond the low French windows. "It gives you a queer feeling to know you're being followed. I've been wondering why he hasn't held me up, if that's what he's after. He's had plenty of opportunity. You know how deserted this street is."

His wife, who was pouring out a cup of coffee for herself, replied, without looking up. "It's probably some tramp who meant to rob you, but didn't get his courage up, or was frightened off by passing automobiles." She sipped her coffee slowly and looked over at him with narrowed eyes. "The walk from the station is hardly safe, now that darkness comes so early. You had better go back to the limousine."

"Limousine nothing," he said irritably, as he got up and stood for a moment with his folded arms resting on the back of his chair. "I've told you I promised Dr. Stedman to take the elevated for a month, so that I could walk that mile from the station, to steady my nerves. I'd look fine, backing out the first week."

She made no comment, but continued to sip her coffee. The softened light from the candelabra brought out the coppery glints in her smoothly dressed mass of red-brown hair and cast purplish shadows under her eyes, accentuating the sweep of her unusually long lashes. Her husband watched her for a moment with a sort of impersonal appreciation. "I sometimes wonder," he said quizzically, "what you're thinking about."

She held her cup in her two hands, with her elbows resting on the edge of the table, her eyes half-closed. "Probably of nothing worth wondering about," she answered indifferently, and resumed her detached study of the quaint Chinese figures chasing each other around her cup.

He shrugged slightly and walked on out of the dining room. She did not even seem to be aware of his leaving. Not that there was anything strange about that. Their meals had all been equally impersonal during the three years since they had been married. There had been, Judson congratulated himself at the time, no wish-washy sentiment about

their marriage. She was the social secretary of his aunt. He had been thrown often in contact with her and had been drawn by her magnetic personality. He had come to the conclusion that she fulfilled the requirements for the position left vacant by the death of his first wife five years before. She had the sort of tact and poise that fitted her to sit at the head of his table and the sort of beauty that could wear clothes in such a way as to be a dignified advertisement of his business success. So he decided to marry her and promptly informed her of his decision and the reasons for it, touching but lightly on her poverty and total lack of family. She was an orphan—that was all he knew. She had accepted him, as he had naturally expected, and had come to live in his house, where she carried out the letter of her bargain perfectly, running his house with well-oiled smoothness and presiding with graceful dignity when he gave dinners. And today he knew her no better than he did the day he married her.

There was about her always something that disturbed him,—a vague antagonism—something that he couldn't exactly define—but which was continually between them. He wondered about it sometimes, when he thought of her at all, which was seldom. Lately, however, this feeling had grown imperceptibly stronger, like some ever deepening shadow that lay over them whenever they were together.

"It's getting on my nerves," he said to himself, as he snapped open his cigar case. "I'm going to have it out with her sometime." He went on into the living room, where he carefully turned on all the lights. He had acquired of late, a passion for well-lighted rooms.

For a while he tramped monotonously up and down, chewing at the unlit cigar. He paused meditatively by the window and looked out on the dark, deserted street. Only the street lights made circles in the darkness, like yellow patches on a black velvet gown. He drew back suddenly, with a sharp intake of breath. A man was standing just on the edge of the circle made by the ornamental light in front of the house. The figure stood in a crouching attitude, with slightly bent shoulders. Latimer turned and called softly, "Helen."

His wife had come in noiselessly, and was standing by the piano sorting some music. She raised her head inquiringly, and he was struck for a moment by the resemblance between her gracefully erect

figure and the lines of the tall floor lamp gleaming just behind her. "Yes," she said.

"Come here," he ordered. "The man who followed me home is standing out there by the light." She walked over to the window and peered out. "I see no one there," she said quietly, and turned away. He looked at her in astonishment. "Why, Helen," he protested, "you must not have—"

"You haven't been well lately, Judson," she said with unnatural gentleness. "You had better go to bed and get a good night's rest." Then she went back to the piano.

He came down to breakfast next morning with the effects of a sleepless night plainly indicated on his face. As she handed him his coffee, his wife said coldly, "I have ordered the car to be here this morning—"

"I guess I can walk that mile without suffering from exhaustion," he said shortly.

"Oh very well," she answered, raising one shoulder ever so little.

He pushed back his chair with unexpected violence. "When I want that car, I'll order it, and not before," he snapped and slammed out, his breakfast scarcely touched, while his wife's eyes followed him thoughtfully.

The day was to him but a nightmare of dread. Several times he went to the phone to call for his car, and each time he turned away, held back by his pride, which shrank from meeting an "I told you so" look in his wife's eyes. He was unable to get down to work all day. He broke off in the middle of sentences. His mind seemed to be traveling in an endless circle. He caught his secretary watching him queerly, and he sent her out, pettishly, with orders to admit no one, as he was extremely busy; and then he sat for an hour or more playing with his paper-knife.

He took the elevated at the usual time. He hated that ride. It was always jarring to his already tortured nerves. As he walked down the steps at the station, he studied the crowd, half-fearfully. It was the usual group of business men, though, all of them very evidently bent on getting home.

He lingered in the friendly light of the station as long as possible, looking through some magazines and finally buying one, after putting off his choice until the owner of the stand came over and stood suspiciously at his elbow. Then he turned up the collar of his coat, for there was an autumn chill in the air, and plunged into the darkness that surrounded the little oasis of light.

At first he assumed an air of levity, playing a sort of game with himself. "Well," he said half-aloud, "where is my friend tonight? Not late, I

hope. He's always been on hand in the first block before." And all the time a subconscious voice was saying, "walk faster, faster, faster!"

In the second block he suddenly knew that he was being followed. He felt, rather than heard, some one walking very softly behind him. He walked faster, until he came to the corner, under a street light, where he stopped abruptly and turned around. There was no one to be seen in the gathering shadows behind him, save for a little boy who was whistling tunelessly along on the other side of the street.

The night before he had summoned the courage to turn and walk back nearly half a block, just to see if the man would retreat, but he had evidently backed into some shadowy recess. Latimer had had a shuddery feeling that his pursuer might be watching him from some dark area-way. It was plain that he did not want to approach him yet, even when he had every chance. For five nights he had continued to keep always the same distance between them.

Latimer walked much faster now, so much faster that he knew it looked like flight. He was not a coward. He would have gladly faced the man if he had directly accosted him. It was the intangibility of the thing that affected him. He was breathing in little gasps, but it was not because of the unaccustomed exertion. He was conscious of a queer, throbbing expectancy, a breathless waiting for something to happen. "Of course nothing will happen," he told himself; nothing had happened on the preceding nights. Still—

Behind him the stealthy footsteps seemed to beat a weird rhythm. He was no longer Judson Latimer, successful business man, but a helpless human being alone in the night. Behind him an unknown fear was relentlessly stalking him—dodging into the shadows when he turned around, hurrying a little past well-lighted places, suiting his steps to those of his quarry—always there, always invisible.

That was all, except that Latimer was absolutely unable to keep himself from breaking into a frenzy-driven run, when he caught sight of the warm arc of light streaming from his own doorway.

His wife was in the hall when he came in, breathless and gray-faced. He took off his hat and wiped his damp forehead. "Why, Judson," she said, in an alarmed voice, "what has happened? You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"That man followed me home again," he said briefly. "All the way from the station."

"Do compose yourself, Judson," she said, with recovered calmness, and she raised her eyebrows in a way he always found peculiarly irritating. "It is probably only some one who comes home in this

direction. If it was some one who wanted to rob you, he certainly would have done so."

"I wish to heavens he would rob me and then go away and leave me alone," he burst out angrily—as he started up the stairs to his room.

He sat through dinner twitching and fidgeting, unable to make even a pretense at eating, although his wife's calmness and the gleam of the silver and glassware under the rose shaded lights gave him a sense of reassuring ease. He felt like a swimmer who had just come into the comforting light of the club house after a plunge in a wind-whipped sea.

His wife followed him into the living room after dinner. She came up to him and put her hand softly on his arm. He started violently. "I wish you didn't creep up on people that way," he said irritably, drawing away.

"Judson," she said, standing quite close to him and looking up straight into his eyes, "what is the matter? Is there anything on your mind that is driving you into such a state? Surely you have no enemy so venomous as to be following you like this for a chance to stab you in the dark, have you?"

"Of course I have enemies," he said, sinking into the arm chair in front of the grate and staring at the fire. "Every successful man has."

"But are there any who hate you so that you have cause to be afraid?"

"Not now.....There was Henry Wade, who went into a deal with me and hadn't sense enough to get out as soon as I did. He's built up a business again, though, and has probably forgotten about me." He leaned over, picked up the poker, and began to poke nervously at the glowing coals. "Then there was young Larry Weatherbee, who tried to put something over on me and found he couldn't, and I.....taught him a lesson. He was fool and everybody agreed that he deserved to lose everything. It wasn't my fault that he shot himself, like the coward he was."

"No, of course not," she said evenly.

"I would have done something for his widow," but she disappeared.

"Then there was old Andrew Jacques, who lost a suit against me and threatened to 'get' me, but he's dead now. And then—I don't know why I'm telling you all this, only that I'm unstrung tonight. There is no one of whom I am afraid. No one." He rose abruptly and strode down to the other end of the room.

She stood still, leaning against the chair, her chin cupped in her hands, until her attention was drawn by his quickened breathing, and she saw him standing tensely by the window. She walked up to him quietly.

"Don't you see him, Helen?" he almost pleaded, moving back so that she could see.

She stood full in the window and looked out. Then she shook her head slowly, and motioned to the parlor maid, who had just come in with more wood for the dying fire. "Mary," she said, "do you see any one out there, by the street light?" The girl flattened her nose against the window pane. Then she turned away. "I don't see no one," she announced.

When the two women had moved away, Latimer returned to the window. "I don't see him myself now. He's gone," he said perplexedly.

His wife smiled pityingly. "I would suggest the mountains—or the seashore," she said, and went on out of the room.

The next day she called him up to tell him that they were invited to the Stedman's for dinner. "I don't want to go to the Stedman's," he said peevishly. "You know they bore me. You can go, if you like, and make some excuse for me."

"All right," she answered sweetly, "and Judson—"

"Well," he said impatiently.

"I can come for you in the car before I go," she drawled, "if you'd rather not walk home in the dark." He hung up wrathfully.

She came home rather early. Dr. Stedman accompanied her—as a result of her excuse that Judson was "not at all well".

"Mr. Latimer went to bed right after he come home," the little maid volunteered, as she took their wraps. "He acted like he didn't feel right, and he said he didn't want to eat."

Mrs. Latimer shrugged her shoulders, with a little sigh. "You see," she said plaintively, as the doctor followed her on into the living room. "He is behaving so strangely. It is very hard for me—and lonely." She motioned him to a seat by the fireplace. They sat and chatted for a long time, comfortable fragments of conversation. It was a raw autumn night, and the doctor felt much cozier inside.

A loud crash and the sound of splintering glass, apparently just above them, shattered the drowsy quiet. She screamed, and was on her feet instantly. They both rushed instinctively for the stairway. They stumbled up the stairs together and threw open the door of her husband's room. They could make out a shadowy figure standing by the bay window, through which the moonlight was streaming. A blast of cold air swept toward them. She reached for the switch, and the room glowed with light.

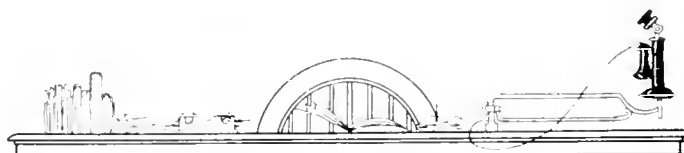
Judson Latimer stood facing them, a chair held poised above his head. "I'll get him," he said thickly.

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THE · · · ILLINOIS · · · MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

GERALD HEWES CARSON
Editor



EDWARD F. LETHEN, JR.
Business Manager

Painless Criticism

THE business of passing impartial critical judgements by one student on the work of his fellows presents a nice problem in ethics which is seldom appreciated. He wishes to be honest with himself, and, no doubt, as he approaches the typewriter, he wishes to be the same with those who read what he has to say. He must be constantly on his guard, for he is writing about people whom he knows, who may, indeed, be his warmest friends and have his entire sympathy, and lastly, for whom other delicately diplomatic souls are trying to play upon his vanity or sympathies, so that he may be safely prejudiced—in the right direction.

His task, made hard enough by the necessity of being alive to his own prejudices, and the well-meant efforts of those who are attached to the production in an advisory or sympathetic capacity, is complicated by an attitude of the campus which may be called a deep rooted distaste for real criticism. The student audience, perhaps, possesses critical faculties. Certainly it holds them in abeyance. This audience, reading later the printed opinion of the reviewer, forgets his paragraphs of honest praise, the many awkward hitches in the performance which he passes over silently (fancying that he has been kind) and falls with zest upon his slightest censure, holding him up as an egotist, a grouch, a mediocre person whose obvious lack of sympathy is probably prompted (were the truth known) by jealousy.

This demand for praise is quite natural in the performer, but less comprehensible in the student body as a whole. It forgets that the critic knows far better than it does what difficulties have been encountered. He knows that the cast has worked hard, and, perhaps, attended rehearsals as well as could be expected in view of the prevalence of whooping cough, fraternity formals, and probation cards. He knows that the director has borne with true heroism all the ills which fall only to the lot of the director of amateur productions; that the leading lady had a headache the day before the dress rehearsal and is telling everybody how she got out of a sick bed to come; that the scene shifter thinks the stage manager is utterly incompetent, and is telling the property man why, to the ultimate confounding of morale in the territory back-stage.

The labor entailed in putting on a student production is no secret from him. But his duty is to determine, so far as he is able, the merit of the work, and distribute the praise and censure as it appears to him that it should be distributed. Student audiences have somehow got the labor of the production and the ultimate worth of the show mixed; the more work, the better the performance! Hence critics, like prophets, are not well liked in their own country.

Adverse comment on honest criticism has never been a novelty at the University, and seems to be gaining in volume. If it gains the ascendancy, we shall have, not criticism, but panegyrics, an exhausting drain on the vocabulary of superlatives. But uniform mediocrity in all our shows, operas, and dramas will be the inevitable result if they have only been chastened by painless criticism.

A Hearing for Student Drama

Mask and Bangle chapter of the Associated University Players is to present a one-act play, "O Pampinia!", at its next Dramatic Hour, to be held in Morrow Hall. The occasion is one of more than usual interest because "O Pampinia!" was written by a student, Warner G. Rice '20.

It is the first time in recent years, perhaps the first time in the history of the organization, that a student dramatic work, has been given a formal introduction to a University audience. If this may be taken as indicative of a new and broader policy on the part of the Players, for the encouragement of student dramatists and the creation of an outlet for their work, they are to be congratulated, as having rendered the cause of dramatic art at the University the most striking service of recent years. The occasion seems ripe for the Dramatists of the Future to take up their pens and write!

Shareholders in the University Engineers Cooperative society will receive a refund on their purchases up to 15%, it is announced. It seems *a propos* to remark that it is not often that one is asked to contribute to an enterprise for the betterment of humanity, and at the same time receive for it an income twice that yielded by a good bond.

Not until one has been fortunate enough to hear a typical news editor of the *Daily Illini* discuss some question to which the world at large has failed to attain a satisfactory answer, does one realize the truly sublime faculty of young and vigorous minds for digesting the sum of human knowledge and experience.

More than once we have meditated in this column upon the vanity of fancying that Illinois because her material growth has been phenomenal, has removed all the landmarks of a "cow college." Lest we be suspected of being the victim of a fixed idea, or afflicted with the "entire complex" so incurably as to be unable to see the brighter side of things, let it be said here and now that visiting artists on the Star and Symphony courses are unanimous in their expressions of gratitude and astonishment at the attentive and appreciative audiences which they have encountered at our Auditorium.

When you go home Easter, don't be reticent about telling people that we are going to have a stadium, and how we are to have it. The willingness of Illinois students and alumni to give one and a half million dollars to their alma mater cannot but be impressive to those who balk at a liberal support of the institution on the part of the legislature.

One of our little friends of the class of '21 asks the meaning of the heavy wire screens in the doors of the seminar conference rooms in Lincoln Hall. Just think, they have been here nearly six months without learning yet where they keep the graduate students!

One of the most striking indications of the fact that the *Daily Illini* comes remarkably near being a metropolitan paper, is revealed in the refusal of the University to guarantee the editor's immunity from personal attack.

Which would you prefer; a snappy gray herring-bone made up in accordance with the dictates of spring fashions, or a seat in the stadium? So would we!

The Illinois Credo

*More opinions gathered from the Representative
Student*

1.

That it takes especial ability to be a "big man on the campus."

2.

That things will be different around here when we get the appropriation from the state legislature.

3.

That we will get it.

4.

That success in athletics, because it is most spectacular, is the most worthwhile of college achievements.

5.

That no college professor could really make more money in any other occupation, or he wouldn't be a professor.

6.

That rich men are successful men.

7.

That if a girl is unpopular there is a reason; and that if she is popular there is also a reason.

8.

That engineering students are narrow-minded, ags vulgar, commerce students cocky, law students politicians, and L. A. S. students incurably lazy.

9.

That fraternity freshmen exist solely for utilitarian purposes.

10.

That Monday is a bad day, but that Sunday is a worse.

11.

That no sorority chaperone has ever been in love.

12.

That it will be lots fun to attend college after the stadium is built.

13.

That literary societies have outlived their usefulness.

14.

That T.N.E. may be dead, but we will never have clean politics.

15.

That Illinois may not be perfect, but that most other colleges are much worse off than we are.

16.

That it is better to have loved and lost than to have never had the courage to call up just because the girl is popular.

17.

That a girl *may* be popular and nice, but that she probably isn't both.

18.

That people who venture to make adverse comments on University musical or dramatic productions are unsympathetic grouches, and are totally lacking in sympathy with worthwhile things.

19.

That Illinois can well do without traditions, ivy, tea rooms, and sophisticated tastes in literature so long as it can carry on research in soil fertility and the fatigue of metals.

20.

That only the submerged and more or less "queer" type of men wear rubbers, but that all girls who wear galoshes are pretty and very desirable as dates.

21.

That it is a breach of taste to wear more than three pins.

22.

That it is a confession of inferiority not to have more than three pins to wear.

23.

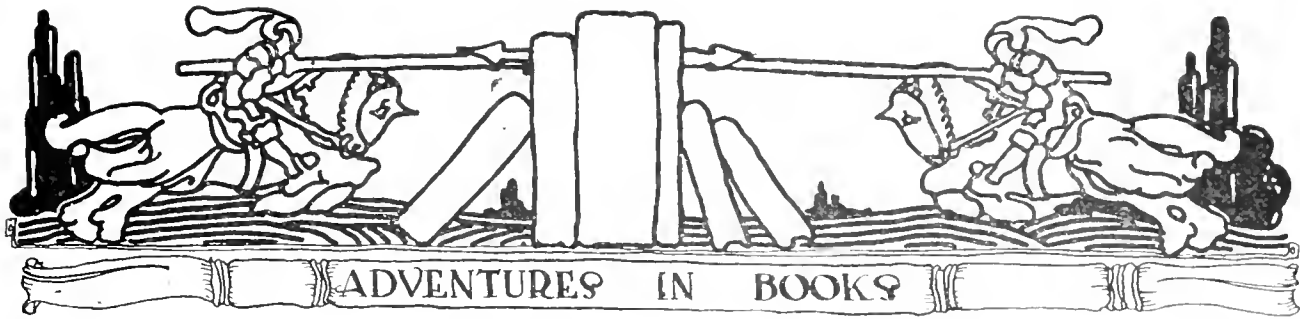
That the "know it all" attitude of mind is a trait peculiar only to sophomores.

24.

That there is a distinction in our favor between "college men" and "university men."

25.

That only one who has been a wife and a mother is fully qualified to be a Dean of Women.



America's College Poets

By BRUCE WEIRICK

A half hour spent in glancing over the 1918-20 anthology of college verse, *The Poets of the Future*, recently edited by Henry T. Schmittkind, will give one a very fair notion of the poetical renaissance now agitating American colleges and universities. The hundred and fifty poems here collected are representative of some sixty of our better known institutions of learning from Maine and Florida to Washington and California. The themes of these poems, running from pure description to Classical reminiscence and philosophical questionings, are as various as experience itself could desire. They include seasonal poems, poems of love, of war, and psychological analysis, children's verse sometimes very quaint and pretty, Chinese jades and dragons, negro dialect lullabies, and noteworthy by their rarity, one or two satiric skits.

In forms too, there is great variety. Free verse echoes the rhythms of Whitman and the modern imagists; but most of the poems consist of regularly ordered lyrics, sonnets, and stanzaic forms, the latter being, I think, the more successful. Free verse, indeed, seems to lead young writers to chaos, and if this volume is a fair sample of its merit, one may recommend a bridled Pegasus as the more promising nag. Of the twelve or so poems of first rate quality in the book, only two are in free verse. If the relative powers of the sexes in poetry may be discussed, the proportions of men and women writing verse is worth a glance. Though ninety of the one hundred and fifty poems are by women, it is noteworthy that they succeed in writing only three of the twelve or fifteen first rate poems, that is of those in class one, and only about forty per cent of those in class two. Conventionality or eccentricity seem to dodge at their heels, and hinder that union

of style and matter that gives to poetry its air of originality. But such comparisons are invidious.

The poems themselves, however, are the thing, rather than comments about them. Two spring songs, happily in class one, represent the University of Illinois, one entitled *Spring on the Prairie*, by Bliss Seymour, and the other, *Chansounette*, by W. B. Mowery. An instructive contrast of old and new verse forms and mannerisms may be had by comparing the two following lyrics. The first, a *Song* in free verse by John P. Troxell, of Washburn College, combines three images to suggest rather than state directly a mood or impression, an impression hardly stateable except in imagery.

Days
That I have spent with you
Stand out from the rest
Like thin gold shafts of sunlight
Falling on a dark floor;
Like clumps of violets
Pushing through a cover of dead leaves;
Like wisps of clouds
Making silver pictures
Against a plain sky.

Lilies in a Pool, by Samuel Heller, of Brown University, states the same idea in more conventional form, and many will think more suitably.

The scented cup-like lilies,
Their faces white and cool,
Are dreaming on the waters
Here in the crystal pool.
They dream of song and laughter,
Of eyes whose lights are blue,
Of hands and lips and kisses
Their dreams are all of you.

Though it will scarcely be said that any of the poems in this volume will have a permanent life, yet, as sign of a living poetic spirit in our young writers, they are distinctly encouraging. Such sonnets for instance, as Sara Liston's *Antony to Cleopatra*, or Horace Williston's *With Bowed Knee*, have an elevated diction, and are admirable in imagery and feeling. What will appear to some a combination of romance and idiocy is Eugene Pillot's *Straight-Backed Chairs*, a Harvard poem. Though oddity is perhaps its strongest note, it is partly because of this very oddity, unforgettable, and has one startlingly beautiful line.

Straight Backed Chairs

Once when my host and I were taking tea,
A youth was there—
A youth with hair of brown that turned to gold
As he flung himself upon a pale blue couch
In the studio on the hill.

My host and I, in straight-backed chairs,
Sedately sipped our cups of tea,
But the youth with hair of brown that turned to gold
Stretched his brown-clad form on a pale blue couch
And drank his, drop by drop, from his finger-tips—
In the studio on the hill.
Entranced, my host and I
Gazed at the amber dripping to those lips of spring,
With sudden anguish we yearned to leap from
 straight-backed chairs
And straight-backed lives—
Yearned to drip our tea, drop by drop, from our
 finger-tips,
Like the youth with hair of brown that turned to
 gold
In the studio on the hill.

But my host and I had sat too long in straight-backed
 chairs
And today we sit there still,
Yearning, always yearning
To be free as that young life
That flung itself upon a pale blue couch
In the studio on the hill.

It will be seen that here the free verse achieves an effect seldom attained in the more regular verse forms, the effect of aesthetic abandon not quite sane, but just curious and beautiful enough to tease the critic into a grudging admiration. But turning from these more experimental realms, few will withhold admiration from the following quietly jolly satire from Dartmouth, by Harry Deferrari. It is a new version of the Penelope legend, done in a cool Cavalier manner and with a point and economy of means that is rare enough.

Penelope

(From the Italian)

Penelope of mine, 'tis you
Who shield a modest face,
Who scorn with virtue half divine
Gallants and all disgrace.

To thwart the work of slanderous tongues
Your pure sigh intervenes,
And to ill-thinkers you display
The sacredness of queens.

And even in the worldly dance
Majestically you go,
With eyes from which a single look
Can turn desire to snow.

Your weaving of the tapestry,
How nicely you pursue it!
You weave by day—but in the night
How sweetly we undo it.

Though it is perhaps unnecessary to cultural salvation to buy the book, verse writers and verse readers may without harm lend it the notice of a stray hour. It is on the whole a promise rather than a performance; but its promise is of the coming of romance, and of the love of the imagination.



A Page of Light Verse

A Cat Scratch

BY HELEN B. CARR

Chilly little ankles, chilly little bean,
Isn't she the classiest thing,
That you've ever seen?

Rawh!

Silly little topknot, silly little heels,
Like a "Dame in Paris"
Seen in seven reels.

Haw!

Vampy little spit curl, lampy little eyes,
Wonder what does happen,
When she ups and cries

Maw!

Smartest little skirt length, like potato peels,
When the blowsy wind blows,
Wonder how she feels?

Caw!

Cheeks as red as roses, Lor' knows where her nose
is,
Of all the L. U. posies,
Isn't she the queen?

Naw!

Paw'd

Jaw

Maw'd

Haw

She's too raw

AW !

NAW ! ! !

Chilly little ankles, chilly little bean,
Isn't she the dumbest thing,
That you've ever seen!

An English Poet's Conception of Drama

Some of the Ideas of John Drinkwater, author of "Abraham Lincoln"

By O. D. BURGE

SON of a father, who was himself connected with the theatre, John Drinkwater was not destined for a theatrical career, for at the age of sixteen he was taken from school and set to work in an insurance office. He was, of course, not at all satisfied with this vocation, and during the twelve years he spent in the office, he occupied his spare moments in writing poems and plays. Then, in 1906 or 1907 he became connected with the movement for a repertory theatre in Birmingham, England. When the project was finally launched, Mr. Drinkwater stopped being an insurance man, and began, so he said, "living on his wits".

During the first few years of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, he was a sort of "Jack of all trades," and it was at that time that he got the thorough grounding in stagecraft which is so evident in his "Abraham Lincoln". He was actor, director, and playwright at various times, and during the first few months of the run of "Abraham Lincoln" in Birmingham, he took a part in the play. The last years, however, have been given up largely to writing. When the play was taken to the Hammersmith Lyric Theatre in London he followed to see how the public should like it. It was liked, needless to say, and became the talk of the town. Punch, whose notice is fame itself, even saw fit to make a joke about it, when it told the story of the Cockney who was making up a luncheon party. He invited one of his friends, but the friend begged off on the grounds that he was going to see "Abraham Lincoln" that afternoon. Whereupon the host said: "Oh, bring him along, too!"

After a long run in London, the play was brought to New York, where its success was instantaneous. That was winter before last, and Drinkwater spent some six months in this country. This winter he came over again for a lecture tour.

He is returning to London where a movement similar to the Birmingham one is on foot for a London repertory theatre. It is expected that before long the theatre will be started.

Mr. Drinkwater has quite definite ideas as to what the drama should be and should not be. He

says that there is no hope for the drama until a play is as well read as seen. In his opinion, however, the true test of a play is the stage, for a play that is a "closet drama" is as bad as the most unprintable one. In his essay on the art of St. John Hankin, he made the penetrating remark that "drama that shall succeed in the theatre and also be a permanent addition to the art of the world can only spring from the union of an understanding of stagecraft and the faculty of at once seeing and apprehending life and character, or at least manners, and bringing to their expression that discipline of language which is style." Later on he says: "The loftiest style is employed in the service of poetry."

And it seems, or so one might gather from his conversation, that it is Mr. Drinkwater's ambition to be known as a poet, rather than as a dramatist. But he does believe in the poetic drama, and he thinks that the biggest times of the drama will come when poetic drama is ascendant. It can not be now, nor at any time until the public shall have advanced to the point where it can lay claim to more sophistication, and refinement of taste. And above all, one has to affect an immediate audience in play writing. That is why, he says, it is not practical for the writer of today to adventure into this dramatic field. The poet is appreciated in due time, but this can not happen to the writer of poetic drama, for the play must affect the theatre of its time.

"Abraham Lincoln" is not therefore a pure drama of the poetic type, but is rather a shrewd mixture of the two. The choruses represent the poetic element, and the scenes proper represent the patent dramatic portion of the play. His arrival at the use of the chorus is interesting. In refuting the statement of St. John Hankin, that it is the dramatist's business to represent life, not to argue about it, he says: ". . . It is clear that all dramatists who have written sincerely have not only represented life, but argued about it." By this he means that the artist has made himself a figure in the background of the drama, and has placed his ideas

(Continued on Page 34)

The Editor's Holiday

Emetic.—I have just finished Mr. H. L. Mencken's second series of "Prejudices". In this volume the busy editor and meticulous critic of the homelier virtues comes out flatly in favor of *finesse*, reserve, urbanity, and aristocratic gestures in American letters.

Some of the expressions which are found useful by this extraordinary advocate of *delicatesse* in urging refinement upon the more uncouth of our native writers are: oafish, tacky, highfalutin, blather. He also devotes a passing glance to "wives lolling obscenely in opera boxes", "the six day sock", "salernatus *Kultur*", and the "hoobery" and "yokels" whose "violent swallowings and regurgitations" of "political and economic perunas" goad him almost to the frenzy into which he falls at the thought of professors, God, leading citizens, people who do not agree with him, and "the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday" whose character is gracefully and succinctly epitomized in "skillful boob-bumper."

One wonders, tho, whether Matthew Arnold, as he reaches across the shadow-line to grasp the hand of this chivalrous apostle of sweetness and light, doesn't wince inwardly at the purgative epithets of the un-euphemistic Mr. Mencken.

Complexes.—There is a certain charm about new and estoteric cults. There are several, in fact. One of them is the ability the newly initiated acquires for belaboring people who affect him unpleasantly. It is true of foreign languages. It is conspicuously true of psycho-analysis. It has become perfectly legitimate to cast the vilest imputations on the character of those who appear to have preserved their virtue intact despite the devil and all his busy cohorts. It is only a matter of ferreting out the dream of the untainted, of guessing his unholy and suppressed desires, (of which he himself is entirely ignorant), and inquiring shrewdly into his boyhood experiences.

Even you, dear reader, pure and unspotted tho you seem to be, are probably an awful sinner, subconsciously.

Derelict Ideas. The trouble with most of us is not that we lack ideas, but that we fail so signally in making other people's ideas our own. In four years of study we meet hordes of ideas drawn from antiquity to the present, from every conceivable sort of brain, upon every subject (more or less) in the curriculum. We are introduced to the arts and sciences, and carry away with us varying portions of their facts and theories memorially. Our knowledge of philosophy and chemistry, psychology and political science, is almost never reflective.

What, if you happened to be studying ancient philosophy, would you say if asked what you thought of the philosophy of Socrates? You would be decidedly embarrassed unless you were the brilliant and negligible exception. It would be apparent to you that you didn't know what you thought of the Socratic philosophy. In all probability you wouldn't think about it at all.

To study ethics with never a thought to the value of the "golden mean" as a working hypothesis of conduct, to know the history of political thought in our own country and come out without one conviction as to the inherent virtue of democratic government, or as to whether, in fact, there can be any such thing, to repeat glibly the psychology of perception and still be without curiosity as to the possible relationship between revived images occurring isolated and unrelated to the current scene, and poetical imagery, these are experiences common to all of us. In Utopia, or after the millennium, the ingenious educator will devise some scheme by which he can examine assimilation as well as the memory of ideas, and find means to curb the present forlorn dereliction which exists in the chaotic minds of the young. Besides, derelicts are dangerous!

Corn Belt Papers

BY T. P. BOURLAND

The Great American Home

LET us seek amusement in the consideration of Bud and Sis; how they are concerned with their important destinies, and how, in quest of higher things, they depart from the Great American Home.

It is a national institution of such sterling worth and great importance that poet and politician alike sing its praises as the nucleus, or spine, of our nation. It is that tradition, built for us by our hardy sires, which is the joy of all good citizens, the hope of our statesmen, and the sustenance of the Indiana bards. It is the national Frame House on Main Street, inhabited by Pa, Ma, Bud, Sis, and the Neighbor's Kids. Church parties are given there, Thanksgiving reunions are had there, and there does the mayor drop in of a Sunday, to smoke a cigar with Pa. Buicks, Overlands, and Fords come to a halt by the iron hitching-post out front, discharging socially inclined citizens of all ages; down Main Street ambles the truant officer, but the sign of the Passover is on the Frame House. From the Frame House in the morning issues Pa, cigar afloat, mildly eager for the day's breadwinning down at the store, or the office, or the shop; from the windows flutter dust-cloths for a space, after which Ma, with market basket beside her, backs out of the garage and steers her peaceful way to the butcher and the grocer. There, at times, comes the doctor and the urbane mortician and the lawyer— that fateful trio, so worthy of the burin of Durer—all surrounded by shrewd and sorrowful faces; there also comes the coal man, with his chute, for the delectation of a knot of boys. And there, on Main Street, is annually enacted a drama which might be entitled: "Good-bye, Jim; take keer o' yourself!" In this homely tragedy the chief actors are Bud and Sis.

Bud and Sis have graduated, usually with honors, from High School. During the ensuing summer, Bud, very much the man, has earned his bread by clerical or manual labor for the Public Service Company. Twelve years of steady and consistent education, thinks Bud, must have some ripening effect upon the human mind. "It is the lot of good Americans to earn an honest living, and it is now high time for me, Bud, to learn the ways of the commercial world!" Sis, too, feels the twelve improving years as Atlas feels the Earth; a fine, true, comely

girl, Sis, and a joy to her mother. Sis can cook a bit, and she makes some of her own clothes; "Not that she has to," explains Ma, "but she seems to take delight in keeping busy." Poor Sis! Of course she has to keep busy. She has had two summers at Oconomowoc, where she met some really nice people; what companionship, what romance, can accrue to her from Main Street? To whom may she confide the dreams she has; the ir-repressible dreams she's had of late from books, from sunsets, from music, from Oconomowoc, from the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*? How can she develop the soul which she knows she has? Does she want a career? No? Love, then? Oh, no! Beauty, then, or knowledge, or freedom? Perhaps.... She wants something, assuredly; wants it with all her heart. No use to seek on Main Street; it is not there.

And Bud again; he finds the Public Service Company an exacting taskmaster. During the summer he has met numbers of thirty-year-old men—oldsters, assuredly—who have served the corporation for nearly a decade, and who now must live with their wives in very mean abodes on the utter end of Main Street. Bud questions: "Is there no finer end for me than this? These men say they went to high school, and here they are! Something wrong. And how hard I work for twelve a week!" Bud and Sis go to parties—. "What are you going to do?" enquire their friends. And it comes to light that Jane is going to Ferry Hall, and John to Milliken, and Horace—*mirabile dictu!*—departs for Princeton in a fortnight. So, in time, the seed of Higher Education germinates in the confused young minds of Bud and Sis. Earnest discussions now take place in the Frame House. Pa is not sure that college is what Bud needs, but he listens to Ma's opinions with an open mind. Ma sees no chance for Sis in *this* town. "Someday she'll marry, and who will her man be if she stays here?"

But all questions settle themselves by appeal to custom. Families with much smaller bank accounts than Pa's are sending their young to college. Pa wishes the children to have a better chance than was his in youth. Ma pictures the delight she'll have in comparative leisure with the children away. She will miss them, of course, but then they will have frequent vacations. What will they study at college? Oh, most anything that will make a business man of Bud and a lady of Sis. A minor con-

sideration, at best. Let them go, let them go.

And so, in Indian Summer, comes the most significant incident in our nation's life. There is a gathering on the front porch, a strapping of bags, and a final checking up of tickets, handkerchiefs, underwear, books, funds, stationery, caps, golf sacks, dresses, and whatnot. Then Pa, with unaccustomed hand, drives the Buick, loaded to the guards to the depot and the last farewell is spoken amid the cinders and the roar of the incoming train. Bud and Sis are headed for the Higher Education.

Because a diploma is considered a necessity these days; because Jane and John and Horace were going; because there were so few really nice people in town; because Main Street is a dull place; because Pa can well afford it, Bud and Sis are going to college.

Fireside Philosophy

The log burned brightly on the hearth, gleaming upon the surrounding arc of well shined brogues, shining snugly upon the silver cups on the table, illuminating the pink young masculine faces above the polished shoes. The little ticking clock struck one. Wednesday night, it was—the end of a period of manifold activities: studies in bedroom and seminar, the vaudeville, the movie, girls, casual and special meetings, campus-political, campus-fraternal, literary, neo-literary and social; dinner-guests, love-affairs, jealousies, tiny intrigues, interviews with deans, professors, instructors and special secretaries; the end of a university day. This was the final summing up:

"I think I'll drop that math' course." This was addressed to the world in general by a youth with thin lips and unreflective eyes. There was no response. He added:

"The prof. says I can't make the grade unless I get a B in the final; I can't make C, even."

"If you drop Math' you'll go on probation."

This from one who sat in shadow on the right. His voice sounded glum and sleepy.

"I'm on probation now. But I can argue them into—"

Three voices joined in protest.

"If this is going to be a gloom session I'm going to bed." "You egg, talk about something else." "You can't be a student and a great lover at the same time."

"Speaking of great lovers" remarked the figure nearest the fire—

Everyone hearkened.

"—Speaking of *great* lovers, did any of you happen to see Henny tonight?"

Nobody had.

"I was down at the Beehive Inn with Hank about eleven o'clock, and in walks Henny, grinning like a Chessy-cat, hanging on to the arm of Harriet Sames—

A surprised chuckle ran along the booted arc.

"Listen. She had his pin on—on her coat!"

The figures nearest the fire fondled the poker philosophically. The others grinned. Nothing rich about the story, but it rated a grin. Some comment passed:

"That pin of his 'll need repairs soon."

"I didn't know he was playing with her."

"Well,—she's some little pincushion, herself. She had two last year."

"I s'pose her sisters gave her orders to go out and get Henny's decoration."

"Orders probably were to get a pin—no matter whose. Harriets outfit seem to specialize in that activity—pin collecting."

"Yeh. Funny how one sorority goes out for pins, another for publications, another for—um,—for—

"Go on, say it!"

"I was going to say—scholarship."

"Burn my clothes!"

"Anybody heard how Dempster's ankle is getting on?"

The talk veered to the Big Ten. Brows were knit and fingers gestured in the air. Dempster's injury made no difference. Dempster's injury was a life and death matter to the Conference. Ohio would get it. Chicago would get it. We would get it. Then:

"Jocko, how about a little lullaby before we go to bed?"

Jocko, half asleep, protested. He had an eight o'clock. He was tired. He had to write a theme. He had a sore finger.

Jocko was overruled, and there was a lumbering exodus to the piano. A lanky youth in bathrobe and slippers appeared from nowhere with a violin. The sleepy company disposed themselves in sleepy attitudes.

Softly, stole a note from the fiddle, like a wisp of smoke in still air. The note expanded into a melody, the piano joined its voice to the voice of the fiddle; the melody was *Roses of Picardy*. Cheap and spurious though it was, it had a wail in it which momentarily awoke the dormant hearts about the room. But then the melody changed, and space was filled with a barbaric syncopation which set the brogues a-jigging feverishly.

From time to time the musicians played. In remote corners of the upper floor three engineering students, two athletes, and a boy with influenza awoke, rolled over, and went to sleep again. The

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Educating the Theme Reader

By E. E. L.

ILLINOIS has her Spoon River and Urbana her Boneyard. Not all the "bones" are in the yard; some are for theme readers to chew upon. And how these bespectacled ones mess up the educational carcass! At the very hour that you are appeasing your acquisitiveness under the spell of a Mick Sennet, or gliding and swaying to *The Lorin Land o' Jazz*, likely as not some plodding steward of the King's English is crawling a legend in red on your version of how to grow cabbages. Beyond question the heartless time-server wants training in the common decencies. No matter how well he takes care of ungrammatical relatives, nor how varied his preventives for splitting infinitives, or removing such barbarisms as flesh is prone to, you must educate him.

Now, bringing up the theme-reader is often an arduous and thankless task, even so considered by those who have brought up father. But it can be done. Begin with some simple suggestion as "In description one should not jump around, but show things in the order one sees them". That isn't much, but 'twill serve as a rule o' thumb. Perhaps your Ichabod needs the inspiration (or comfort) to be derived from "Again John pressed his suit, and this time she accepted him," but caution him that in order "to secure mity, avoid long strangling introductions". One cannot be too careful in such matters. If he is of the wise sort he has told you that familiarity breeds contempt but that is something different again from inviting him to your boarding-club where "familiarity is bread at meals". If he evinces no appetite for that tell him about your Chalmers Eight and the friend who "clamored out of the machine and ate ravishingly". He should develop such an interest in the potentialities of your car that he may miss your telling how the friend "confided the secret of the mixture in him". Or he may be such a simple villager that all your talk is above his head. If he really is so literal-minded that the high rent scandal in the fall alarmed him, let him feel the alternative if "an occasional prolonged 'cock-a-doodle-doo' of some ambitious fowl would rent the air". On the whole you do well not to talk religion to him; still it might give him pause to know that "Pres. Wilson advocates open convents openly arrived at". Politics adjourned, two hours a day of advice of this sort will do more to humanize the theme reader than all his courses in pedagogics.

It is the personal element, remember, that counts in modern education. If half the art of living lies in choosing one's parents, I presume the other half consists in choosing the right theme-reader. Select one, who acknowledges the service you have rendered, and in whom the quality of mercy is not strained beyond an orthodox "k", "sp", or "p"; if you don't, there's no telling what may become of your *opus*: it might, for a' that, be "marked but not read".

My Chi Omega friends put forth the merits in the theme-reader's educative process of the personal interview. It is here, they assert, that the battle with your protege is lost or won. You must note in advance to which of three types your theme-reader belongs and educate him accordingly. "First of all there are the serious ones who are trying to put all they can into your head and to make you actually learn something. These are usually young. The best way to approach such a one is with a serious attitude yourself. Tell him that you are deeply interested in the course and that you would appreciate whatever help or advice he can give you. In fact, asking for advice is the open sesame to nearly every theme-reader's heart. Be sure then to make use of it. Then merely sit (if possible) still and say not a word while he showers good advice on you for as long as he can talk. Now and then nod your head wisely and look at him as if intelligence were just dawning on you with its bright and glorious light. When he has finished thank him quietly as if you meant it; let him know how much he has helped you and how well you hope to get through the course now that he has told you what to do.

"Next there are the more peppy and would-be 'vampish' ones. They, also, are sometimes young but more often are considerably past their youth but have overlooked this fact. Go up to one of them always looking your best. This is important. Make your eyes sparkle. Let him talk first and then you smile as attractively as you know how after having practised it in front of a mirror every day for a week at least. Agree with what he tells you; he knows he is good and will believe you mean it when you, too, say so. If you are quite practised in this sort of thing you can soon lead away from the subject of the course and by showing much animation and skill at conversation will soon be having him wish to see you again at home. If this does happen, be busy on that evening but don't hurt his feelings

while telling him so. Just smile sweetly and as if you are disappointed at being so popular. When you leave tell him, too, that he has helped you in so many ways. If you have done well, you'll surely get an A or B out of the course. The last type is the nicest kind of all—those who are very fatherly. The only thing to remember is that you must act young and innocent. Tell them your troubles freely. They will do all they can to help and sympathize with you, too. Follow their advice, for it will be good, and try almost as hard as you let them think you do. With this advice the theme-reader should be as putty in your hands".

EDITOR'S NOTE—According to information given out by the office of the Dean of Women, the scholastic average of the Chi Omega sorority the first semester of this year was 3.36. Whether the extremely interesting and practical method of using feminine charm outlined above was not in force last semester, or whether the theme-readers developed unexpected powers of resistance, is a matter which we cannot pretend to decide.

Cynic's Progress.—What is worse than a young cynic is an old one. Cynicism, pampered and ebul-

lient, is to youth a gay and well-fitting cloak; gay because of the happy martyrdom in concealing bleeding hearts too modest to make a pageant of their bleeding, yet eager to seize some symbol that the world may know of the sweet agony; well-fitting because the garb of the cynic serves youth well as protective coloring in shielding from the common gaze a bruised but sound idealism, and in escaping the constant assault romance.

Corn Belt Papers

(Continued from Page 27)

tune was "Allah's Holiday," executed with saccharine fervour. Dull eyes envisioned vague, impossible glories. Then the music ended.

The last two youths on the staircase, like the others, were saturated with what beauty the music had.

"Abe and Jocko are *some* ragpickers, aren't they?"

The other searched his vocabulary. Then:

"Good as hell!" he said.

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Opera Night

(Continued from Page 11)

by two nights of success . . . they were free from the bug-a-boo of rehearsal, free from the fear of the critical, and yet sympathetic, audience. They had to live . . . and it was good to see.

The volunteer piano player finally strolled off and the night had ended. Slowly, happily, and yet reluctantly, the group filed out. As they passed our table, I noticed one of the girls dressed in her simple, every-day outfit, with all make-up removed. She was just a coed again. And it occurred to me that this girl had been one of the bright spots in the opera, though her part had been minor.

I wondered, but I did not wonder long, for I felt too happy to wonder about the ways of the girl . . . I felt that I had lived for once with the students when they had been natural, when they had frankly confessed that they desired, that they loved, praise . . . that they were but human. And I realized that I had been sour, and cynical, because my inherited qualities had not included a bit of music to fit me for this sort of thing; because I had been doing nothing all year that called for praise. I realized that L. A. had been sour, crabbed, and a bit jealous because his job as flunkey back-stage had been a hard one and one that did not call forth volumes of applause from the audience, nor much notice from the members of the caste. And I knew that Dick

was in his critical, satirical mood because the girl he had wanted to take to the opera had given another man the date. We, too, had wanted sympathy, praise.

I walked home happy, very happy. I wished, as I crawled into pajamas, that opera night would come often, that the thin coat of artificiality on the campus would pass once and for all.

Jazz—A Fragment

BY LEM PHILLIPS

Then . . .

Sing a song of rag-time
Jazz-time, Jag-time,
Any little ditty—
Bother words or rhyme.
Fox-trot, One-step, anything you please,
Stay a little, sway a little, springy on your knees,
Heel and toe, toddle so, do the double shuffle,
But take care—Careful there!

Don't crush milady's ruffle,
Fragrant hair and laughing eyes
Lips apart smiling-wise
Whispered thoughts and half-hummed tunes
Half-hummed hippity-hop-skip tunes
Rollicking, rattling, ragtime tunes
Frivolous, frolicksome fox-trot tunes,
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The Landlord

By A. R. CURRY

He had grumbled once before,
When I spat upon the floor,
Next I met him at the door
And crowded through.
Then a look flashed in his eyes
That was meant to terrorize;
But I laughed in spite of all that I could do.
He, a stubby, bulbous chap,
Kept a keg of Schlitz on tap—
Oh, I didn't give a rap for all his stew.
So, when he would frown and stare,
Run his fingers through his hair,
I would laugh in spite of all that I could do.
Well, the bulbous chap has died,
And they broke the coffin side
When the pressure was applied
To squeeze him through.
Now of all the times on earth
Funerals are no time for mirth,
But I laughed in spite of all that I could do.

Winter Sunset

By LEM PHILLIPS

The sun sinks cold in the grey sky's field
Glazing it o'er with a brassy shield.
My heart, I think, is cold and hard
As the brassy shield of the sky.
For I thought of myself and my own reward
And passed a beggar by.

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Impromptu

*On trying to study instead of reading a little book
of modern verse.*

BY LOIS FERNE SEYSTER

A little book, a tiny book,
A book of gold and green
Hath spun a web around my thought,
A web of silver sheen,
The threads of iridescent hue,
All rose and green and maize and blue,
Have captured me—my heart is caught—
Alas, that this should be!
A web is spun around my thought,
A web of poetry.

And how can I be laboring,
And how can I retreat
From all the tiny tanglements
That snare my willing feet?
For every thread of every strand
Came from Cathay or Samarcand—
Adorned a flag o'er battlements
Beyond the foaming sea,—
And I am caught in tanglements
Or magic poetry!

The Lincoln Ox-Yoke

BY GARRETA H. BUSEY

An ox-yoke, rude and marred, and weather-dyed,
Fashioned in curves of strength by hero hand!
A Lincoln drove the shaggy beasts it spanned,
Across the prairie—he, the destined guide
To liberty and union nation-wide!
Now scarlet-belted peasants walk the banks
Of Bosnian rivers. By the creamy flanks
Of oxen, strong, white-garmented, they stride.
These men, who fought for freedom, and are free
Thou home of Lincoln, these men turn to thee!
Their land new-won, bewildered still their thought,
They turn to thee for lessons Lincoln taught,
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and interpretations of life in the speech of his character. He goes on to say:

"The Greek chorus was, fundamentally, a device employed by the poet whereby he might exercise this privilege of argument."

And perhaps that is the best thing after all. People do not attend the theatre for the purpose of seeing something that might easily happen in the day of anyone in their number, nor to hear voiced the thoughts that might come to any man. That would only bore them, when they wish to be amused. They expect something a little different, and the man that writes his own commentary of life into his play is somewhat more like to beget a good play than is the man who is a photographic realist.

"The demands of art upon the artist are inexorable. The artist finds certain requirements imposed upon him by his work from which there is no escape. And one of these is this necessity of the chorus, or the poet's argument in drama. The whole significance of the chorus of the drama has fallen into neglect and oblivion, because the plays of the theatre were being written by men who had no sincerity of artistic impulse."

This, then, is the reason for the choruses of "Abraham Lincoln". And it is due in fact to these, that the play is so extraordinary. The six scenes

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of the play all seem so simple that one would think that any fool could have done them. The point is, though, that no fool did do them, but rather a man of no small wisdom. He knew what he wanted, and how to get it,—and "Abraham Lincoln" was the result.

These are merely some of the ideas of the author of one of the greatest plays of our time. One should not try to judge him too closely, for a man's period does not have the perspective to judge him truly. It is best to think of him as the charming author of one of the best appreciations of Lincoln yet written.

The worthy professor droned and droned . . .

" . . . sentences of *Gorboduc* generally end with the line, and the accents usually fall in the same place. Marlowe's blank verse shows great variety. The major pause frequently does not come at the end of the line. The poet can move over the field of dramatic action far more easily than he could if. . ." And as I slept I dreamed that I sat in an old British ale-house, and that a youth leaned heavily against the great stone chimney-piece, fumbling with a manuscript, and that the room was full of fine wild fellows who pounded the tables and shouted

"Bravo, Chris, me lad, Bravo! Drink this and lets have another story!"

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The Shadow

(Continued from Page 17)

"He was standing there—by the light—he dodged—but this time—" he hurled the chair, with tremendous force, through the broken window. Then he turned quickly and seized a taboret, muttering incoherently. The doctor jumped forward, but before he could place a restraining hand on his shoulder, Latimer had collapsed, a white-faced, shuddering heap, in the center of the room."

"If there is anything further I can do to help you manage your husband's estate, Mrs. Latimer, I shall be only too glad to serve you," Mr. Henderson of Henderson and White, offered sympathetically in his best funeral voice.

She stood fingering nervously the papers he had just given her. "I hope it won't be for long," she said in a low voice.

The lawyer shook his head sadly. "I was just talking to Dr. Stedman, who has been up to the sanatorium again, and he held out very little hopes. It is a most distressing case." He began buttoning up his coat, preparatory to leaving.

She walked with him to the door, where they nearly ran into the maid, bringing in a card. Mrs. Latimer turned the card over and over while she told the lawyer good afternoon, in an abstracted manner. Then she turned to the maid. "The man who brought this is waiting in front?" she asked.

"Yes'm. He said it wasn't necessary for him to come in as you would know what he wanted."

"He's a rather short, stoop-shouldered man" she questioned, and the maid nodded. Her mistress turned and went on up to her room, to come down in a moment with a check in her hands, waving it gently back and forth to dry the ink. "Here is what he wants," she said, and handed it to the maid. Then she tore the card thoughtfully into bits.

She went back into the half-lit room and walked slowly over to the fire, where she tossed the fluttering bits into the flames. She stood motionless, statue-like. Then suddenly she turned away and flung up her arms in an impulsive gesture, with the fists clenched until the knuckles shone white in the fire light. "Larry!" she cried aloud, chokingly. "I've made him pay, just as—I said—I would. Larry darling!" She sank, sobbing, into the deep-winged chair in front of the fire. The leaping flames lent a coppery gleam to her red-brown hair and sent across her shaking figure fantastic shadows.

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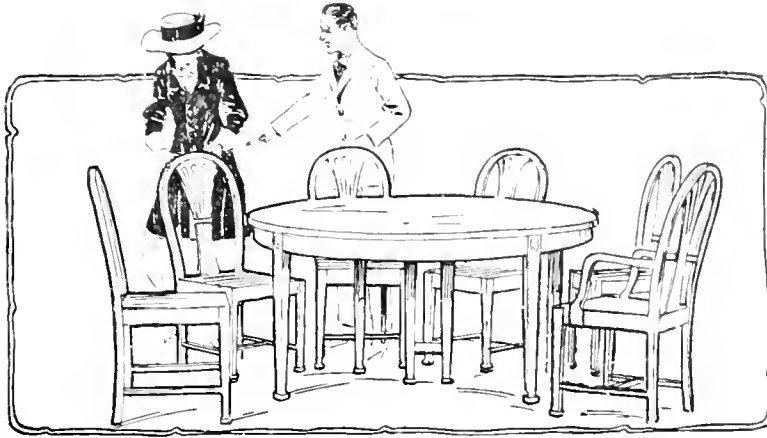
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The ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

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May

No. 6

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Published by the Illini Publishing Company during the college year. Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois. Office, 106 University Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Subscription, \$1.50 per year. Out of town subscriptions, \$2.00. Single copies 25 cents.



SINCLAIR LEWIS
Author of "Main Street"

Drawn from a Photograph
by C. Earl Bradbury

The ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

VOLUME XI

May, 1921

NUMBER VI

Sinclair Lewis Comes to Town

BY SAMUELSON RAPHAELSON

I HAD a half hour in which to meet the train which was bringing my wife from Chicago, and I was just strolling at a nicely calculated pace past the Union building, when a girl's voice called, "Oh, Raph!"

Four girls were grouped about a man. He was leaning against a Buick which was standing at the curb. He wore a store hat—the kind that freshman ag students wear; you let the salesman sell it to you, stand still while he places it correctly on your head, and you always wear it that way.

"This is Mr. Raphaelson, Mr. Sinclair Lewis."

He looks just like the picture in the *American Magazine*, only his head is smaller and his hair red, and he is taller and thinner than I expected. His eyes are just as bulgy as they are in the picture, though, and his nose just as preposterously large and turned-up.

Roberta Doisy offered to drive me to the train, so, after rudely jerking Lewis out of his comfortable position against the car—a position he seemed inclined to maintain indefinitely—we started.

"My God!" he said to me, "how can you stand it to teach here? I couldn't last more than two days. These beautiful co-eds 'd drive me wild. I'd be making love to a different one every week." He patted Rose Oltusky's hand, and Rose seemed to like it.

Then he said "Good God!" and "My God!" several times more, and I was delighted. For, until that moment, the girls in the car knew, *absolutely*, that it is a sign of uncouthness to say "My God!" and that no *really* nice person does it, and that cultured persons *shudder* at it . . .

Already I could see Gladys Pennington, for

whose many-sided perfection I have holy awe, standing alone in her room, finding life suddenly getting complexer and complexer, and deciding to practice, in a whisper, saying "My God!" determining, in one wild climactic moment, to spring it on the very next man she goes out with. I felt safe in my vision, however, for I knew that Gladys's home training and higher instincts would prevent it—at least it would prevent "My God!" figuratively, if you get what I mean.

I got to the point as soon as I could.

"When do I get you," I asked him, "and for how long?"

"Ask the Boss." Intrepidly he patted Roberta on the shoulder. Roberta, who was driving, paused to clutch the accelerator or something, and Lewis broke in with: "Why do anything? This party suits me. Let's get some rye bread and pickles and keep it up all day!"

But Roberta, whom already he was beginning to fear, got the gears out of the brake and, in that deceptive mild manner of hers, told Lewis he was mine from 4 to 5:30.

I KNOW you!" Lewis said sternly to Roberta at the Green Tea Pot luncheon, where Theta Sigma Phi, in velvet dresses and elbow gloves, and Sigma Delta Chi, in silk shirts and with a "reloso" shave, were eating soup with forks and pretending not to stare at the great man. "I know you! You're an Efficient Woman! You're going to count your linens every week after you're married, and you're never going to have guests because they ruffle the carpets and may lean against the wall-paper! Sister, better get wise to yourself while you're young and

beautiful. Come on, now, and mess up the day for me! Things are too lovely." He leaned to her, pleading, boyish. "Couldn't you possibly fix it so that I get stuck and am compelled to change into my evening clothes at the women's reception tonight?"

Poor Roberta, who had never been *atrociously* efficient until this great day, dipped her cracker into the soup and swallowed her spoon.

Then he turned to me.

"We're literary men, you and I. This low-brow talk has gone on long enough. We've got to give these honest people their money's worth. Let's talk about Life and—uh—Art."

I am a person of poise, of serenity and calm—in a word, intellectual. The fever around me had left me unruffled. So, with no more sign of agitation than swallowing an olive, stone and all, I turned casually to him.

"How," I inquired urbane, with just the proper touch of gaiety, "how did you get the Structure into 'Main Street'?"

Lewis leaned back. His brow furrowed. His eyes were indubitably sober and profoundly meditative. Ah, how we understood each other—we, who had both been to New York!

"You've hit the vital spot!" he announced solemnly. "After all,"—his air was beautifully earnest—"Structure *is* the thing, isn't it? Now, keep this under your hat, but, after I had rewritten 'Main Street' four times, I went over it again *for no other purpose than to put in the Structure.*"

I nodded sagely.

"And the Symbolism?" I inquired.

His eyes turned heavenward.

"How you *do* understand!" he sighed. "The Symbolism,"—his voice was almost a whisper, and Ralph McQuinn, who sat five down on the left, kicked Lois Wine in the shin because she was buttering her roll too noisily—"the Symbolism is, after all, *the* thing, isn't it? Do you know, I had an awful time making the Symbolism fit the Structure! There was something—a Vague Something—in fact, an Indescribable Something—"

He waved his hand passionately. I nodded.

MY wife and I found him, in the faithful Buick, in front of the Y.W.C.A. building at 4. Roberta drove us, with Jerry Carson, the serious young man from Carrollton who edits this magazine, to our dwelling place, where she left us in order to change into *her* silks, a ceremony which her efficiency had thus far delayed.

I told him, with meticulous detail, just *why*

"Main Street" is a great book, and he listened with the proper indifference, being courteous enough not to interrupt.

Then he asked me about the University. The co-eds struck him as the interesting and significant phase of the life here.

"Do the men ever get any studying done?"

I yielded the floor to Jerry, who answered adequately.

"Is there a lot of loving?"

"Quite a bit," I think it was Jerry who replied.

"How much of it is loving and how much lust?"

"Mostly loving. *Some* lust."

"Why not more lust?" he asked.

"Home training. The church. The Wesleyan Foundation has just clothed its piety in a beautiful building with Oxford architecture. University rules, in sorority and rooming houses, and a Dean of Women to administer them."

He nodded his head soberly.

"That's what men like Mencken overlook," he said. "They rail against what they call Puritanism, but it's a wonderful instrument for keeping untutored young persons from fatal experimenting."

My wife came in with tea and some home-baked Jewish cakes which my mother had sent.

Whereupon we began playing that grand old game known as Lots of My Friends Are Jews, or, Great Jews I Have Heard Of, in the course of which Lewis remarked that no one has yet done in fiction some of the significant American Jewish figures—that Montague Glass knows only two narrowly-defined and vaudevillian characters. And we agreed about Fanny Hurst that, for one mother story,—"*Humoresque*", say,—she is a wonder, for she is all melting mother-passion herself, but that she is, in the larger sense, unable to get out of herself and in-to others; that all her mothers, Jewish, Irish, and Eighth Avenue American, are the same woman, and that all her young girls in love, from society to sodawater stand, are not romantically or passionately in love so much as tenderly in a mothering mood.

Then Lewis unwound his long figure from our Turkish dais and sank into a rocker, because he was seriously in danger of spilling tea on his vest. "You know, a fellow can't have many changes of laundry along on a lecturing trip, and I've learned to be careful. I'm not as fastidious as I used to be. At first I'd discard a collar when it was soiled; but now I range carefully through the discard, pick out one

and say, "Well now *that's* really a pretty good collar!"

Then Jerry asked him about the Yale Lit—the undergraduate literary monthly of Lewis's alma mater—and Lewis looked over the last issue of the Illinois Magazine and told Jerry that it looked much more lively than the Yale publication. I called his attention to the "Illinois Credo" article, which Jerry had written, and Lewis waxed enthusiastic about it, saying that such stuff is more important than all our self-loving adolescent outpourings put together.

"Why do you suppose an interest in psychoanalysis has taken hold of the public so strongly?" Jerry asked him, deftly changing the subject.

Lewis screwed up his face in thought.

"Off-hand, I should say because it offers a young man a most effective way of wooing a girl. *And* vice-versa. You can get by with more things by adroit and inaccurate application of a smattering of psychoanalysis than you could with months of ordinary conversation. Greenwich Village, the home of the viciously lazy, used to lean heavily on decadent literature, but literature has gone out of fashion since Freud—poor, well-meaning scientist!—liberated all boobs from inhibitions."

An automobile horn tooted from the street. Roberta was waiting, elegant in silks, to convey Lewis to the reception which preceded the banquet at the Wesleyan Foundation.

Somebody told me—and I don't doubt it was a gross misstatement—that when Lewis met Miss Ruby Mason, our Dean of Women, he registered despair. "I had hoped," they said he said, "that you would turn out to be a helpless sort of person. You see, the girls here are irresistible.... But you are competent—I see it at a glance. I shall leave Urbana as good a man as when I came!"

And someone else told me—and this *must* have been a crass mis-interpretation of Lewis's words—that he said if Professor Sherman would only give him two drinks, he'd call him "Stewie" in public, between his departure from our domicile and the post-lecture reception in Professor Sherman's home. I must recall Lewis's report of a discussion with a lady from the faculty.

"This lady," he said to me, "stated that she thought I was unfair to small towns in 'Main Street'. She said that small towns were much more livable and lovable than one would gather from my book. I—"

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Darned if I remember. She impressed me as

having a good deal of Vida Sherwin about her, though. Vida plus 'culture'. Well, I asked her if she came from a small town, and she said yes. 'When did you say you were going back?' I inquired. That *was* bad taste and wholly irrelevant, wasn't it?"

But he didn't look properly humble, I thought.

AFTER the lecture, which netted the flushed and triumphant Theta Sigma Phi several hundred dollars,* we members of the English faculty gathered at Professor Sherman's home to commune with the distinguished guest.

We sat around, about seventeen of us, at first very much like the gathering which Carol Kennicott encountered at her first "reception" in Gopher Prairie. Then Professor Woolbert began talking to him. It sounded crisp and penetrating, but I was fascinatedly watching Lewis's right eye, which I noticed drooped in a strange, wicked way, suggesting a bit of satyr and a bit of gargoyle in him, whatever it means to suggest a bit of gargoyle, and so I didn't quite get the drift of the talk.

Then questions began coming in a half-hearted way—like pop-corn over a fireless cooker. (Have you ever tried it? it's quite a unique experiment!)

"When you said in your lecture that you thought Wells had given more real history in 'Tono-Bungay' than in his 'Outline of History'," inquired Professor Bernbaum, "did you mean that soberly and completely?"

Lewis screwed up his face and looked more like a gargoyle than ever.

"Well, to be frank, I did. In fact, the more I think of it, the surer of it I am, because, you see, I haven't read Wells's 'Outline of History'."

Everybody laughed long and loud. What a charming man he was!

Professor Piccoli, the visiting lecturer from the Italian University of Pisa, touched animatedly upon Omaha newspapers, Gilbert Chesterton, Cambridge University, and, for a second, on Spingarn.

I say for a second, because Lewis, drolly and furtively, like an impudent but "well brought up" boy, said:

"I can see out of the corner of my eye a sar-

*Editor's Note:—The author was under the misapprehension here that Theta Sigma Phi, having conceived the idea of getting Mr. Lewis, having engineered the affair and taken the risks, and having assumed the various responsibilities of entertaining and presenting him, and having an interesting and important need of money, would be the beneficiaries of the proceeds. We smile at the author's optimistic ignorance. The Council of Administration took the money.

donic expression playing about Professor Sherman's face. And I really don't know whether it is Spingarn or Dreiser who is Professor Sherman's pet abomination."

Whereupon Professor Piccoli, the only other intrepid man in the gathering, naively asked Professor Sherman whether he didn't think Dreiser was, after all, a Puritan.

The roar of laughter which followed would have made an interesting study for a psychoanalyst.

Then Lewis remarked that practically all his literary fodder has been Wells. "I have swallowed H. G. Wells whole and uncritically. I am as interested in tracing myself as following in the footsteps of Dreiser and Anderson, but it's hard to prove that they have laid much way for me, since I've read very little of either's works."

From Dreiser the subject naturally moved to Billy Sunday. Professor Piccoli, I believe, remarking that Billy Sunday *was* said to be doing some good for the fallen man in the gutter.

"Wow!" howled Lewis. "Why, if a poor fallen man from the gutter—Say, have you ever attended a Billy Sunday meeting? The ushers would kick out any fallen man from the gutter who'd have the nerve to try to get into a respectable revival!"

Then Professor Mackenzie, who had seen all he wanted to of the writer of a realistic novel, or who was sleepy, or who had some work to do, arose. Everybody else arose and said good-by to Lewis and that he enjoyed the evening, and then everybody

left except McCom, who lingered to talk about novels, and Weirick and me, who just lingered.

We sat around, including now Mrs. Sherman, who had come down from wherever it is that women retire to when there are a lot of men and only one woman, and they talked, and I lost interest in their words and tried to see behind the man who had come like a fine spring breeze into our lives.

Above everything else, I saw the color in his face—a ruddy, thick-skinned face, almost drawn taut. And I saw the sharp vigorous sweep of his features, out of which his nose turned, a question-mark. I studied him, and mused a bit about him. Where had he been, what had he seen, how had he felt? Was this a breezy man, a glib man, merely a clever man? No; so far as I was concerned the thought was preposterous. This was a brooding man who had gloriously and unrelentingly made capital of his inner life by transmuting it into thoughts and acts. This was a man who could suffer through the reality of books and, if necessary, laugh at the unreality of men. This was a man who had not dropped a single thing of his past—his small-town life, his newspaper life, his mistakes, his victories; he had taken it all, every bit of it, and tried to re-mold it nearer to the heart's desire. This was a man who had learned to laugh lightly and think deeply, to talk freely and to write with many restraints of honesty and with serious purpose. This was a man who was hewing to the line, but was ordering a sign to be put up to protect well-intentioned passers-by from the swift flying chips.



"Our Children"

By Harold N. Hillebrand

ON April 15 and 16, Mask and Bauble produced Louis K. Anspacher's *Our Children*, an unobtrusive play of which few people hereabouts (including the reviewer) had heard. It blossomed on the stage some eight or ten years ago, but modestly, without notoriety, and was probably forgotten by most of those who had seen it; but not by Mrs. Gille, who remembers everything. It is an old-fashioned play. Its source, so a note in the program informed us, was a popular German play of the last century called *Mein Leopold*. A dramatic genealogist, however, would trace its ancestry at least as far back as Terence's *Adelphi*, for Anspacher's opinionated and pugnacious old shoemaker is not unlike Terence's Demea, as the elegiac "Oncle Stasi" is not unlike Nicio, and the relations of parents and children further support the parallel. What I mean to say, however, is no more than that Anspacher has used a very ancient theme on the upbringing of children, thus proving that fathers and sons (or daughters), whether you take them in Rome of the first century before Christ, or in Germany of the 19th century, or in Lynn, Massachusetts, of the 20th, are very much alike.

"Our Children" Built on One Character

"OUR CHILDREN" was written without genius, but also without pretentiousness and with the saving grace of sincerity. The story is trite enough. An old German-American immigrant, who has built up with his own hands a substantial business in shoe manufacturing, rests all of his confidence and most of his love upon an unstable son, whose return is to ruin himself and his father. But the boy is sound at heart; a couple of years in the "West" (the great regenerator of spoiled Eastern youth) puts him on his feet again, and the play ends with embraces all around, and the promise of renewed prosperity. Now this story is obviously not the thing for which Anspacher wrote his play. That thing was the character of Willybald Engel, the old shoemaker. He is the play, and he is so much above the easy mechanics of the plot, and the commonplace efficiency of the rest of the characterization that we are glad to forget everything else for his sake. He was created out of love and knowledge. This type has been seen often upon the stage. In *Friendly Enemies*, in *The Music Master*—, but Willybald



Engel is something more than a type, in his irascibility, his stubbornness, his pride, his snobbery, his blindness, and his great-hearted love. His childish pride in his new house, his benevolent domineering over his children, his superb faith in "Teodore", his rock-built honesty, his impatience of advice, his wholly Teutonic sentimentality are as genuine as dandelions in the meadows. His appeal is such as no one with a heart can resist.

Henning Shows Power in Lead Part

UPON the actor of Willybald Engel, accordingly, the success of the play wholly depends. In this case, Mr. E. B. Henning carried his burden on his sturdy shoulders. And he carried it well. It is no disparagement to the rest of the cast to say that the hearty welcome which the play received from the audience was due mainly to him. His performance was not great, measured by standards of the professional stage, it lacked variety, it missed a good many shadings, especially on the genial side of old Engel's character, but it had power. It took hold of you, because it was played, not as with most of the other characters, from the teeth outward, but from the very center of feeling. It was a rare experience, for me at least, to discover once or twice the thrill which comes from absorption in the scene that is being enacted, and which is the infallible sign that one is in the presence of real acting.

The Usual Co-ed Style Show

AS to the rest of the cast, the best thing about them was the smoothness which came from excellent drilling. Next to Mr. Henning, the honors

should go to Mr. Turner, who acted Anastasius Scheide, the other old German-American, with admirable comprehension of the sweetness of his character. It was unfortunate that Mr. Turner's voice and method of enunciation made him frequently unintelligible. Miss Lida Hough, as Bertha, was stiff in her emotional scenes, but otherwise unaffected and agreeable, and helped materially in the sentimental scenes of the last act. But I have one serious fault to find with her, and that is that she would not consent to dress herself for her part. Bertha was a hausfrau type of German-American girl, simply gowned because she had very little to spend. But Miss Hough, from her shoes to her coiffeur, was a society belle. The dress she wore in the second act was no doubt a lovely thing, but it hit the scene like a blow. And no wonder that the house good-naturedly jeered when this elegant and desirable Bertha expressed her timid anxieties, lest she die an old maid. Mask and Bauble plays have for some time served in a secondary capacity as undergraduate style shows. I should be sorry to think that the dressmaker has come to have more authority than the author or the director.

The same criticism, to a less degree, could be made of Miss Goebel, who, as Rosie, was also too anxious to wear her best clothes. But she had a simplicity of manner, a *gemuetlichkeit*, that was true to her part. Nothing especially need be said about the other members of the cast. There was something good in each one. Thus one can praise Mr. Norin for his excellent enunciation, Miss Baynes for the touch of hardness she put into the part of

Harriet Hulton, Miss Bowerman for her energetic sketch of an old family servant, Mr. Stevens for the enthusiasm with which he portrayed Richard Hellman, Mr. Rogers for suggesting pretty well the likable waster which Theodore was, and Mr. Hullfish and Mr. Heberer for the making of something out of very little. And of course, one's hat comes off again to Mrs. Gille, for "putting over" another smooth, capable performance that seemed to be the product of a month of rehearsals, instead of only two weeks.

What About Next Year?

JUDGING from opinions I heard expressed as I went out, and still more from the attentiveness with which the house sat through the play, I should say that *Our Children* was one of the best things that Mask and Bauble has done in some time. And it deserved that liking. If the function of Mask and Bauble in our community is merely one of entertainment, one is bound to admit that they did this time better than they might have done, and much better than when they gave *Bunker Bean* and *A Pair of Queens*. But if their function is to serve their community by attempting the best that the drama of the modern world places at their disposal, then they have not done so well as they could. It takes more than a piece of noteworthy characterization to make a fine play, and beside other plays that were submitted to Mask and Bauble this spring, —*The Faith Healer*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *The Sunken Bell*, and *Cyrano de Bergerac*—, *Our Children* is not much. What about next year?

In Swiss Gruyere

By Garreta H. Busey

Where dim moon-silvered mists abide
Between high peaks, in valleys wide;
Where, palely glimmering, the castle dreams
And far below, the curving river gleams;
Here soft-lipped silence casts her spell
Save on you distant tinkling bell
Of homing cattle down the mountain side,

The valley is a brimming bowl
Of beauty; yet, beyond control,
A wave of sadness masters us. And you
Go stealing down the mountain o'er the dew.
A dusky moon-wraith, to and fro
Through wavering mists, I see you go,
Seeking to clasp the moon-light to your soul.

In vain! Lonely as yonder peak
Against the sky, aloof and bleak,
Our spirits strain in yearning to possess
The soul of beauty. Even love's caress
Leaves us apart; and kisses hot
Upon our lips unite us not.
Yet while the world is lovely must we seek

Retort Philistine

By Lem Phillips

IT was Saturday afternoon, so we went to the Orph, my new found friend and I. It was a typical Orpheum bill—no worse, no better than usual—but why probe an old sore. From the first blare of the “Overture” to the final curtain after the inevitable athletic act my friend maintained an attitude of bored acceptance, a sort of sublime acquiescence to that unkind fate which had dropped him into a civilization where asinine vaudeville shows amuse and enthuse the boobery.

We came blinking out of the theater into the street. In front of us walked a group which my friend had noticed in the theater, and had commented upon caustically for their enthusiastic appreciation of everything on the bill. They were prosperous looking folk. A middle aged gentleman and lady, and two girls about fifteen and seventeen. They stopped by a big car parked along Neil Street, looked to the distribution of bundles in the rear seat, climbed in, and drove off with pa looking the part at the wheel.

My friend looked after them and laughed.

“There they go,” he said. “They’ve had a great time. Their aesthetic natures have been beautifully satisfied at the Orph. Now they’ll drive home in the three thousand dollar car, to their hundred thousand dollar farm, and milk their thousand dollar, prize winning cow. Then the old man will read *Farm and Fireside* while the old lady and the girls will gossip about their neighbors and all will agree that they saw a ‘grand’ show this afternoon. Then they will go to their feather-beds and tomorrow will be another day. They have a player piano and a victrola with twelve records in the parlour, the *Rural Efficiency Guide* in the book-case, and plenty of money in the bank. Some day the girls will marry prosperous farmers’ sons, and then there will be a new house, with a new player piano, an electric lighting system, and a revised edition of the *Rural Efficiency Guide*.”

We stopped at a corner drugstore to buy cigarettes. The proprietor, lounging behind the cigar counter, waited on us and asked about the crowd at the Orph. As we went out of the store my friend indicated the druggist with a backward nod of his head and a little sneer.

“He is Monsieur Bourgeois. He reads *System*, *The National Druggist*, and the *Champaign News-Gazette*. In his parlour there is a new unright gold-

en oak finish piano, and a daughter who plays rag-time very raggedly, a victrola with a hundred records, and an enlarged ‘portrait’ of himself. He goes to the Orph and belongs to the Elks.”

I thought it must be his liver and advised him to see a physician. I hadn’t known him long then. I know better now. No liver, no matter how reprehensible, could keep a man in that state all of the time.

As we walked home he continued in the same vein. Every profession, every class, every institution in our civilization he saw in the same light. Indeed it was all a sort of bum show at the Orph, which one tolerated because he could expect no better. The University, the professors, his associates, his family, and no doubt his best girl he felt were somehow a hopelessly shallow lot. He was a twelve o’clock boy in a nine o’clock civilization from which there was no chance of escape.

We have been assured so repeatedly, on presumably good authority, that ours is hopelessly a nine o’clock civilization that we are beginning to believe it. The fourth-of-July orator, the politician seeking office, and the provincial daily have told us a different story to be sure. They have, to borrow from the Scout, told us that we were the berries, and that they knew it. But the learned critic, the writer, and the professor have assured us emphatically that we are not, and since we (of the University community) belong to the self-styled intelligentsia, we are prone to accept the authority of the erudite and sophisticated rather than the blatant and popular.

For more than a century it has been the custom for English men of letters to visit us, and for a consideration of vulgar American dollars, to lecture to us upon the excellencies of their own works, then to return home to write American Notes, proving our hopeless inferiority. One great illuminating national trait has been chronicled faithfully by all of them. Dickens observed that we were all nicknamed “Colonel” or “Major,” and that we chewed tobacco. Matthew Arnold discovered that we had a passion for publicity, and that we chewed tobacco. Kipling found that we ate free lunches in bar-rooms like ravenous wolves (Mr. Kipling should visit us now), and that we chewed tobacco.

We have seldom been deeply concerned with the Englishman’s caricature of us. We explain to ourselves that he has viewed us through tinted spec-

The Diary of Alexander Egg— Graduate Student

September 25—Today I arrived at the scene of my intellectual endeavors for the twelve-month. I immediately went to the seminar to study the filing system and to obtain a seat as far as possible from the frivolous undergraduates. I spent a pleasantly inspiring evening, reading *The Dictionary of National Biography*.

September 26—I believe I shall find it stimulating here. I am invited to a faculty soiree for the evening. One must have diversion, mustn't one, along with the really important things of life! I expect to hear some sprightly conversation. I spent the evening, reading a fascinating monograph called *The evolution of the caesura and the gradus epithet in Old Bengali*. The author is too daring, I think. His treatment of Goloshes, the crocodile poet, was superficial, if not frivolous.

September 27—This has been a terrible day. I have been to two teas. Such a head! But I met many charming and seriously intellectual people. Professor Agnus Whoosh read a paper, *The influence of the Latin indirect question of the time of Lucretian Borgia upon rudimentary inflected endings in Procrenal*.

When the serious business of the evening was over, we had charades. I was the leader of one party. Each member of my group stood in the rear like the chorus in *Iphigenia in Taurus*. I thought it would be better so than in *Iphigenia in Aulus*. It was more exciting my way. Then I came out and kicked a chair vigorously and held my pedal extremity, humorously simulating agony. A lady doctor of philosophy then came up and sceptically shook her head. The answer was: Berkeleyan idealism in the eighteenth century.... No one guessed it.

September 28—Such a horrible dream I had last night! I shall never drink so much tea again. I dreamed that I was reclining on a park bench with a beauteous woman in my arms. For hours we conversed between amorous ebullitions. She called me her *homo Javanensis*. I composed a prothalamion and an epithalamion to her in Greek of the Theban dialect. She told me she had a confession to make. Can you guess it, diary? She was a waitress in a Greek restaurant. Then I remembered having seen her at the Silver Moon. Horrible thought! I consulted Freud, but I believe he isn't scientific.

September 29—In the seminar today I really

had an adventure. Her name is Mildred Fish, and she sits across the table from me. But I call her "my Thisbe"—to myself, of course, from the roguish way in which she blows the dust off a folio. I hope to meet her some day. After the sight of her, my amorous propensities were so aroused that I couldn't get my mind on my work because of the beating of my heart. So I read five hundred pages of Saintsbury's *History of English Prosody* to quiet my nerves.

September 30—I talked to Mildred, my Thisbe, today. She looked across the table at me as I sat absorbed in Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*. Though I did not look up, something went through me like a knife. Then I knew. "Pardon me," she said, "are you using that copy of *De Intellectus Emendatione*?" Did my charade the other night drive her to pantheism? Ah, God, I hope not!

October 1—I made a discovery today that will probably influence the history of English literature more than I dare think. When I calculate upon giving my discovery to the world, I shudder. I have definite proof that Johnson did not go to Lithfield on the fourth of August as Boswell has said but on the fifth. This proves the entire biography in error. If I tell this to the world, Boswell's reputation for meticulous accuracy is ruined. Then, too, how shall scholars account for the extra day before he started? I wonder if I dare reveal my secret. I wish I might ask Mildred.

October 2—My soul floats tonight! I have had such an animated conversation with my Thisbe! or so I shall ever call her to my inward self. She was looking for a tome. "May I help you?" I asked. "No," she replied. I feel as if I know her better now.

October 3—Today was Sunday and a day of rest. My landlady sat on the front porch, reading Ovid's *De Arte Amoris*. It is disgraceful. I shall report the matter to the dean of women.

October 4—I am still puzzled by my problem in regard to Boswell. O, diary, if I might ask Mildred! I could not do anything serious tonight; so I spent the evening, reading the *North American Review*. I am told that my Thisbe is doing her thesis on *The influence of the thermometer on the love-lives of Cleopatra, Aspasia, Dido, and Poliphar's wife with special reference to the divorce laws in California and Nevada*.

A Journalistic Personality

Lee A White of The Detroit News

By E. P. Leonard

LEE A WHITE is a journalist. Those who were privileged to hear him speak a few weeks ago when he visited the University, under the auspices of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, realize that he is not merely a newspaper man. Indeed, Mr. White himself, a man of careful discriminations, is very careful to make the distinction between the profession of journalism and what is often called the newspaper business.

"Journalism is a profession actuated by the highest ethical standards," declares Mr. White. "It must not be confused with that brand of newspaper writing commonly known under the phrase 'yellow journalism' and attacked in severe indictments by Upton Sinclair in his 'Brass Check.' Nor must we feel perturbed by these indictments, for in the main they pertain but to a small percentage of the newspapers of the country. The trouble with Mr. Sinclair is pathological—he can no more help condemning and deriding than he can prevent the sun from setting."

Mr. White is slender and clean-cut in appearance, with a vivid dynamic personality. He is comely in appearance and punctiliously neat in dress. He is youthful—probably thirty-five years of age,—but, despite his youth, editorial secretary of the *Detroit News*, one of the great papers of the country. Oddly enough, his dominant characteristics are at variance with one another. Coupled with a truly tremendous assurance. Talking with a group of men, this Detroit journalist impresses one as a mild and reserved young man of the progressive type, but witness him the focus of all eyes in addressing that same group and he is an entirely different man. He talks earnestly and without reserve, although he is very careful of what he says and the way in which it is expressed. Calm and collected, he speaks without affectation, speaks simply and clearly and expresses opinions fearlessly. While he is talking the thought strikes one that Mr. White knows



Mr. Lee A White, editorial secretary of the *Detroit News*, and grand president of Sigma Delta Chi, who recently addressed a joint meeting of the local chapters of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity and Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalistic sorority. Mr. White says

"One of the great fallacies of the average man is the idea that the newspapers are filled with crime and scandal".

"It is not the purpose of the press to reform the world, but to inform it."

"The journalist is at heart a sentimentalist. His cynicism is simply protective coloring."

"People with axes to grind are propagandists whether their cause is a good one or not."

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had an adventure. Her name is Mildred Fish, and she sits across the table from me. But I call her "my Thisbe" —to myself, of course, from the roguish way in which she blows the dust off a folio. I hope to meet her some day. After the sight of her, my amorous propensities were so aroused that I couldn't get my mind on my work because of the beating of my heart. So I read five hundred pages of Saintsbury's *History of English Prosody* to quiet my nerves.

September 30—I talked to Mildred, my Thisbe, today. She looked across the table at me as I sat absorbed in Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*. Though I did not look up, something went through me like a knife. Then I knew. "Pardon me," she said, "are you using that copy of *De Intellectus Emendatione*?" Did my charade the other night drive her to pantheism? Ah, God, I hope not!

October 1—I made a discovery today that will probably influence the history of English literature more than I dare think. When I calculate upon giving my discovery to the world, I shudder. I have definite proof that Johnson did not go to Lithfield on the fourth of August as Boswell has said but on the fifth. This proves the entire biography in error. If I tell this to the world, Boswell's reputation for meticulous accuracy is ruined. Then, too, how shall scholars account for the extra day before he started? I wonder if I dare reveal my secret. I wish I might ask Mildred.

October 2—My soul floats tonight! I have had such an animated conversation with my Thisbe! or so I shall ever call her to my inward self. She was looking for a tome. "May I help you?" I asked. "No," she replied. I feel as if I know her better now.

October 3—Today was Sunday and a day of rest. My landlady sat on the front porch, reading Ovid's *De Arte Amoris*. It is disgraceful. I shall report the matter to the dean of women.

October 4—I am still puzzled by my problem in regard to Boswell. O, diary, if I might ask Mildred! I could not do anything serious tonight; so I spent the evening, reading the *North American Review*. I am told that my Thisbe is doing her thesis on *The influence of the thermometer on the love-lives of Cleopatra, Aspasia, Dido, and Poliphar's wife with special reference to the divorce laws in California and Nevada*.

A Journalistic Personality

Lee A White of The Detroit News

By E. P. Leonard

LEE A WHITE is a journalist. Those who were privileged to hear him speak a few weeks ago when he visited the University, under the auspices of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, realize that he is not merely a newspaper man. Indeed, Mr. White himself, a man of careful discriminations, is very careful to make the distinction between the profession of journalism and what is often called the newspaper business.

"Journalism is a profession actuated by the highest ethical standards," declares Mr. White. "It must not be confused with that brand of newspaper writing commonly known under the phrase 'yellow journalism' and attacked in severe indictments by Upton Sinclair in his 'Brass Check.' Nor must we feel perturbed by these indictments, for in the main they pertain but to a small percentage of the newspapers of the country. The trouble with Mr. Sinclair is pathological—he can no more help condemning and deriding than he can prevent the sun from setting."

Mr. White is slender and clean-cut in appearance, with a vivid dynamic personality. He is comely in appearance and punctiliously neat in dress. He is youthful—probably thirty-five years of age,—but, despite his youth, editorial secretary of the *Detroit News*, one of the great papers of the country. Oddly enough, his dominant characteristics are at variance with one another. Coupled with a truly tremendous assurance. Talking with a group of men, this Detroit journalist impresses one as a mild and reserved young man of the progressive type, but witness him the focus of all eyes in addressing that same group and he is an entirely different man. He talks earnestly and without reserve, although he is very careful of what he says and the way in which it is expressed. Calm and collected, he speaks without affectation, speaks simply and clearly and expresses opinions fearlessly. While he is talking the thought strikes one that Mr. White knows



Mr. Lee A White, editorial secretary of the *Detroit News*, and grand president of Sigma Delta Chi, who recently addressed a joint meeting of the local chapters of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity and Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalistic sorority. Mr. White says

"One of the great fallacies of the average man is the idea that the newspapers are filled with crime and scandal".

"It is not the purpose of the press to reform the world, but to inform it."

"The journalist is at heart a sentimentalist. His cynicism is simply protective coloring."

"People with axes to grind are propagandists whether their cause is a good one or not."

exact what he is talking about and that his enthusiasm has a peculiarly contagious quality.

A Man of Many Ideas

Whether he is in a group of men or before an audience Mr. White is the man of ideas. He is very well read and well-informed, and he has opinions on everything, about which he knows anything. He has no patience with the man who does not know his own mind,—“and we find many of them in a newspaper office,”—he added cryptically. Probably his greatest asset as a speaker, aside from his carefully modulated voice, is his genuine earnestness. He means what he says and he is able thereby to strike an instantaneous appeal.

Mr. White's business being journalism, he is fundamentally a student of the press. He has declared war on opponents of the modern newspapers. “The greatest popular misconception of the press is that newspapers are filled with crime and scandal,” says Mr. White. “The basis of this belief is not difficult to find: it affords an interesting problem in the psychology of the individual. What are the facts in the case? The average metropolitan newspaper contains from five hundred to fifteen hundred stories daily, of which thirty to fifty stories, by actual tests, are concerned with crime and scandal. But why does the view persist that the columns of the press are perverted because of these aspects of the news of the day? The answer is simple, if painful. The individual who holds this view reads nothing in the paper but crime and scandal. News affecting our national life or international affairs does not interest him; the financial page bores him to death; the editorial columns do not exist for him because he has never read them. So he reads with salacious curiosity such matter as interests him, overlooks all the rest, and proclaims with righteous horror that the press is perverted.”

The Journalist Really No Cynic

Mr. White characterizes news-getting as a “dispassionate hunt for the truth.” It is not the purpose of the press to reform the world, he holds, but it does aim to present the facts accurately and completely and then, to offer suggestions editorially.

“At best your true journalist is a sentimentalist and an idealist,” declares Mr. White. “But he has covered himself with a thin veneer of cynicism for his own protection. He has seen so much of life in its unlovely phases that the assumption of indifference is the only recourse left open to him if he is to maintain his mental equilibrium in a topsy-turvy world. In the editorial columns he attempts

to give his idealistic conceptions practical application. An editorial is nothing more nor less than an attempt to get at the heart of things with a suggestion.

It is in connection with the purpose of newspapers—the dispassionate search for truth—that Mr. White condemns the practice of sending out such news matter as is contained in university bulletins. “Such practices,” he declares, have an ulterior motive. They are not an attempt to get the news for the news sake. They seek something material; they color and distort the news to their private ends. They suppress and censor news which should be published—they have an axe to grind. They serve a good cause, it is true, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that they are propaganda.

“In fact,” he adds, as an afterthought, “a large part of a journalist's energy is wasted on these people who have axes to grind,—those who are either trying to get into print or to keep out of it. It is the purpose of the press to defeat both.”

The fate of democracy is inevitably linked with that of the press, Mr. White believes. “In a large measure the press is responsible for the success of democracy here in America,” he declares. “The press affords a medium for the immediate dissemination of ideas throughout the country. It is here that the immediate dissemination of ideas throughout the country. It is here that the press wields its power and forces into the leadership of our political life, clear thinking men and men with a vision of public services.”

Mr. White is a graduate of the University of Michigan where he took his master's degree in 1911. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and is grand president of Sigma Delta Chi. He taught journalism at the University of Washington prior to his connection with *The Detroit News*.

Youth Memories

By ESTHER COLVIN

A gray house—near a gray wood;
A low stone wall, thick—covered with vines,
The bright, tender green of leaf-buds, peeping
through;
The scent of wet, wild roses along narrow lanes;
Wind and driving rain and
The sullen, deep murmur of the Merrimac;
All these—and—
Death, thin, cold, immeasurably just,
Lurking, watching—behind closed doors.

An Italian Professor's Impressions of American Schools

By O. D. Burge

“GOOD students should be considered as wage earners by the state” is the view of Professor Raffaello Piccoli, of the University of Pisa. This remark was prompted by a discussion of the custom in America of needy students working their way through the universities. Such people go through the years that they are in school, barely nibbling at the enormous field of knowledge, and finish with the merest shreds of an education. Students who show that they want an education sufficiently to work for it should really be paid for the time that they devote to their schooling, for they are potentially improving the state, and will in due time become very valuable members of society. A system of this sort would of course have to be a very efficient one, in order to exclude those people who, being too lazy to work, would try to exploit the state. Prof. Piccoli was surprised that people in this country are proud that men and women do work for their educations.

For those people who can not afford to devote themselves to several year's study in a university, there have been established in Italy a number of People's Universities, which are very successful. They are purely cultural, assuming that persons attending them are interested only in acquiring an intellectual background for their everyday life. Trade schools take care of the vocational courses. Classes are held in the evening, and an enormous range of subjects is taught. Professors from the regular universities volunteer to give the lectures, and all courses are free to those attending them. This is quite like the extension course given after working hours by universities in our larger cities.

The lack of homogeneity in the student body was another thing which seemed curious to him. “The students are so many, that there is no really close relation between them, as there is in the smaller colleges,” he said. That students of small colleges are better acquainted, and have more common interests is a well known fact. Prof. Piccoli has little sympathy with the religious colleges. “The students look upon the religion of these schools as an oppression, and what little religion is kept up is largely hypocrisy,” is his opinion. It is much like the decline of the old Greek religion in the last

days of Athens. The gods remained in effigy, but the soul was gone. The good small college is the exception, rather than the rule. He thinks that there is a great deal of good which may come from such schools, though.

Another bad phase of our university regulations is the credit system, in the eyes of Prof. Piccoli. Where a man is working for a certain number of credits in order to obtain his degree, he is very apt to slight his studies. He wants a degree rather than an education. A man who knows that he must stand an examination over an entire year's work, instead of over a few months, will very naturally apply himself much more than is customary in our schools. Some of our eastern schools are a little less visited with this evil than are the western ones, but it is nevertheless present, and there is little good to be said for the system. It seems that the newer English universities are adopting something of the same system, an indication not especially promising.

In speaking of the intellectual life of the American student, Professor Piccoli mentioned that book which but recently caused such a smoke on our literary horizon, *This Side of Paradise*. He was rather amused and perplexed at the irrational and dilettante way in which the men, supposed to be typical of undergraduate intelligentsia, went about getting at some intellectual problem. There seemed, to him, a lack of depth and understanding, in their efforts to attain knowledge. Was this merely the faulty knowledge of the author himself, and his own meager stock of information concerning the topics treated, or was it a conscious imitation of the average student with intellectual leanings? If this last is indeed the case, then we need not pat ourselves on the back so frequently for our mental superiority.

Prof. Piccoli is confident that there is soon to be a renaissance of learning in Italy, and that students will soon be going to that country for study as frequently as they now go to France, or England. Of course Italy, as well as other European nations, is still recovering from the war. But conditions are rapidly coming to be more favorable than ever for foreign students, and we will soon be able to profit by the improvement. Then will our twentieth century Roger Aschams howl themselves out of breath.

THE · · · ILLINOIS · · · MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

GERALD HEWES CARSON
Editor



EDWARD F. LETHEN, JR.
Business Manager

The Last Line

WITH the appearance of this book we iron from our brow the last wrinkle of editorial worry, with a sigh of mingled relief and regret we push aside the Illio paste-pot (for whose use we are profoundly thankful!) and close the rickety old roll-top desk which won't lock, and turn over the office key to a fresher, and a better, man.

The burden of editorial duty has been no more vexations than we could expect, and the reward has been great beyond expectation, far beyond desert. Against more than normal opposition, in spite of a subscription campaign suppressed in the interests of public morality, *The Illinois Magazine* has made friends. We believe its prosperity indicates a growing interest in the things it stands for, that it has vindicated its claim to a place in the sun. And so, with tempered, but we like to think thoroughly justified optimism, we look to the future, and with a backward glance touched with a bit of wistfulness, we pound out our last line.

Figures Don't Lie

Those who are interested in finding the larger significance which the Stadium project holds, as well as the devotees of sports, and the huge army of hero-worshippers to whom the Stadium means merely a comfortable and convenient vantage point from which to exhort their favorite football athlete to strenuous endeavor, may all join in rejoicing at the thundering response of the student body to the subscription campaign. One cannot honestly avoid the conclusion that the astonishing over-subscription of the student quota is a very real measure of affection for and attachment to the alma mater, of what we call Illinois loyalty.

The student body has vindicated itself, has silenced every possible charge of ungenerosity, of lukewarm loyalty, of littleness in cooperation and support. We now look forward with eagerness, but with no anxiety, to the alumni campaign. We are going to exert ourselves to the limit to recall the old Illini to the memory of their college days, and we are going to see in them, as it has been revealed in us, that figures don't lie!

Lambda Tau Rho

ONE of the pleasant little fallacies which we like to cultivate here in the college is the idea that being well known carries with it some vague implication of merit. And so we come gradually to believe that the man who is a shrewd publicity agent for himself is, after all, an individual

who will make his mark, and whose acquaintanceship is a valuable thing.

One of the cheapest and easiest ways of obtaining a kind of notoriety is in organization. Hence Lambda Tau Rho, an organization neither social, nor professional, nor honorary,—with a grip, a pin, and a ritual, but nary a purpose, an excrescence on the body academic! Its only excuse for being is that its members must be redheaded.

It is no idle speculation to wonder, if similarity of pigmentation furnishes sufficient basis for establishing a brotherhood, why any group of persons, actuated by the same sincere desire for publicity, shouldn't capitalize their physical peculiarities for the edification of the campus. Why not a sorority of bow-legged girls? So long as we have the fashions we do, there would be no inconvenience about eligibility rules. Indeed, in most cases, election might be made by acclamation. Then there is a golden opportunity for the knock-kneed, the lame, the halt, and the blind. Honestly, we put it squarely up to the members of Lambda Tau Rho, why not a Brachydactyl Club?

Don't Say "Soup"

CLYTHE, whose reports of the hygienic lectures given to University women have more than once plunged us into profound perplexity, dropped in the office the other day to remark that the dean of women had cautioned the girls never to say "soup" before a young man in a situation which would permit of intimacies, for the position of the lips in enunciating this magic word invariably aroused the kissing instinct which reposes in each male breast; and kissing, as they learned in the first lecture, is *de trop*.

Really! We hope that the dear girl was mistaken, or excited; that she exaggerated it, or imagined it, or at least lied about it. How an innocent, un-kissed girl, and we have many such, must tremble when she reflects how often she has unwittingly thrown casual interlocutors into violent fits of passion! How narrow, how really providential, has been her escape!

We confess that we ourselves, and we take a very liberal view in these matters, have never suspected this strange susceptibility in ourselves. Indeed, it has always been our notion that the ordinary male, as distinguished from the rare, or parlor variety, really needs considerable more nourishment for his amorous propensities than is contained in "soup."

But there! Why should we be critical? Perhaps we aren't old enough yet to know about these things.

The Visit of Sinclair Lewis

WE are responsible, for Mr. Sinclair Lewis's refreshing visit here, to Theta Sigma Phi, honorary women's journalistic sorority. The organization, we understand, intends to make it an annual custom to bring some American author to the campus to be feted, to write amusing autographs in his own books, and to deliver a lecture at the Auditorium.

This is a commendable activity, quite aside from the amusement and thrills which contact with literary personalities possesses for the co-ed. The pilgrimage to the University of persons who are neither professors nor newspaper men, yet who follow the vocation of writing, should lift us a bit from our provincialism, and remove from our minds, to some extent, doubt of the remoteness of literature from life.

A Case on Mary

By Lois Ferne Seyster

Let it be understood that the Judge was not eavesdropping.

Seated on the veranda in the shade of the wisteria vines, he was drinking his mint julep as was his habit each summer afternoon at three o'clock. The white gowned girls were picking great arm-loads of goldenglow to decorate booths at the Annual Cotton County Picnic, to-morrow's great event. Every year the girls came to pick goldenglow for the same purpose, since the plot of yellow flowers at the corner of the veranda was the finest in town. As they clipped stalk after stalk, their high voices danced past the Judge's ears unheeded, until the Astounding Speech was uttered. Afterwards, he always referred to it in his thoughts as the Astounding Speech.

"Barton," said the laughing voice, "*certainly has a case on Mary!*"

The Judge was too startled to finish sipping his mint julep. He let it grow warm in the sunlight that filtered through the wisteria vines.

A case on Mary, Bart, Little Bart! A case—a—*case*? The Judge regretted now that he was not more conversant with recent slang. Bart, he remembered, was frequently irritated with him because he forgot slang expressions as soon as they were explained. There was no telling what "*case*" might mean. At first the word brought to his mind courts, defendants, juries—which were ridiculous connotations at best. Or again, *case* might be connected with wine—now he was becoming absurd.

Jahntes slid in to remove the half-emptied julep glass.

"Jahntes," said the Judge, "What does this report mean? I hear that young Jackson of yours has a—*a case on Hannah?*"

Jahntes opened his mouth and his eyes simultaneously, so that his teeth and the whites of his eyes vied with each other in a snowy glimmer. "He suah am fond of her," he said. He waited a long time hoping the Judge would discuss the matter further. The Judge said no more. Jahntes slid out with the empty glass, and repeated at the door.

"He suah am fond of her."

"Fond?" murmured the Judge. "Fond of Mary. That's what it means then, Little Bart."

It had never occurred to him that his brown-eyed nephew was old enough to have a case on anybody. At least, Bart had seemed to hate girls, evincing his shyness in their presence by becoming a

boisterous rowdy—beating them with pillows, but blushing if they happened to touch him in a scuffle. Bart liked dogs and a good pipe and thick cream on strawberries. He still read "Jack Harkaway" surreptitiously.

"His taste in reading is hideous," thought the Judge, turning over the worn copy of "The Master of Ballantrae" that lay on the old wicker table. "If he'd read this, now, or—"; but the weighty thought of Bart's "*case*" again oppressed him. Mary! Who was this Mary? Some little village whippersnapper, no doubt. Curly,—the Judge had preferred straight, glossy hair—round eyes, red cheeks. A sort of Jack Harkaway heroine. Pish! There was no subtlety to this modern romance.

A young man met a girl at a dance, whirled her around in one of those twisty, smothering embraces known as a "fox-trot", called her by her first name. The next night he took her out in his car; they went too fast to talk. Yet, somehow, by silent understanding, they had a "*case*" on each other. Not for nothing was the Judge popular with the younger set. He had observed them—brazen young dogs! Why, parents were never consulted anymore! No, nor uncles. How far had it gone?

He came out of his chair into a pair of carpet mules, with sharp decision. He'd see if that young Jackanapes would—would "put anything over upon him"! Proud of his sudden skill in youth's modern tongue, and of his cleverness in ferreting out the meaning of "*case*", the Judge determined to exhibit even more dexterity in eliciting a confession from the close-mouthed Bart.

The Judge had a pretty definitely conceived image of the round-eyed Mary with her yellow curls, by the time Bart came home that evening. He had been gone all day on a picnic down the river. No doubt Mary was along, decided the Judge, as he watched the slim figure come through the opening in the stone fence—Bart never used gates—and tramp across the dewy lawn with rubbery, tennis-shod feet.

"Dirty pants you've got," growled the Judge, at once affecting the grumbling banter which always brought sparkles into his nephew's brown eyes, and impudent, adoring retorts to his lips. But to-night! Bart came quite up to the top step—the porch had thirteen steps—before he answered. Funny, too, he walked. The Judge didn't remember seeing him

walk up those steps in all the eighteen years since he had come to live there.

"If there's anything the Lord abominates," commented the Judge, "It's dirty white pants."

"Oh," said Bart, "Is 'at so?" Yet the usual tang of sarcasm was lacking. He opened his mouth again—closed it. Sighed.

"Hungry?"

"No."

"Tired?"

"No."

The Judge felt himself descending to that fussiness he always avoided as one of the pit-falls of old age. But what was he to do, with Bart in a strange, unjovial mood, disowning material causes for his disparity of humor, unapologetic, moody. Standing there on one foot like a penny valentine—tearing off leaves from the wisteria vine for no reason at all!

"You're littering the porch," growled the Judge.

Bart sat down upon the floor, leaned his head against the railing; looked at the moon. It was then the Judge began to discard his preconceived image. He wondered could a girl with *round* eyes and yellow curls bring that wistfulness into a lad's face? No, it would be long, dark eyes—deep as—

"Twaddle! Twaddle!" he exclaimed aloud.

Bart raised his eyebrows and was still.

In the moonlight, the Judge glimpsed sunburned fingers, picking at the sleeve of his coat. Not idly, either. They lifted something little more visible than a fairy that threaded between him and the moon. Long, and dark. Straight, too—that little autograph of a woman's presence!

"I'm glad it's dark," said the Judge.

Bart jumped up, glared savagely at his uncle, nor smiled. He dropped the hair over the side of the railing and walked into the house.

"Fond?—humph!" said the Judge.

In his room he tapped for Jahntes, "Telephone directory, Jahntes." "Minute, suh."

As the black fellow made his sliding way down the dark hall, the Judge heard his mumbling to himself in his habitual soliloquy:

"Telephone d'rectory—no telephone in dat Judge's room—sump'n funny getting telephone d'rectories—people ain't goin' to do no telephonin' in rooms widout telephones—".

"That'll do!" yelled the Judge after the shadowy figure. He didn't want that monotone trailing past Bart's room lest Bart learn something of the surreptitious use of telephone directories.

Bart would be sitting there in the red chair, be-

neath the Indian skull and the reindeer horns, looking out of the window at the Carolina poplar trees, and the moon behind their shivering leaves. Ah! What about borrowing a match—

The door was wide open.

"Wonder if you have a match—tut! tut! Not smoking?"

"Quit smoking." The slender figure lying flat on the floor in the darkness did not stir.

"Quit! Your Granny! I've quit myself now going on fifty-seven times once every year for fifty-seven years, and I was fifteen when I started. (Corn-silk, of course.) And coffee cigarettes—I rolled my own. Mother wondered why the white tissue paper she used for making flowers disappeared so fast. Ever smoke cof—"

Bart interrupted by whistling a queer, low call. He repeated it several times as if he were practicing it.

The Judge went out, horribly irritated. That confounded whistle was so inane! He slammed his door. The fool call clung about his ears and tormented him.

He picked up the directory which Jahntes had brought in his absence and opened at A. (Quit smoking! Utter nonsense!) He established himself by the side of the bureau, conscious that the glass chandelier was too high and too far away. It had been a long time since he did any writing up here. Bureaus were uncomfortable. You couldn't get your legs under 'em. The town was small, thank goodness, and he knew everyone in it from Spot McCoy, the freckled Irish terrier, down to Ernie Goolat, the village drunkard. With the aid of the list before him, he made a mental inventory of the members of each family named, and if there was a Mary, he wrote it down on a large pad of ledger paper with a rusty pearl-handled pen that sputtered the ink lavishly away upon the clean page.

"Appleton-Mary. She's in the first grade. Can't be she. Wait a minute! Everybody hasn't a phone? No, but if they have, Bart wouldn't be likely to know 'em. Argent-Mary. My Hat! That homely girl? Washes dishes for Mrs. Palmer! Dreadful creature! We'll throw her in the discard. Two gone. Fall in love with an unknown woman, will he? And I promised Charlie's memory I'd be everything to Bart. If he won't make me his confessor, I've got to play detective, ain't I? These first love spasms are ticklish."

The old Judge sighed as he thought of his poor brother Charlie's unfortunate affair with the girl from Brockton. A delicate young thing she was—meant no harm in what she did. And nobody knew

that night left her husband that night to go to Chicago. Nobody knew how Charlie's car happened to be going so fast, or who was with him. Only the Judge had known and sent her back to her parents and Brockton, where she was very unhappy, no doubt, and very respectable. And Charlie's little motherless boy of three was fatherless, too, after the accident of that tragic night. Heigh-ho! Eighteen years since Bart first ran up those steep front steps alone, and gave the lions that guarded the doorway each a sound punch in the nose.

Well, Bart hadn't run tonight. And he was going to stop smoking. The Judge burst into laughter, puffing luxuriously on his own pipe, and writing out another Mary.—

"Carter-Mary. There ain't any in B. Funny, too. Should be a Mary Bell in every town. What are these young people coming to? Fancy not having a Mary B—What's that? Come in!"

Bart followed his own hesitating knock, and appeared not to notice the flurry of vanishing papers at the bureau.

"Cleaning my pipe," lied the Judge cheerfully. "Dam job it is, too. So you've quit smoking."

"Don't kid me about that," said Bart, wearily. He began to paw over the Judge's books in the little walnut stand beside the bed. The Judge looked sharply at him over his glasses. Presently, Bart sat down on the floor with a volume in his hand, and started to read.

"You'll ruin your eyes," warned the Judge. The boy did not reply. When he became thoroughly engrossed the Judge took occasion to walk past to his pipe-rack. On the way to his chair, he passed behind Bart and treacherously glanced over his shoulder.

Burns!

Bart reading poetry!

One tan, blunt forefinger was moving unmistakably beneath the lines:

*"Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake read gladly dec,
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whose only fault is loving thee?"*

"After all, there is nothing like love to cause the desertion of Jack Harkaway." He may even discover Stevenson," thought the Judge hopefully. "It's an ill wind that don't blow someone—Must be Mary Carter. No, her hair is light." He peeped cautiously beneath the bureau cover at the open directory. Cartwright, Clifford, Dane-Mary. There was a dark-haired girl now, full of life, a frolicsome, kittenish

girl. Would play with the Rock of Gibraltar of a Sunday-school superintendant. The Judge pulled the directory out a bit further, well knowing that Bart wasn't interested in him. Davis-Mary. Was her hair—no, he couldn't remember. Put her down for good luck. No E's, F's, G—Goodman—Mary—that old maid! Throw her out. H, I, J—Jarvis—Mary. Another dark-haired girl. Mary Jarvis, Mary Davis, Mary Dane. And that seemed all. He could find no more Mary's in town or country-side, of the appropriate age and possibilities.

He felt quite tired as he wrote the three names in a neat, cramped hand on a clean sheet of ledger paper with the spattering pen, Mary Jarvis, Mary Davis, Mary Dane. Quite close together in the alphabet they were. None of them foreign-sounding. All respectable. A great item that—respectability. Yet his eye softened as he thought of Charlie, daredevil lad, uncaring for other people, "dam 'em", but to those he loved tender and even thoughtful. That poor girl had worshiped him so. How lost she was that black night there beside her lover with the brute car hunched like a caught murderer beside them. She had gone with the Judge to the big, stone house, undemurring; waited patiently while he ordered Jahntes to hitch up the surrey, seldom used since Charlie came so often to take the Judge riding in his big car!.....Her heart was broken, poor thing, poor wilted flower. Just as she started to life it had all been ended. Her grey eyes were the long, mysterious kind that haunted men. He would have ventured that a smile from her would have stirred even his slow bachelor blood.....But how good that he, the older brother, was the only one who knew this secret so long ago withered by the years. Only Jahntes—

She let herself be bundled up into the high back seat of the surrey like a child. Jahntes, frightened, but always dignified, sat in front of her gazing at the horse's fat backs. Jahntes never repeated to a soul those strange orders that the Judge had given about stopping within a block of the unfamiliar house-number in Brockton—about helping this strange, pale woman out, and what to do if she fainted. If Jahntes guessed, he never spoke. Which was all as it should be; but that unmentioned night had brought the Judge and his colored servant rather close all these years.

How loudly the horse's hoofs had clattered on the brick pavement! Poor thing. Poor child. He, himself, had had the hardest task of all—to wait in the still house until the men he had quietly telephoned should bring the young brother's body up those thirteen smooth steps.....

Every year on that date, he wrote her a note, a

(Continued on Page 29)

The Editor's Holiday

WE know positively that spring is here! * * * We can just barely see over the pile of books on our desk.***By the end of the week we expect to be entirely inundated.***Yes, there are the usual papers and reports and outside reading assignments multiplying like guinea pigs (Remember "Pigs Is Pigs"?).***The fruit blossoms have all been thoroughly frozen twice, let's see, or was it three times?***But then, we are always flunking this time of the year (aren't you?), and it always gets cold in April, and we *always will* have with us the serenader and the saxophone enthusiast, so what's the use! * * * Have you seen Thomas Arkle Clark's new book *Discipline and the Derelict* * * * Very characteristic. * * * It's the dean at his best—or worst, depending on whether you are a good boy or a T. N. E. * * * Too bad you didn't get to see a copy of *The Green Eye*. * * * The dean offered to let us see his complimentary copy, but we had already seen it. * * * There is to be another new book from Tommy's pen in the near future, *When You Write a Letter*, we believe it is entitled. * * * Anyway, it's about writing letters. * * * We do not know whether students purchasing it will be excused from Rhet. 10 or not. * * * We presume not. * * * Phil Young's dad is printing it. * * * Phil? * * * Oh, he was a Zete. * * * Had you heard that H. L. Mecken was married? * * * Now they are saying that he is denying it. * * * We'd about as soon undertake being his wife, as to become the husband of, —well, never mind who! * * * Did you know that the Stadium committee members number something like two thousand? * * * One good thing about this Stadium drive, they do say that Zup is learning to make a speech. * * * We wish that our hardest task was writing rejection notes for the *Illinois Magazine*. * * * We can think of just one easier task, sweeping the Siren office. * * * The Siren boys are nice though, once you get to know them. * * * Keep their room awfully messy, though; cigarette butts,

pajamas, cartoons, empty (eau de cologne) bottles, "copy" Coronatyped and strewn over the floor. * * * Prexy Kinley is reported as saying that *The Daily Illini* is a "house organ". * * * Tell it not in Gath, Prexy, nor in Springfield, Alton, Riverton, Centralia, Hinsdale, or Moline. * * * We don't like this paternalism, do you? * * * But who ever did? * * * As we indulge in retrospective musings, we realize that this has been an eventful year. * * * Successful athletics, a whirlwind Stadium campaign, more people on probation than ever in the history of the University. * * * And the editor of the *Illini* was thrashed by a University officer, who never received a reprimand, so far as we know. * * * Possibly the gentlemen of the Council felt that a vote of thanks would have been more in order. * * * As Prof. Bode would say, "There is no substitute for intelligence." ***We learned something today.***The pictures on the lamp shades in the Idol Inn are immoral. * * * Now, go look at them! * * * We also learned that the annual "Egyptian Fete" was called "Futuristic Fete" in the interests of morality. * * * *O Tempora! O mores!* * * * Egyptian sounds frightfully wicked, doesn't it? * * * What with the Volstead act and the budding theological seminaries and the eternal multiplication of the rules, rules, we are coming to a pretty pass. * * * Yes, these are parlous times, as Clytie remarked as she washed the rouge off, and stepped modestly into the office of the d. of w. in the orthopedic dress she borrowed for the occasion. * * * Charming girl, Clytie! * * * Sinclair Lewis sent us his love the other day. * * * We were so thrilled! * * * Can you picture Lewis sitting in with the Old Boys at the Uni club? * * * Don't think we are bitter against the alma mater. * * * Just aesthetically offended by some of her exercises. * * * Our first engagement of the spring drive has just come to the usual satisfactory ending. * * * Clytie has just returned our pin with the note we all know by heart.

Scholastic Pastoral

By T. P. Bourland

ONE day in Spring the campus was so beautiful, so green, that to one of classical bent it seemed that shepherds with pipes, and nymphs, and facetious fawns should be disporting themselves along the boardwalk and in the quadrangle, in place of the decorous and purposeful students who walked there with their books. The fragrant air was a dedication to idleness, an invitation to the fields beyond. Birds sang. From a lower window in the old tottering hall came the strains of a march, played on brass instruments.

Unobservant of the surrounding beauty walked two young men. One was tall and thin; the other was short and thin. In dress, they had followed the mode scrupulously. They walked rather slowly, and conversed. Said the tall one:

"Wick, if you don't make a 'C' in that course you are done for. And you know it."

The short youth replied:

"I know, George, but if all my knowledge of the Hundred Years War were turned into actual events, the war would not last more than half an hour."

"But George," expostulated Wick, "You knew when you registered that a flunk or a 'D' would put you on probation, and kill your chances for the Committee. Why the devil didn't you study?"

"Aw, what's the use of holding a post mortem? I was too busy to study. Too late to talk about it now, anyway."

Wick mourned.

"You're flighty, that's what. Flighty. I've talked you up all semester as a good possibility in politics, and all the while you were chasing around being 'busy'—and getting yourself on probation."

"Go ahead and talk and talk and talk," said Wick, with gloomy fatality, "but it's too late now. Better get another White Hope."

"No, it isn't too late. Three weeks until exams. Plenty of time to study up."

They had come near to the old hall. They mounted the iron stairs.

"What are you going to say to Doc MacDuffy? Got a line worked up for him?"

Wick, reminded of the coming conference, made a wry face.

"Yes, I have. If talking to MacDuffy can get me through this course, I'll make 'A' in it. But if only what I know about history is going to count, I might as well call for my 'I regret to inform you'

right this afternoon. Man, for all I know, the Hundred Years War was the Battle of Bunker Hill. I just *can't* get all those names and dates through my head. And I simply haven't time to learn them now.

"Well——"

George considered, frowning so portentously that a wisp of hair came unplastered and dangled over his eye.

"Maybe you can talk MacDuffy into a raise. Tell him about all you're doing on the campus."

"I'll try."

They were outside a dingy door marked "Department of History". They lowered their voices discreetly.

"What are you going to tell him?" asked George, anxiously.

"Never mind. I've got a line worked up for him. No use in having a rehearsal."

"All right. Go in. I'll wait for you at the Arcade." George held out his hand. Wick shook it. The two shook hands with much *savoir faire*, as though they had had much practice. "Good luck—and *talk his arm off*," George walked away, rearranging the unplastered lock of hair.

"Lay on, MacDuffy!" soliquized Wick, with his hand on the doorknob.

Ten minutes later, George, talking to a mildly interested group at the Arcade, was saying:

"Don't worry about that Wickham. When he gets to be a senior he's going to own this campus. You just stick to him; he's our one best bet. Have another coke I'm sort of thirsty myself."

At the same time, in the office of the Department of History, Wick, facing the non-committal smile of Dr. MacDuffy, was enquiring, in tones of pure honey:

"—and Doctor, could you tell me how one should go about it to prepare for the degree of Ph.D. in History?"

Misunderstanding

By MAISIE MONTAGUE

I am a girl;

When I say "damn", people think I want to be devilish!

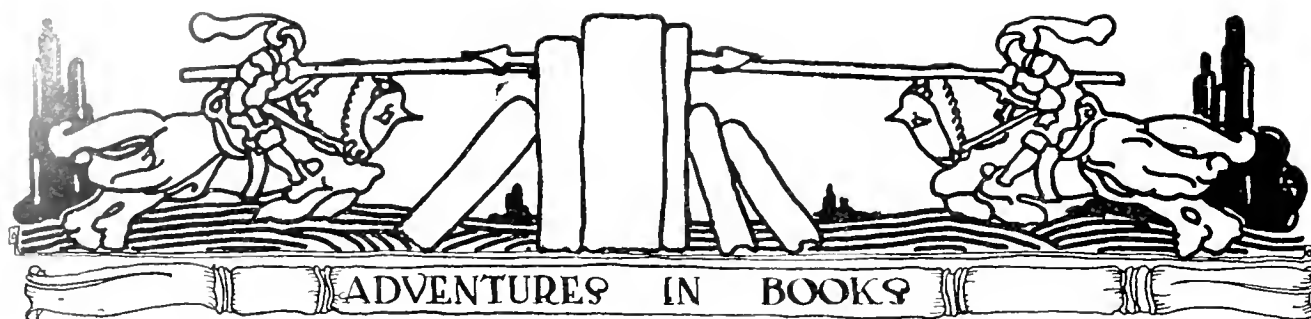
Beacon Hill . .

By M. S. A.

Grey mists and the lamps of twilight
Where gleaming streets shine white
To a glimpse of silver river
Gold traced with shafts of light ;
The chimney pots and church spire
Trace outlines dim and still
Where narrow streets slip down and away
From the skirts of Beacon Hill.

Heavy and grey the sea mist
As it wreaths a silent way
With a breath of harbor odors
And the salty sting of the bay ;
The chestnuts stir their branches
As the raw wet wind blows chill
Where narrow streets slip down and away
From the skirts of Beacon Hill.

Swift footsteps echo sharply
Where many climb, straight and steep ;
And age goes sadly up and down
Where chestnut shadows creep ;
New lovers seek the shadows
Where other feet, long still,
Have lingered long, where streets slip down
And away from Beacon Hill.



Undergraduate Types

A New Book of Character Sketches by Thomas Arkle Clark

IT is a favorite device of the cartoonists of the Sunday magazine sections of the various greatest newspapers, to devote their attention from time to time to the delineation of types of humanity which embody some more or less universal quality. We meet the young father who tells the whole office the latest epigram of his first born; the lady who the shop girls in every department store in town learn is only "just looking"; the flirtatious maiden lady who is a hang-over from the haircloth sofa period, and who doesn't know that cigarettes and Havelock Ellis have replaced fainting and E. P. Roe as the fairest adornments of the accomplished but unattached female.

With something of the methods and skill of the gentlemen of the Sunday magazine section, Dean Thomas Arkle Clark has gathered together several essays dealing with various types of university undergraduates in a book called *Discipline and the Derelict*. The book discusses the borrower, the grafter, the youngest son and the only son, the student who must work, the politician, the cribber, the athlete, the loafer, and the fusser. It is obvious from the subjects of the various papers that most of us are included, -sometimes on two or three counts. There is a wealth of illustrative material in the book. Sometimes as I was reading, I felt that perhaps the author had been too prodigal in this respect. Incident is piled on incident in a way which amounts to the irrefutable, logical conviction of a lawyer's brief, when the reader would, no doubt, concede the point without extended discussion.

There are many interesting thoughts developed in the book. The dean has discovered, for example, what appears to be a singular correlation between self-support and love. The worker, the dean finds, "is the first to gather his family gods under his

own roof-tree, and, ignoring or forgetting his former obligations, to take unto himself a wife."

In the springtime, when fraternity and sorority houses are almost denuded of brothers and sisters matted, and the circulation of fraternity jewelry accelerates so amazingly a joint committee from the Illinois Union and the Woman's League might well be appointed to collect data in regard to the relationship which the dean maintains exists. Or such an investigation might be a most profitable activity for the young men in the outer office of the dean himself.

An excellent example of the damage which the baccalaureate address, the "inspirational speaker" of the chautauqua, and those of the popular magazines which insist that it is their mission to bring the lamp of culture to the masses, is shown in the crowds of indigent and incompetent men who flock to the state university each fall, thinking that it would be nice to attend college, or that it is easy to work and go to school, or nursing some other flagrant misconception sponsored by all the agencies mentioned above.

This is rank heresy to a generation which has been brought up to believe that education is good enough for everybody without pausing to reflect whether everybody is good enough for education. The man who goes to college merely because it is the thing to do, or because it looks to him like an adventure, or because he wishes the prestige attached to the college man, or because he would like to be President of the United States, would be far better off if he had never committed himself to the pursuit of higher education.

The dean develops considerable force in his tributes to the familiars of the Arcade. The "Arcade

(Continued on Page 29)

Early Spring Rain

By Douglas Hyde

A LONG about the Ides of March I catch myself looking out my window, of mornings, for the slant of the first rains of the new year. For then "the season of snows and of sins" is over, and one is licensed to anticipate the soporific drum of first spring showers on his roof. Of course, though, it may have been a perverse winter and have been more rainy, than snowy, but that does not alter the situation. Winter rains pour down from sullen, dun skies, while those of the spring come down joyously, as often from a clear heaven as not, and the sun shines forth occasionally, like a young girl smiling through her tears. A poet has associated winter's rains with ruins, and indeed he was right. It is only for those gentle showers of spring to heal the hurts of past seasons, and to warm dormant souls to fresh new loveliness.

Then, one day, I awake to the long expected, and I know that spring is come. Perhaps it is the reward of a week's vigilance, or a month's, but it is here. The clear drops, moving to the wind like dancers, come across the ground, and announce to me that Boreas is dead for a year and Pan is soon to be king; that serenaders will soon be abroad; and that lilacs will soon come again. And there seems a hint of joy in the voices of the sparrows, safe under the eaves, as they scold passing gusts that come uncomfortably near their ruffled feathers; somewhat like a mother happily berating a child thought lost.

All of which puts me in a thoroughly benign state with life and the world. I am glad to be alive, glad that I have enough cigarettes to last the day, that I have finished a book long to have been read, glad even that I will have to don a smelly, hot raincoat, if I happen to arise and venture out. I know, of course, that this is to be a mere passing tempest, and that all will be sunshine and zephyrs before the morning is done. There is even a comfort in this thought, that all things are after all only transitory, and that the shower will, in all probabilities, be past by the time that I pull my indolent self from the "cool kindness of sheets", and go out to meet the beauty of the day, already too long neglected. I may escape the raincoat after all. The wise man will carry one, of course, for who knows when the heavens will next open? But why be wise?

Still, for all the temperamental conduct of the

weather, I love the rain. Its hiss on the walks is music to my anxious ears, and the stoppage of such minor things as strolls or tennis is easily to be condoned with such abandoned notes in one's mind. It soothes and quiets the most strenuous beings, and instills a restfulness, that makes one want to stretch out and just listen,—and think.

For, though there may be a certain inertia of body, the mind is all the more active. "Speculation is rife", as they say, and many problems are cast and solved during these periods of laziness. Instead of wasting my time on bad poetry during these spring showers, I find it much more fruitful, and far more comfortable, to stretch out in my easy chair, and outline a new philosophy of life, to be called upon or not until the next one shall be made. The good thing about it is that there are bound to be more rainy days as the spring grows older. For some days "*il pleure dans mon cœur*", and "life is but a walking shadow." I am glad, then, when another lazy shower comes down from the clear sky, and the slate can be washed clean, to be newly writ upon. "The world to me is but a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloones and antics," is as much more happy solution to set down for subsequent use. Perhaps these changelings of my fancy *are* superficial, and rather unavailing, as some may think, but I manage to live by them. Too many men have spent all their days in solving the problem of existence, only to die with life as unknown to them as the day they entered it.

It must not be understood, though, that my rains bring me nothing but superficialities. Some of my greatest problems have had happy solutions in just such "hours of well-spent idleness." My restless being is soothed to such a degree that deeper thought comes easily, and all my weightier cares are considered, that I may laugh the more a little later.

When the rain has come and passed, and the world is still fresh and shining, and waiting to be admired, much like a girl in a new frock, a walk until the next drops begin to descend is good to clear the head. A pipe and fillings, and a good book, preferably one of a new poet, for I much prefer reading poetry in the spring to writing it, and one has all the needs for a stroll of indefinite duration. My friends take me to great fault about my pipe, saying that I am an absolute heathen thus to defile the air. I own that there may be something in this for them,



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but as for myself my pipe—my best companion,—smells sweetest when mingled with the odor of the first frail leaves and the early wild flowers. The book is only for effect. To some people it may give the idea that I am a bit queer, and they may consequently avoid me, which pleases me mightily, for I find it hard to talk while walking. To others it may imply that I am a gentle Wordsworthian soul, wrapped up in the beauty of the commonplace. I am not. It is merely that this particular season gives me a joy in life that has thus far defied analysis. And somehow I have a very real dislike for people who are forever probing for underlying causes. That, to me, is a rather cold satisfaction. When one examines brush strokes, he never sees the beauty of the picture. As Keats has said, "beauty is truth", and that is all I need to know. And among other things, I like to take my beauty in nature rather than human nature at this time of year. Somehow I can not get around to the spring love affair, one of our most venerable customs. I can not go to meet love with open arms, as it seems to be done. There are too many things to see, and to feel, and to hear. Time is all too precious to be spent in the alarms and excursions that are so necessarily attendant upon such diversions. An hour's stroll in the beneficence of the clean sunlight is far more satisfying than any passion-swept time of equal duration. In my eye, love is a hot-house plant, and flourishes best with the hearth fires of winter. Not that a comely ankle, or a finely turned cheek are not seen, but it is better to place one's faith in something a little more lasting. Of course one may say "love dies with the lover," but that leads to an abstraction. Spring comes only once a year.

It is raining again, softly, and as tenderly as a lullaby.

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Undergraduate Types

(Continued from Page 26)

bum" is "a passive, talkative being; he loves ease, leisure, sleep, coca cola, cigarettes, chocolate boxes, and girls." The author further remarks that "it takes a man of some energy to be a real devil". And while the young man who suns himself from nine to five on the worn old benches which face Wright street, may be charming of person, pleasing in conversation, and intelligent, he never is, by any possible extension of the imagination, energetic. Then he isn't, after all, a real devil. Q.E.D.

The dean also has some pointed remarks to make on the "fusser", an animal who, like the habitual patron of the Arcade, is not without his faults. He shows, too, what will appear to some a strange sympathy with social activity as such,—the social life of all except the men and women who make it the chief subject in their curriculum. This sympathetic attitude will no doubt win the dean friends in an unexpected quarter, and there may even be a few softly stifled sighs in feminine breasts which could wish to see the office of dean of women absorbed by that of dean of men.

GERALD H. CARSON

A Case on Mary

(Continued from Page 22)

gentle letter, carefully composed, written as gentlemen write letters, and sealed with his big signet ring. It gave him great satisfaction, and her graceful answers, so carefully concealing all but the finest edges of her unhappy soul, but so gratefully responsive, were precious epochs in his old life.

He glanced at the calendar. July 11. Only two more days before he should again inscribe a heavy white envelope with

"Mrs. J. F. Langdon
Brockton, New York."

Usually his mind was occupied for days before the event with the all-important question of how to make this year's letter differ from last year's, what note to sound, what author to quote? The young cub, Bart, had taken his mind quite from it.

The boy was getting up unsteadily, stretching his cramped legs and yawning. He still held the Burns volume hoping it would be unnoticed as he sidled from the room.

"Better get something to eat," growled the Judge. "Don't go to bed on an empty stomach."

"I sleep on my back," flashed Bart, almost as if there were no Marys in the world.

The Judge began to unfasten his cuff-links. When he heard Bart down at the pantry he decided

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that his malady was about cured. Couldn't be serious. No use worrying at any rate.

The next day when the Judge was waiting for his mail, he stood in the post-office behind the two young girls. They were not the same girls who had picked the goldenglow, but they were chattering in the same way about the great Corton Picnic to be held that very afternoon.

"We'll eat in the park."

"Is Mary coming?"

"Oh, of course. And Bart. Listen—the girl's voice crinkled into mirth—"Bart has such a case on Mary."

"Honestly? But then it's easy to see just by the way he looks at her . . . Now I'll bring the potato salad if you bring—"

Full of wrath the Judge strode off without his mail and had to send the complaining but dignified Jahntes back for it. A disgraceful state of affairs it was when his nephew's preferences were so obvious they had to be talked over in public. The Judge admitted that Charlie's demise had left him sensitive, and a bit watchful of what other people say. It was stupid of Bart to wear his heart on his sleeve . . . stupid. This common girl was making a fool of him, and how could a helpless old man stop her. He'd go to that picnic, himself,—he'd see this Mary. Stop—no. The idea of spying like a common old scrub woman was disgusting. If he could do it openly and in his own house. The Judge had a weak-

ness for believing that anything which happened inside those four brick walls must be of decency and in order.

Hah! Why not ask all the Mary's in town to come? No, the three. Mary—er—Dale, Mary-what-was-her-name? Jarvis, Mary Jarvis, Mary Davis. A kind of a party Corton County night. Barton should be there so that the Judge could follow the boy's eyes.

Although the old man dimly remembered them, these three Mary's had used to call him Uncle Jud and run in and out of his library as if they owned it. The dinner party would call back the acquaintance-ship of past years, and besides seeming jolly to the girls would serve his purpose well. After some hesitation he rang up their several homes. Mary Jarvis was at Mary Dale's house. He left the message for Mary Davis. Jahntes hovered in the room, meantime muttering.

"You doddering old fool," yelled the Judge, tossing a pillow at the woolly, gray head. "This ain't a party. Its business."

He was a bit afraid Bart, just coming in, heard that indiscretion. "What?" said the boy. "What party?"

"Corton County night," said the Judge, folding his arms as he had liked to do when giving final instructions to a jury. "Corton night has always held a rare meaning for me. In fact I always celebrate it with some sort of festivity. You may not remember these occasions as you usually absent your-

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self for gaiety of your own. I shall, however, expect you to be present at dinner."

"I'm going to picnic in the park at noon," began Bart but the Judge interrupted.

"I didn't say at *noon*, did I? Just because we have dinner at noon ourselves is no sign we should have it for company is it? Hang it all. Ladies are coming, ladies, and God bless 'em, *they* expect dinner at night."

Quite as normally Bart's brown eyes jiggled; and he shook hands in an exaggerated fashion with the Judge; and played "Dippy Dave" on the piano with two fingers. He seemed not to be concerned at all with the names of the guests but asked for great detail as to the food, and spent the rest of the morning in the kitchen chopping nuts for the cook and eating them all and tasting icing when her back was turned. He offered to turn the freezer for her in the afternoon, but by the care he took in dressing before he sallied off for the park, the Judge knew he would never be back in time. How surprised he'd be when he found out that this precious Mary of his was to be at his *home* for dinner!

Which one? Which one? Not bad looking, any of 'em. Mary Dane was the frolicsome one, her blue eyes as wide-open as a baby's. She laughed more easily than anyone he knew. Her hair was always a bit untidy, as if she had just left off romping. She was adorably plump. Her lips were soft like roses. She would never inspire *une grande passion* such as poor Charlie's—Too bad! The important letter was unwritten. He should have to stay up very late tonight, and rant Jalmtes out to-morrow morning at six o'clock to send it in the early mail. It had to reach her to-morrow, the sixteenth of July. Maybe he would have an inspiration for its thought tonight.

After the first guest came, he abandoned hopes of an idea as vain. For Mary Jarvis required all his attention. Her dress rather alarmed him. It was not at all his notion of what young girls wore to dinner parties. It fit like a bathing suit. And so much neck. The feather on her hat might have adorned a bird of the pterozoic age. Well, he had not seen as much lately of the younger set as he had when they were at the barn-circus age. He ought to have them in more, just to keep up with their astounding styles.

He led her up the thirteen steps, gently speaking of the success of the afternoon's celebration. When she was seated in the hammock among the cool, green vines, he watched her while she talked. Yes, she posed a great deal, he decided, and purposely left out her r's, for so often she forgot and left them in. Her voice and laugh were louder than he had remembered them—to be sure, everybody had been screaming at that last circus Bart gave in the

barn, and that day was really the last he had seen Mary Jarvis to observe her closely.

He lost his feeling of discouragement and discomfort when little Mary Dane came playing up the steps. He shook hands with her and laughed because she laughed.

"Isn't that a funny star?" she cried, pointing to one over the east catalpa tree. She looked straight into his eyes, then, laughing and laughing for no reason at all. He laughed again and so did Mary Jarvis.

"Do you know," said Mary Jarvis, with a hand under-her-chin pose. "I was cleaning out a bureau drawer to-day and I found sixteen pairs of kid gloves."

The Jarvises were a bit pinched, and the old Judge felt mildly shocked. Little Mary Dane burst out spontaneously.

"I never had more than one pair at a time in my whole life!" And laughed and laughed and laughed.

The Danes were rich. So the Judge laughed too. Mary Jarvis put in a calculated syllable of mirth now and then to help them along.

"It must be Mary Davis," thought the Judge, even as he guffawed, inanely. "I don't want Bart to marry a pair of white kid gloves, nor to laugh all the time, either. I suppose he'll be coming with Mary Davis. I can't seem to place that girl . . ."

She came alone (they must have had that planned, thought the Judge) a tall girl in white who managed to slip into a seat just where he couldn't see her or draw her into the conversation. At every turn of the talk he hoped, now she's going to show herself. (Where was Bart?)

"Isn't it funny," gurgled Mary Dane, on the arm of his chair, "Uncle Jud, there's three Marys here?"

"Oh, I think it's the *drollest* thing!" cried Mary Jarvis, clasping her hands.

If there was a word that irritated the Judge, it was "droll". So un-American, he thought. Oh, it could never be the affected Mary. Yet he knew how blind youth is, and how often won by a pose. Why, this girl wouldn't be above a sham faint, and once in his arms with that strong perfume he-fuddling his wits—there's no telling.—(Where was Bart?)

Still Mary Davis said nothing and Mary Dane laughed on. "Who could help wanting to play with her?" the old detective thought. "She looks like Hetty in 'Adam Bede'. Good Lord, though, these plump girls take on flesh with years. Her mother must weigh two hundred and thirty pounds. How she used to laugh, too! Especially in Jolly Miller."

"Girls," he said, affably. "I went to school with your three mothers, and it came to me this Corton

Picnic day what a pleasure it would be to have you all in to brighten up this dark old house on the anniversary of our good old times." It was part of what he meant to say at dinner when he drank to their mothers in ginger ale, but he felt the present situation needed it more. He acknowledged to himself now, uneasily enough, that for the last half hour he had been doubting whether Bart would appear. Afraid to come for fear he would betray himself? Or maybe they had quarreled. It was hard to imagine that silent girl quarreling with a hitching post.

"Hang it all, I like 'em to talk!" thought the Judge irritably. "She ain't scared I'll bite her head off, is she? Drat Bart anyhow? Where is he?"

At eight o'clock, Mary Dane piped up ingeniously. "Oh, Uncle Jud, I'm nearly famished. Let's go! You're not waiting for anyone are you?"

"No, no," said the Judge. "My nephew was out on a picnic and I hardly thought he would be here in time."

"No," said the low voice of Mary Davis, "I was at the same picnic and I hardly thought so either."

The Judge looked at her sharply but there was no reading that girl's face.

"We don't want to miss the fire-works," said Mary Jarvis. "They are so beautiful!"

At this, Mary Dane fell to laughing unrestrained.

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DISCIPLINE AND THE DERELICT

—but you'll want to read it. For instance....

"I caught sight of Jack and Eddie and Mac sitting in the Arcade as I passed this morning on my way down town. They had evidently got up too late for breakfast and were "hitting a coke" before they subjected themselves to the strain of a ten o'clock...."

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edly and he could not help joining her. But she was laughing for the joy of living and he was laughing at the thought of how his plan had "gang a-gee!" There was nothing to do but go on with it. Bart might come in yet. Mary Dane took his arm and, preceded by the other two Marys, the little party gathered in the long, violet-hung dining-room.

They looked pretty and young and pink-checked in the candle-light. His housekeeper, Mrs. Kinswright, sat at the foot of the table and gave a pleasant, home-ish look to the scene. Under pretense of listening to the others' rapid chatter, the Judge studied Mary Davis. He hated to admit her strawberry complexion and lifeless hair. (A heart of gold, no doubt, a heart of gold, he told himself when he became too critical.) Big bones, too, like a milk-maid; large hands. And on one of those hands she wore a diamond! It took the Judge a long time to make sure he was not mistaken. Was it her left hand? The third finger? Was it a diamond? It was. There was no hallucination or fancy to his perception.....His forehead was quite damp. When he looked up, he saw that, observing his steady gaze, she was blushing furiously.

"Oh, a heart of gold, no doubt," sighed the Judge. "Can tell nothing, nothing by appearances." But he thought of the delicate girl who had gone to Charlie that night, of her rounded, wilful chin, and the sweet sadness of her long gray eyes, and the lips that might madden with their half-formed smile—. He hated all three guests for their various faults. He wished he were writing his letter instead! That was a fitter task for an old man than this monkey-business at which he had failed.

Old Jahntes slid in and out refilling plates for hungry young Marys. Ah, the old rascal needn't look so bored—he'd feel worse in the morning, getting up at six o'clock to mail the important letter.

The Judge rose to make his speech about their mothers. (No use hoping for Bart to come now.) "You cannot imagine, young ladies," he said, "what pleasure it gives me to speak to the daughters of those....."

Just here Mary Dane shrieked in soft delight. "Fire-works!" she cried, dancing to the window, and clapping her little, dimpled hands.

"Fireworks!" echoed Mary Jarvis, forgetting to be artificial.

What use was there for an old man to vie with attractions like Roman candles and sky-rockets? What need for explaining the situation, anyway? He hustled them off, with nuts and candy in their pockets and handkerchiefs. He even felt a vicarious excitement himself, watching them up the street, leaning out over the gate to glimpse the last flying forms. Youth! Youth! That will not miss a mom-

ent's measure of excitement. He couldn't use that in his letter? No. Well, he would have time to compose it now. "My dear Mrs. Langdon—"

It must be Mary Davis. Where did Bart get money for a diamond?....But the letter! This year he would say, "My dear Mrs. Langdon"—no, that was last year's—"Dear Mrs. Langdon"? What a dull old fellow he was becoming, to be sure! Let the beginning go. "The day draws round again when I am thinking of you in memory of"—too sombre. He must not be sombre. (Mary Davis—a diamond!)

The scent of the catalpa blossoms drew his thought like moths. Out over the lawn, a velvet blackness hung. Two white splotches under that tree. Had he left the wicker chairs out there? He had better take them in himself, for Jahntes would be angry enough about having to mail the letter.

The white wicker chairs flew silently away from each other the moment he approached. After that strange phenomenon he slowly reached the conclusion that they were not chairs but people. Beneath the wavering black shadows of overhead leaves, the face of Bart looked up at him with a frank smile.

"Its all right," was the first thing the boy said, which was extremely Bartonesque. He had a habit of calling unfortunate situations all right.

"Oh, is 'at so?" returned the old Judge with leaden sarcasm. "You leave me here at the mercy of three whippersnapper girls. You wait until the party is over—until one of 'em can sneak out to you!"

He glared accusingly at the silent Mary Davis.

"I beg your pardon," said Bart with sarcasm quite as leaden; "We have been out here all the time—both of us. I didn't care anything about the old hens at your—"

"Old hens!" snorted the Judge.

"—at your old party. All I cared about was the eats and I got those from the kitchen".

"I helped get 'em" said a gentle, contralto voice from the other side of the tree. The Judge peered through the shadows. *Not* Mary Davis—*not* Mary Dane—*not* Mary Jar—?

"Is your name Mary at all?" said the old man sternly. He walked over to her, looked straight into her long, gray eyes with the sweet wistfulness; at her straight black hair, gleaming where the stars found it; at her mouth which might flood a man's veins with madness or—

"Mary—yes. Mary Langdon. I'm visiting here."

"She's from Brockton," began Bart, drawing nearer.

"None of your put in! None of your put in! Its queer you had good enough sense to go outside the town. First time you ever showed any." He patted the girl's soft arm with sudden gentleness—

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"There, there, Mary, you'll think me a nasty old man, no doubt." With her eyes shining a quick denial, and her fingers laid unafraid upon his hand, his own eyes grew misty, and he drew away.

"I've got a letter to write," he said. "I'm glad it wasn't strawberries and bones!"

He went slowly back over the deeply-soft lawn, nor denied himself one glimpse of the night-intoxicated two drawing close as if nothing could ever part them.

Up in his room, alone with the unsatisfactory chandelier and bureau, he did not hesitate (who hesitates, anyway, when inspired by Youth?) But inscribed on any old sheet of paper—a sheet of ledger paper!—in a large, fierce, firm handwriting strangely unlike his own:

Mrs. J. F. Langdon

Brockton, New York

Friend of all these years,

Bart has a case on Mary.

The Judge.

July the sixteenth.

Mal Du Pays

By FRANCIS SILBEY

Sunbeam and shadow, light and shade,

Across the river's lovely face.

Make endless patterns, gold and jade,

Of bright and everchanging lace.

Upon the emerald surface fall,

White petals from spring's perfumed dress;

And battlemented towers tall

Are clothed in leafy loveliness.

Up from the meadow's flowery sea,

The lark wings his melodious way,

And laughter echoes joyously,

For youth is making holiday.

But O to see a dusty lane,

And fields of waving Indian corn!

To smell the clover after rain,

Old perfumes on the breezes borne!

To hear the catbird's plaintive wail,

Where delicate spring-beauties grow!

These cultivated gardens pale—

I want the springs I used to know.

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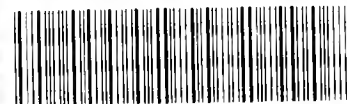
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